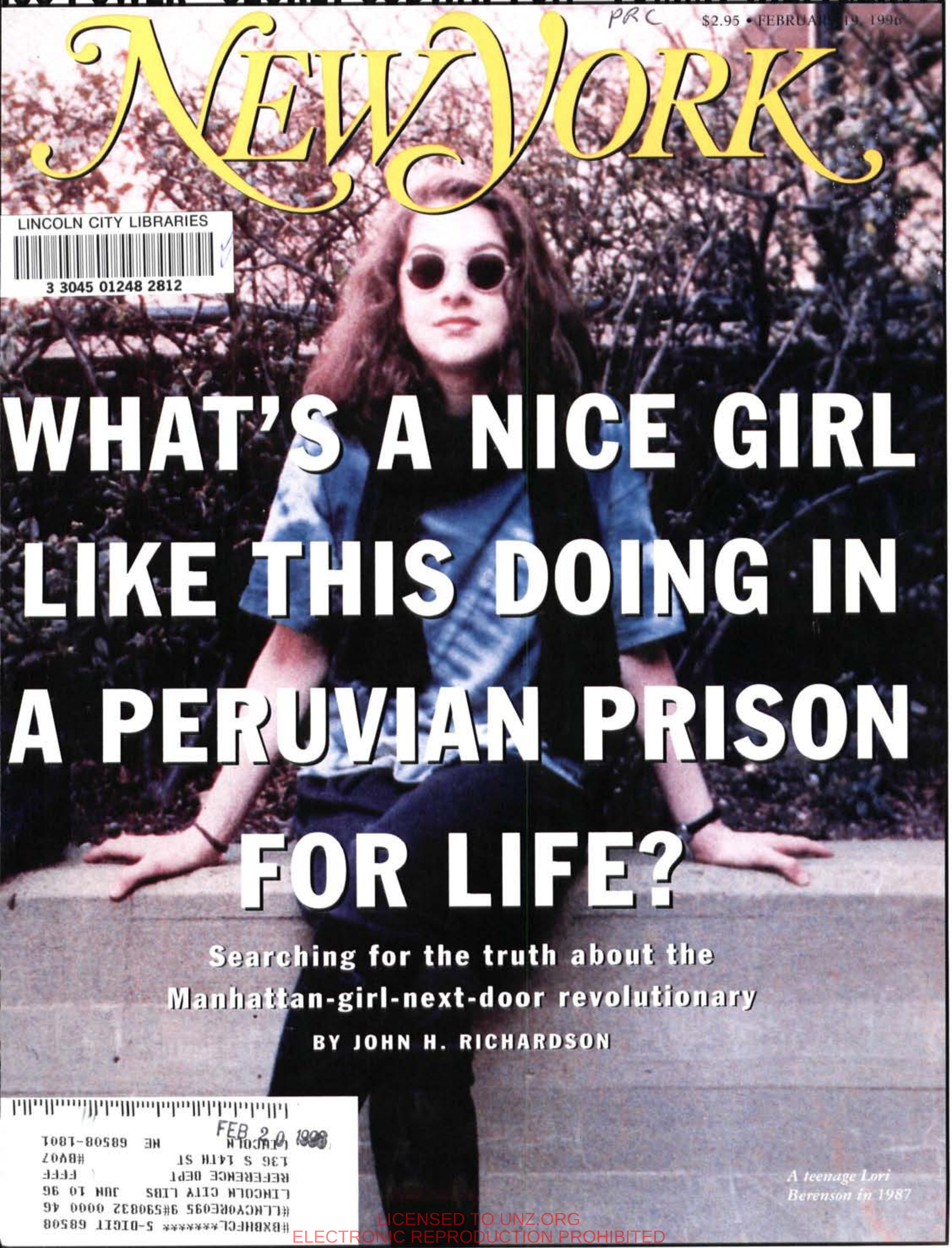
US POWER SECRET SUBWAY FUN TOMMY HILFIGER!?!

PRC

$2.95 • FEBRUARY 19, 1996

NEW YORK

LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01248 2812



WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE THIS DOING IN A PERUVIAN PRISON FOR LIFE?

Searching for the truth about the Manhattan-girl-next-door revolutionary

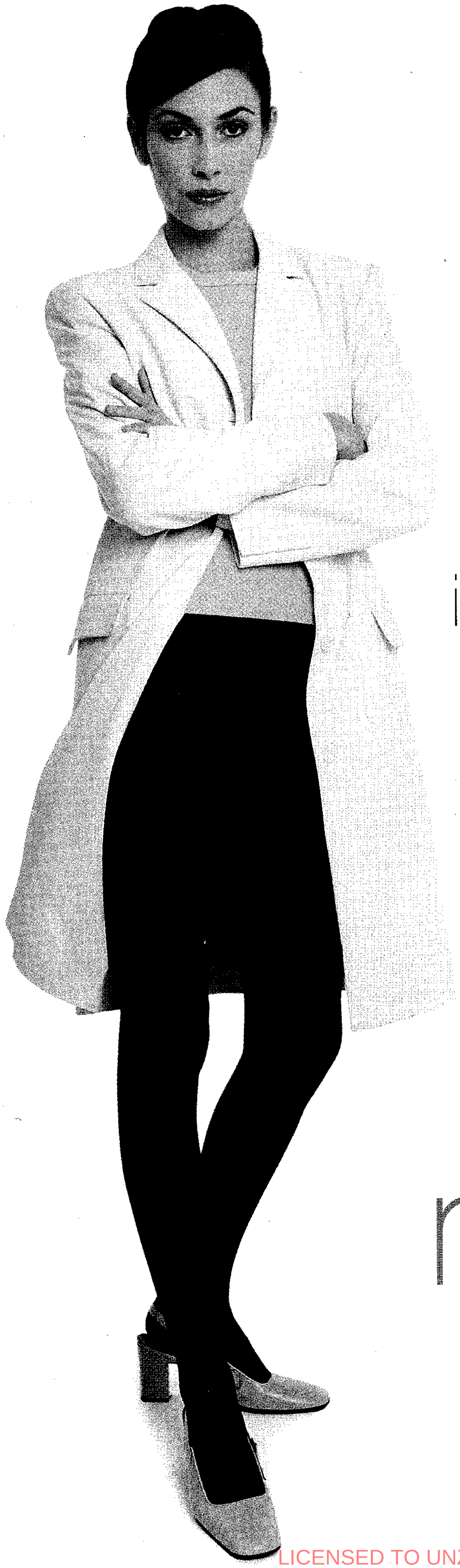
BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

A teenage Lori Berenson in 1987

FEB 20 1996
#BXBHFCL******* 5-DIGIT 68508
#LLNCY0RE095 9#590832 0000 46
LINCOLN CITY LIBS JUN 10 96
REFERENCE DEPT FFFF
136 S 14TH ST #8V07
LINCOLN NE 68508-1801

HITTIN' BROADWAY APRIL 9TH
BRING IN 'DA
NO
THE PUBLIC THEATER
ON BROADWAY
P

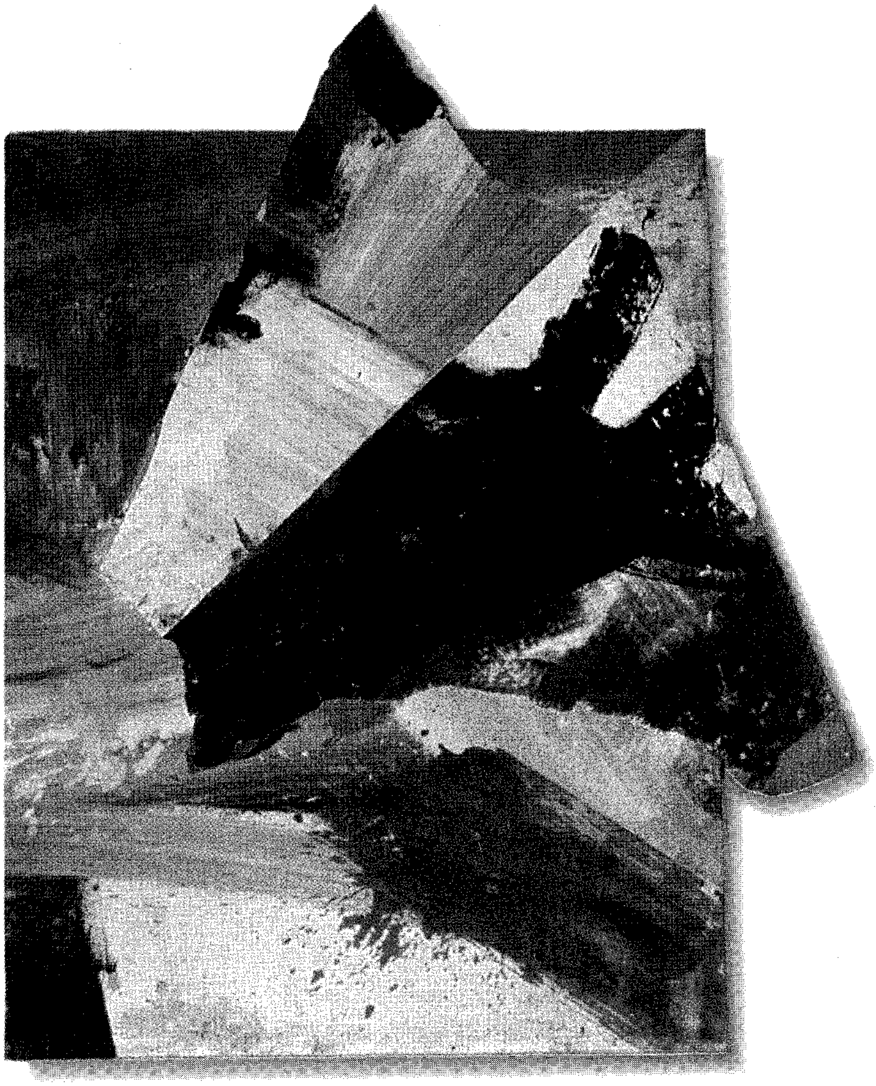
DESIGN: PENTAGRAM PHOTO: RICHARD AVEDON



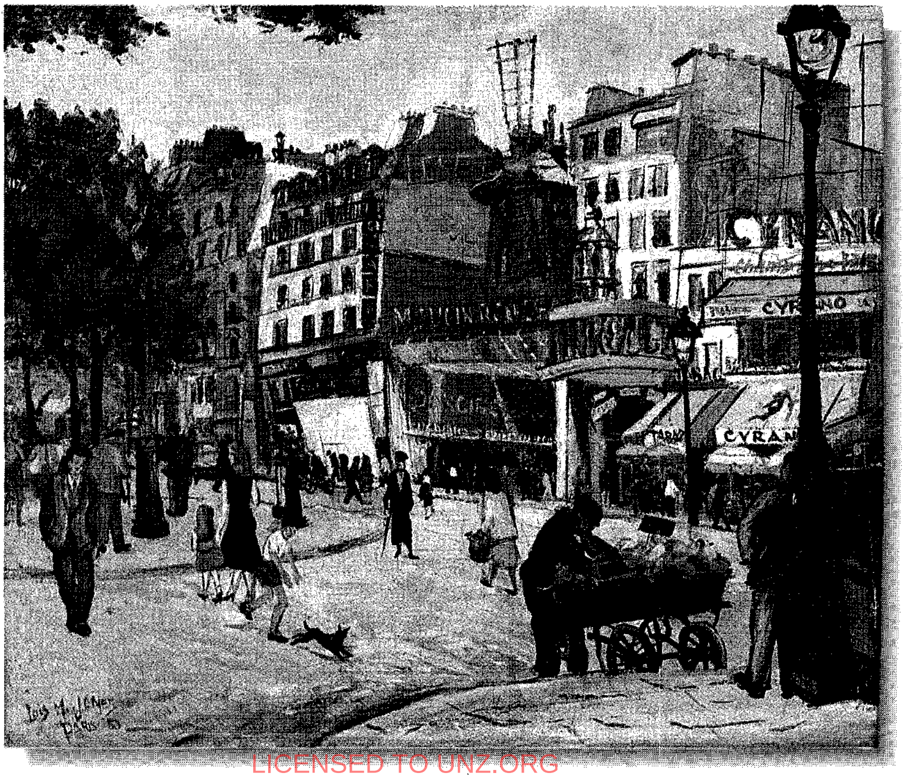
it must be spring

ck calvin klein White leather coat, $1295; orange interlock tee, $24; black crepe skirt, $185. Modern Attitudes on 3, Herald Square only. Call Macy's By Appointment for details: 212-494-4181. Outside NY: 1-800-343-0121.

macy's

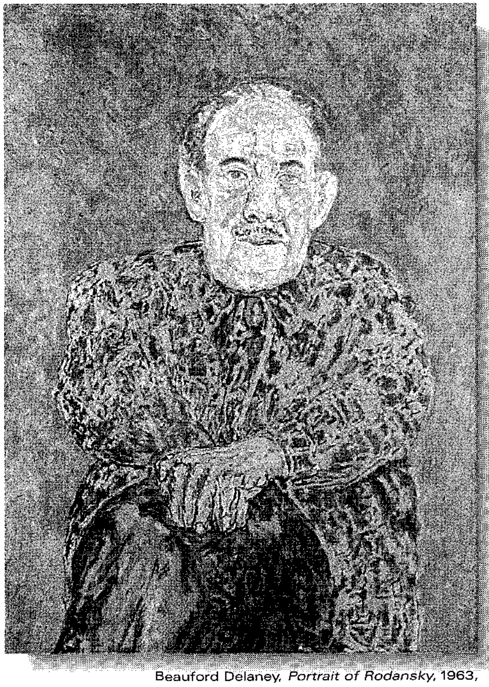


Edward Clark, *Untitled*, 1957, Oil on canvas, Collection of the artist


CYRANO
CYRANO
CYRANO

Lois Mailou Jones, *Le Moulin Rouge, Paris*, 1955, Oil on canvas, Collection of the artist

TWO CULTURES one language


Beauford Delaney, *Portrait of Rodansky*, 1963, Oil on canvas, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, George A. Hearn Fund, 1992

Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945-1965

There's only one City of Light. With rays of hope that were many. Paris shone brighter for seven African-American artists in the 1940s through 1960s. And perhaps shone brighter because of them. These artists found creative freedoms in Paris not entirely theirs in post-World War II America. In turn, their unique contributions enriched the art world much like African sculptors before them influenced Cubism. Join The Studio Museum in Harlem's celebration of the cross-cultural exchange that brought Black artists to Paris and their inspiring success to African-American artists who came after them. From the works of Edward Clark, Herbert Gentry, Lois Mailou Jones, Barbara Chase-Riboud and others, come artistic illuminations still vibrant in art, here and abroad.

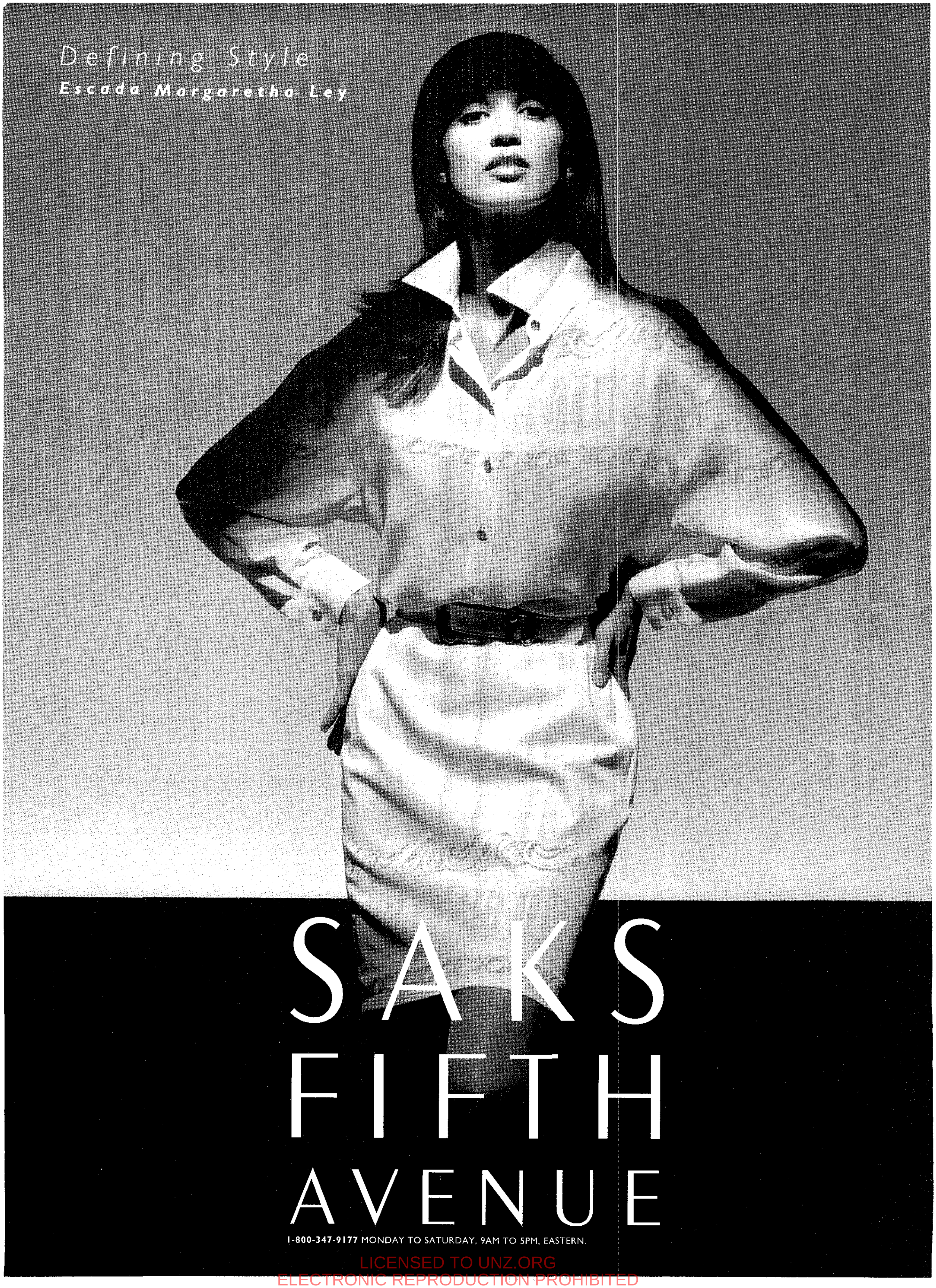
The Studio Museum in Harlem, January 18 - June 2, 1996
The Chicago Cultural Center, June 29 - August 29, 1996
New Orleans Museum of Art, September 14 - November 10, 1996
Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, January 12 - March 23, 1997
Milwaukee Art Museum, April 11 - June 1, 1997

PHILIP MORRIS

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.
Kraft Foods, Inc.
Kraft Foods International, Inc.
Miller Brewing Company
Philip Morris International Inc.
Philip Morris U.S.A.

Supporting the spirit of innovation.

© Philip Morris Management Corp. 1996


Defining Style
Escada Margaretha Ley
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
1-800-347-9177 MONDAY TO SATURDAY, 9AM TO 5PM, EASTERN.

Contents Feb. 19, 1996

> *"There's no heating there at all, no hot water, no windowpanes in the windows—it seems to be a place where you go to die whether you have a life sentence or not."*
>
> Mark Berenson, page 26

26 Missing

By John H. Richardson

What's a nice girl like Lori Berenson doing in Peru's Yanamayo prison? A life sentence, that's what. As her parents, with our reporter following along, fight Peruvian officialdom to free her, they maintain that the 26-year-old La Guardia High School graduate's trip to the country was motivated by little more than youthful idealism. Could she really have plotted to blow up Peru's Congress? She did know some of the right people.

36 New Homes

By Rebecca Mead

Barbie dolls, anomie, weird sex: Could A. M. Homes's books be *more* unlike Hillary Clinton's? The writer talks about her salacious new novel, *The End of Alice,* which reflects her enduring twin obsessions with erotic transgression and networks familial, social, and literary.

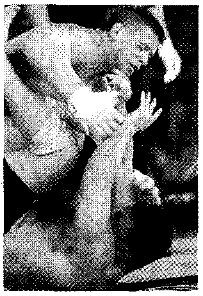
48 To Soothe the Savage Straphanger

Photographed by Danny Clinch
Text by Stephen Witt

New York's best music scenes aren't always scented with the smoky, clubbish aromas of bourbon and cigarettes; sometimes there's a strong whiff of orange disinfectant. In subway stations, street musicians can regularly be heard playing some of the most interesting music around. A photo essay on some of the best.

38 Blood Sport

By Tad Friend



"Ultimate Fighting," a wildly successful and hugely controversial new style of no-holds-barred mayhem marketed by slick New Yorkers—but which New York politicians want to keep out of the city—has been denounced as the human equivalent of cockfighting. Which is arguable.

54 Zoom Room

An illustrated short story by Istvan Banyai

William Blake, no mean cartoonist, saw eternity in a grain of sand. *Our* guy, on the other hand, takes the same view of a Manhattan bedroom.

Gotham

15 The cult of David Carson; the men who like to go to fashion shows

Departments

20 The City Politic
Michael Tomasky

D'Amato's risk-laden "Cook County" primary strategy

22 Media
Richard Turner

While the press flagellates itself over the frivolization of politics, politicians all want to go on Imus

24 On Seventh Avenue
Alex Williams

Preppy populist Tommy Hilfiger has his moment among the higher brows

The Arts

58 Movies
David Denby

City Hall deftly examines power, arrogance, and greed

60 Theater
John Simon

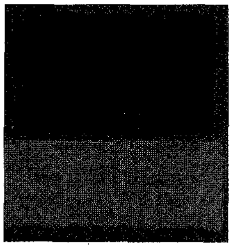
The Grey Zone, an honorable stab at naming the inexpressible; *Bed and Sofa* is very silly fun

62 Art
Mark Stevens

Dulce et utile: The Guggenheim glossies up twentieth-century abstraction

64 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Juilliard's "Focus!," its name notwithstanding, offers pleasing polycultural sprawl



62

Cue

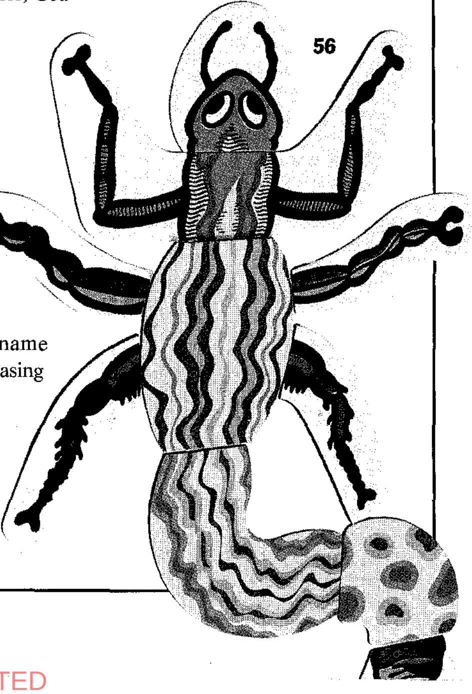
67 Hot films about hot seats; the Met does Fabergé; "Encores!," back again

Misc.

Between the Lines 9
Letters 10
Intelligencer 13
Best Bets *by Corky Pollan* 56
Sales & Bargains 66
***New York* Competition**
by Mary Ann Madden 107
Bad Publicity 108
***Guardian* Crossword** 106
'Cue' Crossword
by Maura B. Jacobson 106
Classified 95
Strictly Personals 102

Online

Jonathan Littman, author of *The Fugitive Game* (which chronicles the exploits of *Über*-hacker Kevin Mitnick), will be in conference Thursday, February 9, at 9 P.M. On CompuServe, *go* NYTALK.

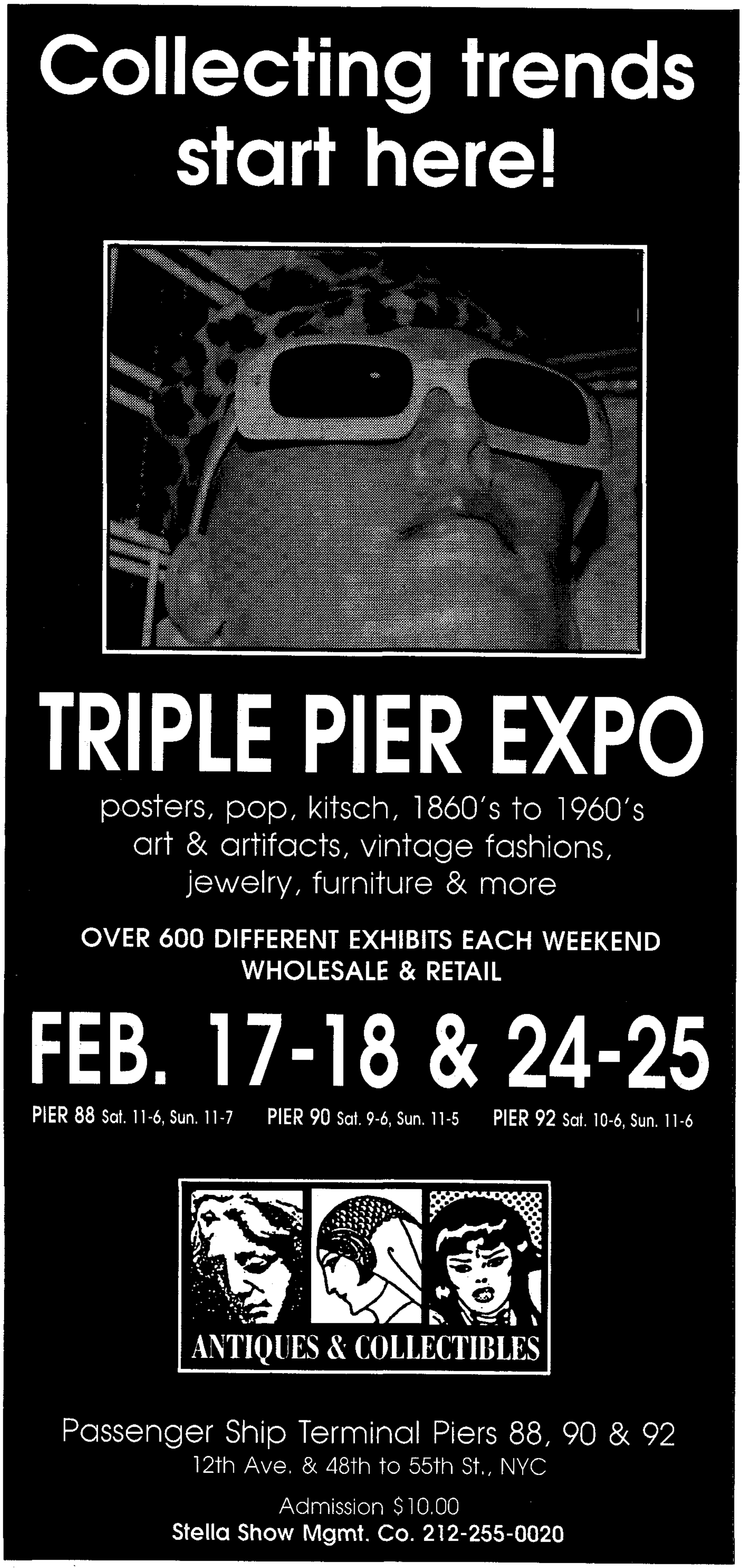


56

New York Magazine Online is available on CompuServe. To order, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current subscribers to CompuServe, *go* NEWYORK. *New York* Magazine's e-mail address is 76702.2510@compuserve.com. FEBRUARY 19, 1996—VOL. 29, NO. 7. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-880-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver,** New York **Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover: Photograph by Jacques M. Chenet/Gamma-Liaison.

Photograph: top left, Sygma.


Collecting trends start here!

TRIPLE PIER EXPO

posters, pop, kitsch, 1860's to 1960's
art & artifacts, vintage fashions,
jewelry, furniture & more

OVER 600 DIFFERENT EXHIBITS EACH WEEKEND
WHOLESALE & RETAIL

FEB. 17-18 & 24-25

PIER 88 Sat. 11-6, Sun. 11-7 PIER 90 Sat. 9-6, Sun. 11-5 PIER 92 Sat. 10-6, Sun. 11-6

ANTIQUES & COLLECTIBLES

Passenger Ship Terminal Piers 88, 90 & 92
12th Ave. & 48th to 55th St., NYC

Admission $10.00
Stella Show Mgmt. Co. 212-255-0020

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kurt Andersen

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Michael Hirschorn

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Jewler

ARTICLES EDITOR
John Homans

NEWS EDITOR
Larry Doyle

PICTURE EDITOR
Margery Goldberg

FASHION DIRECTOR
Jade Hobson Charnin

DEPUTY EDITOR
Kim France

SENIOR EDITORS
Phoebe Eaton, Maer Roshan, Matthew Weingarden

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
Tad Friend, Richard Turner

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Suzanna Andrews, Alexis Bespaloff, Peter Blauner
John Connolly, James J. Cramer, Peter G. Davis
David Denby, David Edelstein, Robert I. Friedman
Jeffrey Goldberg, Gael Greene, Pete Hamill, Peter Hellman
Craig Horowitz, Bob Ickes, Karrie Jacobs, Mark Jacobson
Maura B. Jacobson, Peter Kaminsky, James Kaplan
Walter Kirn, Corby Kummer, Beth Landman
Anne Adams Lang, John Leonard, Barbara Lippert
Paul Lukas, Mary Ann Madden, Rebecca Mead
Patricia Morrisroe, Nicholas Pileggi, John H. Richardson
Luc Sante, Marshall Sella, Judith Shulevitz, John Simon
Christopher Smith, Ben Stein, Mark Stevens
Janice Hopkins Tanne, Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky
Jacob Weisberg, Linda Wolfe

CULINARY EDITOR
Gillian Duffy

DESIGN EDITOR
Anne Foxley

BEST BETS EDITOR
Corky Pollan

PHOTO DIRECTOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS
Jordan Schaps

SALES & BARGAINS EDITOR: Leonore Fleischer

STAFF WRITERS
Ruth G. Davis, Barbara Ensor, Linda Hall
Ariel Kaminer, Edith Newhall, Chris Norris
Randall Short, Norman Vanamee, Alex Williams

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
John Dioso, Matthew McCann Fenton
Kate O'Hara, Robert Patronite, Robin Raisfeld

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Christopher Bonanos, Alexandra Lange, Claire Perrault
Charles Runnette, Elizabeth Shepherd

REPORTERS
Maureen Callahan, Patricia Falvo
Deborah Gasiorek, Colleen Quinn, Whitney Scott

ART DIRECTOR
Syndi C. Becker

ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman

DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR: Sabine Meyer

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Deanna Lowe

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTORS
Vita Parrino, Robert Perino

ASSISTANT PICTURE EDITORS
Nakyung Han, Yvonne Stender

ART DEPARTMENT MANAGER: Aimee E. Bartol

ART STAFF: Steven Davis, Pino Impastato
Anton Ioukhnovets, Paul Scirecalabrisotto, Ellene Wundrok

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Deborah R. Slater

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Ondine Cohane, Laura Georgio
Vanessa Grigoriadis, Dany Levy

PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR
Maury Rogoff

SYSTEMS MANAGER
Marty Reinert

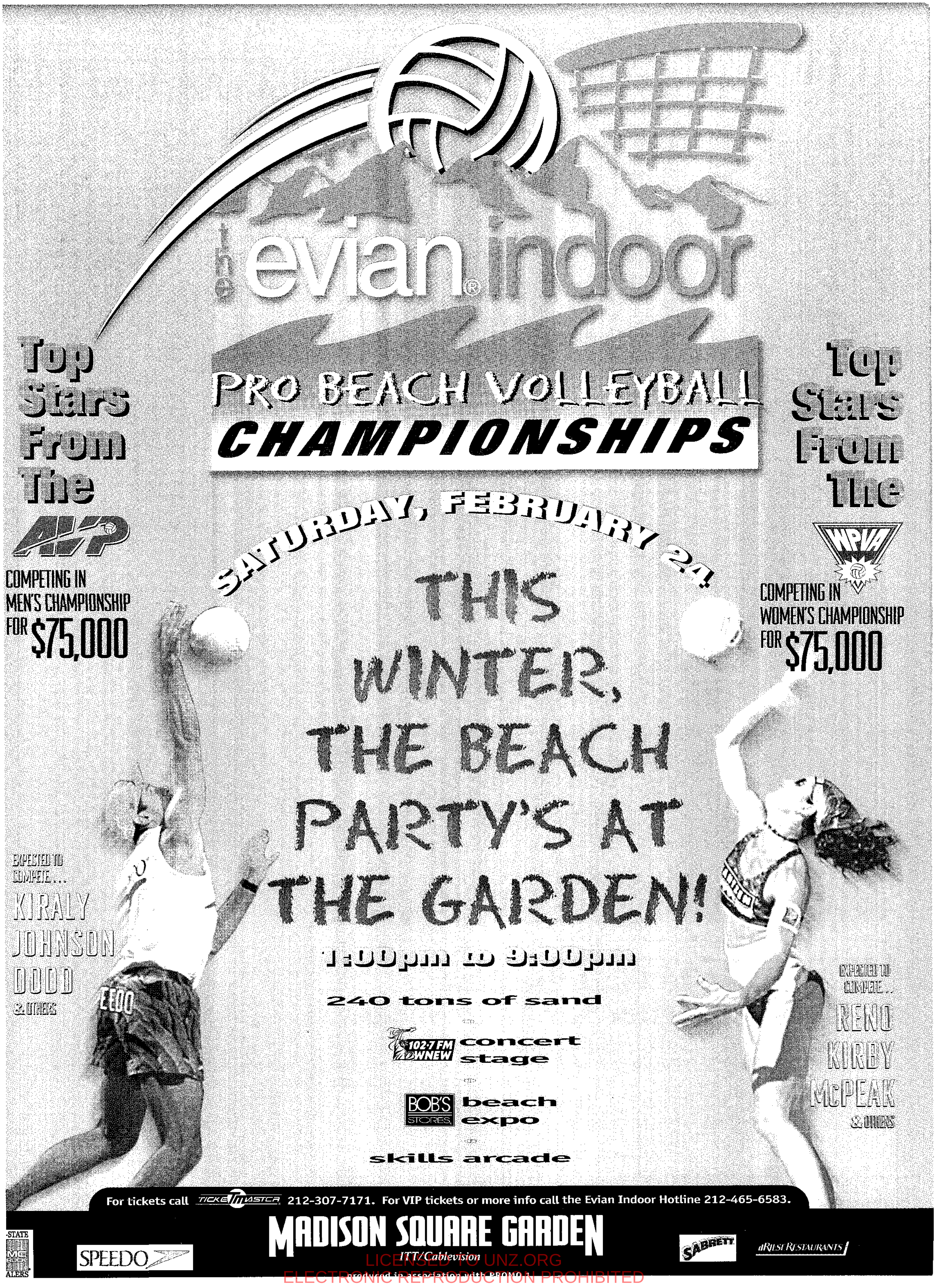
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR
James B. Reffler

ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Walston Bobb-Semple Jr.

ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER: Bobbi Fischer

PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Amy Whitlaw

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 755 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017-5998. Telephone: 212-880-0700. **Copyright © 1996 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles G. McCurdy, Vice-Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.



the evian® indoor

PRO BEACH VOLLEYBALL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

Top Stars From The AVP
COMPETING IN MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP FOR $75,000

Top Stars From The WPVA
COMPETING IN WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP FOR $75,000

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24

THIS WINTER, THE BEACH PARTY'S AT THE GARDEN!

1:00pm to 9:00pm

240 tons of sand

102.7 FM WNEW concert stage

BOB'S STORES beach expo

skills arcade

EXPECTED TO COMPETE...
KIRALY
JOHNSON
DODD
& OTHERS

EXPECTED TO COMPETE...
RENO
KIRBY
McPEAK
& OTHERS

For tickets call TICKETMASTER 212-307-7171. For VIP tickets or more info call the Evian Indoor Hotline 212-465-6583.

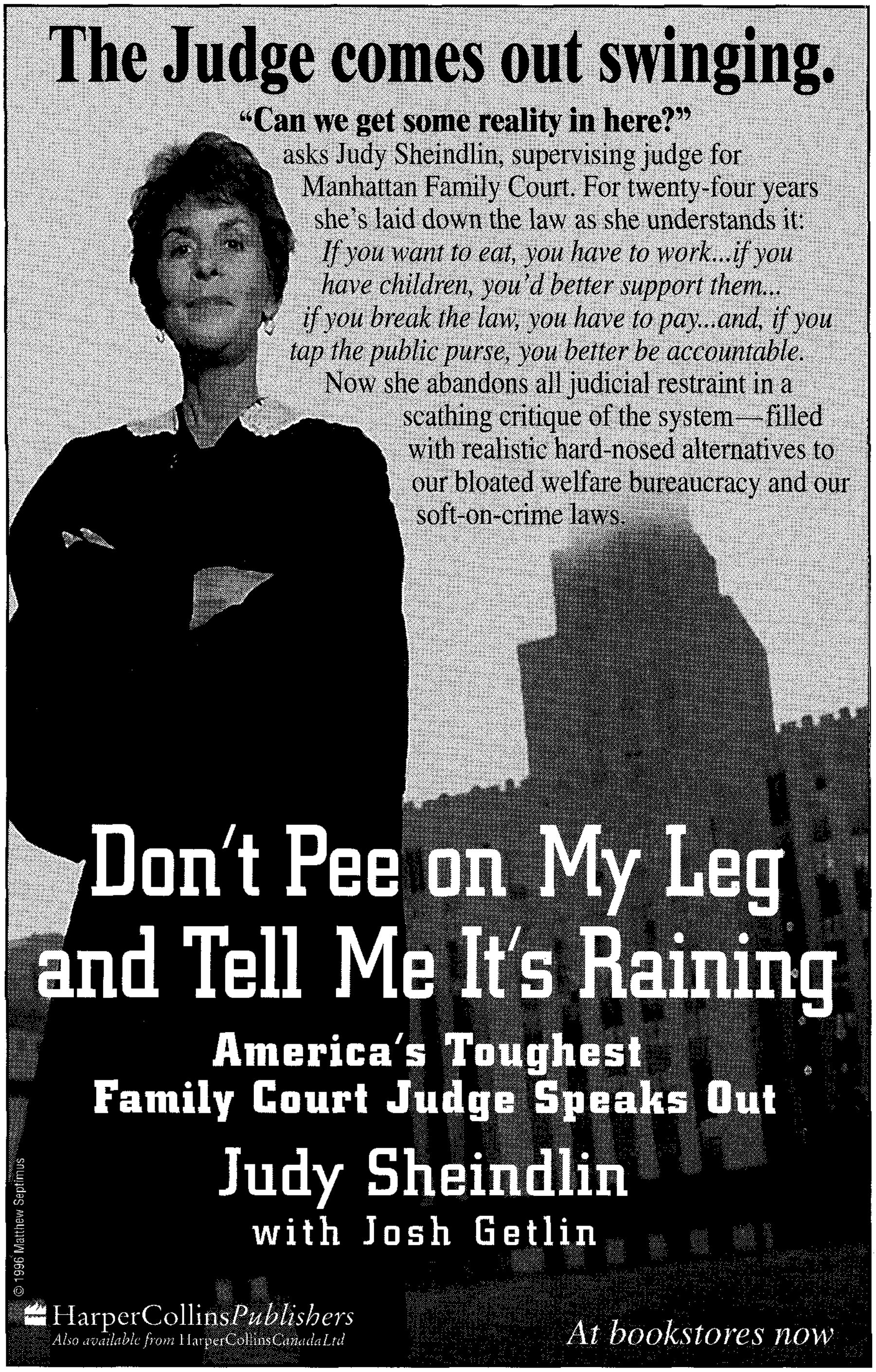
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
ITT/Cablevision

produced in association with PROMO 1

SPEEDO

SABRETT

RIESE RESTAURANTS



The Judge comes out swinging.

"Can we get some reality in here?" asks Judy Sheindlin, supervising judge for Manhattan Family Court. For twenty-four years she's laid down the law as she understands it: *If you want to eat, you have to work...if you have children, you'd better support them... if you break the law, you have to pay...and, if you tap the public purse, you better be accountable.* Now she abandons all judicial restraint in a scathing critique of the system—filled with realistic hard-nosed alternatives to our bloated welfare bureaucracy and our soft-on-crime laws.

Don't Pee on My Leg and Tell Me It's Raining

America's Toughest Family Court Judge Speaks Out

Judy Sheindlin

with Josh Getlin

© 1996 Matthew Septimus

HarperCollins*Publishers*

Also available from HarperCollinsCanadaLtd

At bookstores now

How to Find the Best Interior Designer for Your Needs...

"(Charlotte Peters) brings together designer and client on the basis of compatible personalities and tastes; to match demonstrated skills with specific requirements."

INTERIOR DESIGN MAGAZINE

We make decorating simple.

You tell us your preferences, your priorities, your budget, the vision of the environment you want.

We introduce you to compatible designers and architects, professionals across the nation that have the expertise and the artistic skill to make your vision a reality.

Charlotte Peters Inc. for residential and commercial interior design.

charlotte peters Inc.

Interior Designer Referrals

RESIDENCES • OFFICES • LOBBIES • RESTAURANTS

730 Fifth Ave. 9th Fl. NY (212) 688-9580

Long Island (516) 773-4769 • New Jersey (201) 568-6363

Westchester (914) 472-1585 • California (310) 274-6775

NEW YORK

PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING AND MARKETING
Janice Grossman

PUBLISHER
Amy R. Churgin

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Alan Katz

BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Betsy Cronen
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Denise Fierro

SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER
Leslie Alphen Picard

RETAIL MANAGER
Jane Schoenholtz

BEVERAGE ADVERTISING MANAGER: Jo Campbell Brand
TRAVEL ADVERTISING MANAGER: Daniel Schock

SALES REPRESENTATIVES
Amy Hochfelder Ball, Trish Considine Kirsch
Alexis Demetroulakos, Stefanie Feidelson
Catherine Kaiser, Maureen McCarthy, Wendi V. Sanders
ASSISTANTS: Jennifer Flannery, Lark Floresca
Jennifer E. Jacobs, Amy A. McGorry, Patricia Napoli
Julie A. Stephens, Danielle Unterman
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Karen Norberg

ADVERTISING COORDINATORS
Sharon Y. Quinn, Michel Gilbert
CHICAGO MANAGER: Sasha Mayoras, 312-616-1895
DETROIT: Globe Media, 810-642-1773
CALIFORNIA: SD Media, 310-264-7575
ATLANTA AND FLORIDA: Stites & Fontaine, 404-491-1419
TEXAS: Tierney & Company, Inc., 214-960-2883
FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-46-47-90-23
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-2-31-16-62
HONG KONG: Pacific Asia Media, 011-852-834-6128

MARKETING DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
PROMOTION MANAGER: Gerry Napoli
CREATIVE SERVICES MANAGER: Jana Hollingshead
MERCHANDISING/COPY MANAGER: Dani Rasmus
SPECIAL SECTIONS MANAGER: Angela Gaudioso
SPECIAL PROJECTS MANAGER: Michael Farina
PROMOTION ART DIRECTOR: Susan Simmons
DESIGNERS: Gal Dor, Ilene Segal
PROMOTION ASSISTANT: Kathryn R. Hoffman

RESEARCH DIRECTOR
Eileen Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Nicole Halpern
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Michele L. Romano

GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Michelle Krell
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Dolores Martinez
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow, Theresa Bunce
Kendra Callahan, Chris Lutkin, Kathleen McCarthy
Wendy Pusey, Denise Sisto
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Greta Turken
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Craig Reynolds
ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, MARKETING: Amy V. Lem
ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, PLANNING: Charles Lung
MANAGERS: David W. Schaefer, Barbara E. Wilck
SPECIAL PROJECTS: Jennifer Gresack

CONTROLLER
David Rockefeller
ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Deborah L. Sheffey, CPA
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
ACCOUNTANTS: Judy Dill, Maryann McLeod, CPA
A.P. SUPERVISOR: Kathleen Marney
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Patricia Adiletta
STAFF: Aubrey Guio, Maribel Lopez

OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER
Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Priscilla Hood
Joseph Markfelder, Erik Rodriguez, Artie Scheer
Virginia Spraggins, Sarah Wigfall

K-III MAGAZINES
CHAIRMAN: William F. Reilly
PRESIDENT: Harry A. McQuillen
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell
VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: Linda C. Jenkins
VICE-PRESIDENT: Curtis A. Thompson
VICE-PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS: Brian T. Beckwith
VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore

BETWEEN THE LINES

Future Shock

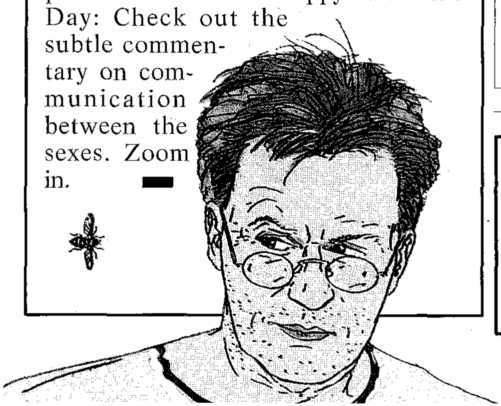
Like the character Verbal in *The Usual Suspects,* illustrator Istvan Banyai has gotten some of his best ideas right off the wall. Idle contemplation of a cluster of his own drawings resulted, for him, not in a cinematic string of lies but in a sequence of renderings that eventually became the illustrated books *Zoom* and *Re-Zoom* (Viking), and now, in this magazine, *New York Zoom.*

"I did a drawing of a little girl playing with a toy farm," Banyai says of the genesis of the first book. "It gave me the idea. What would happen if I pulled back?"

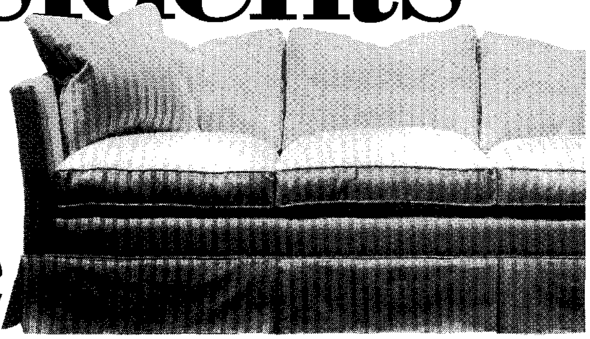
What happens, as you'll see on page 54, is a low-tech version of the classic *mise en scène.* What seems to be a city becomes a magazine cover, a subway ad, a reflection in a shop window, and so on and on. In his children's books, the images are sweet and fanciful—but the grown-up New York version, appropriately, is strange and fanciful: "I wanted to show the human-made environment in decay."

Banyai, 47, should know his cities, after a sixteen-year trip from Budapest through Paris, Los Angeles, and New York. His work has appeared on album covers, in Nickelodeon ads, and in many magazines, but this project was a first. "I like an image that talks for itself," he says. "You can add details. I think God is in the details."

Details have made his weekly illustrations for the "Gotham" section's "Front Page" a delight. This 40-page insert (an editorial project already under way last fall when Absolut vodka offered to subsidize some production costs, which enabled us to expand its scope) is overflowing with delightful details. Identify the treasures of the skyline, dripping with primordial ooze. And Happy Valentine's Day: Check out the subtle commentary on communication between the sexes. Zoom in. ▬



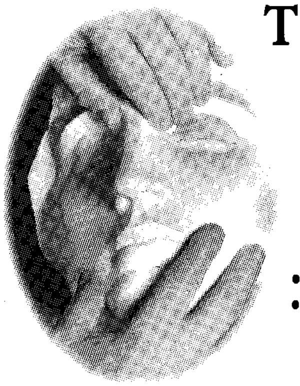
The Carlyle Presidents' Day Sale



You don't have to live in a White House to take advantage of some really extraordinary price tags being attached to the arms of our sofabeds right now. And with Carlyle quality and our exclusive Steel-Weave™ mechanism, you or your guests will be way ahead when it comes to waking up refreshed and ready to face a new day. Even if your first name isn't Abe or George.

Carlyle custom convertibles ltd.

Studio Collection 1375 Third Avenue (Between 78th & 79th) 212-570-2236
Classic Collection 1056 Third Avenue (Between 62nd & 63rd) 212-838-1525
Chelsea Collection 120 West 18th Street (Between 6th & 7th) 212-675-3212
ALL SHOWROOMS OPEN SUNDAY 12-5



The Hands of a Sculptor and The Skills of a Surgeon

For 30 years, Board CertifiedPlastic Surgeon and award winning sculptor
Stanley Taub, M.D.
has offered the finest in
Cosmetic Surgery

- *Liposuction/Body Contour*
- *Rhinoplasty and Secondary Nasal Repair*
- *Face and Neck Lifts*
- *Breast Enlargement and Reduction*
- *Male Breast Reduction*

(212) 628-8585
Call for a Free Consultation
737 Park Ave., NYC. Outpatient Surgical Facility

HUNAN PARK
- Elegant Chinese Cuisine -
Recommended by NY Times,
NY Post, NY Magazine
Moderate Price • Beautiful Sidewalk Cafe
235 Columbus Ave. (70th & 71st) • 724-4411

Langan's NY
The Theatre Goer's First Choice in Dining
150 West 47th St.
(bet. 6th & 7th Aves.)
New York, NY 10036
(212) 869-5482
3 COURSE PRE-THEATRE DINNER DAILY 4pm-7:30pm $21.95
Open Daily 11:30 am - Midnight Reservations suggested

LETIZIA
RISTORANTE ITALIANO
"Quality by tradition"
LUNCH • DINNER • PRIVATE PARTY ROOM
"Warm, friendly...satisfying."
ZAGAT '95
1352 FIRST AVENUE BET. 72 & 73 ST.
212.517-2244

Money Plane Revisited

Present and former government officials take issue with our story about shipments of American dollars to Russian banks.

I WAS SURPRISED BY THE SUGGESTION IN Robert I. Friedman's "The Money Plane" [January 22] that it is improper for Republic National Bank to sell U.S. currency to Russian banks, as well as by the article's utter failure to mention that other reputable and well-known banks also engage in similar transactions.

The U.S. Treasury, the Federal Reserve System, and the State Department approve and facilitate the sale of dollars by American banks to Russian banks. Banks that buy dollars in New York and resell them to Russian banks are not required, and indeed are unable, to know the identity of the Russian banks' customers. Unless a bank has specific information of criminal control of a Russian bank, a U.S. bank may sell banknotes to Russian banks.

Robert M. Morgenthau
District Attorney
MANHATTAN

[PER MY LETTER TO REPUBLIC NATIONAL Bank,] the statements attributed to an assistant United States Attorney in "The Money Plane" do not represent the views of the Department of Justice. More specifically, the attributed statements do not reflect any positions of the Department of Justice on Republic National Bank's banknote transactions with Russian banks.

Michael E. Shaheen Jr.
Counsel, U.S. Department of Justice
WASHINGTON, D.C.

[PER MY LETTER TO REPUBLIC NATIONAL Bank,] the shipment of banknotes by United States banks to other banks, in Russia or anywhere else, is permitted by U.S. law. The article was certainly unfair in suggesting otherwise. We have never encountered a money-laundering scheme that seeks to convert assets already in financial institutions into banknotes.

Banks such as Republic, with a history of strong compliance programs and valuable cooperation with law-enforcement authorities in this country, can be expected to recognize the risks of particular transactions in their efforts to avoid becoming ensnared in wrongdoing.

Our program of partnership with the financial community relies on highly experienced officials and banks like Republic to carry out our law-enforcement mission.

Stanley E. Morris
Director
Financial Crimes Enforcement Network
VIENNA, VA.

[PER MY LETTER TO REPUBLIC NATIONAL Bank,] "The Money Plane" includes several statements attributed to an unnamed OCC official. Please be assured that the statements were unauthorized and do not represent the views of this office. They do not reflect the OCC's position concerning Republic Bank's banknote dealings with Russian banks.

We are satisfied that Republic's banknote activities are conducted in a manner consistent with the applicable laws we administer.

Eugene A. Ludwig
Comptroller of the Currency
WASHINGTON, D.C.

[PER MY LETTER TO REPUBLIC NATIONAL Bank,] "The Money Plane" concerns, among other things, sales of U.S. dollars to Russian banks by Republic. It includes some purported quotations and statements of unnamed sources said to be former employees of this department who then had law-enforcement-investigation responsibilities.

You can be assured that if such statements may have been made by former employees of this department, they have not been authorized to be made by this department, were made without our awareness, and do not constitute, in any manner, statements or positions of the New York State Banking Department in respect to Republic or with regard to banknote dealings with Russian banks by Republic and other banks.

In the course of our functions, we do not examine Republic, nor have we conducted an investigation directed at Republic in respect to its banknote dealings with Russian banks.

Neil D. Levin
Superintendent of Banks
State of New York Banking Department
MANHATTAN

AS A FORMER AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, I have seen firsthand the importance of selling dollars to Russian banks: U.S. currency helps to stabilize the Russian economy as that nation's political leadership struggles to modernize and democratize their country.

The circulation of U.S. currency in Russia is an important element of U.S. trade and foreign policy. The U.S. banks that handle banknote transactions, with Russia or any other country, monitor to the best of their ability the activities of the banks with which they do business, continuously seek reliable information regarding the integrity of those institutions, and will discontinue transactions with any institution that government authorities indicate is involved in criminal activity. I know of no instances where federal banking or law-enforcement officials have indicated that there are Russian banks with whom business should be discontinued.

Robert S. Strauss
Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Editor's note: New York *did not intend to suggest that Republic National Bank of New York or its honorary chairman, Edmond J. Safra, is engaged in illegal activities or that Republic is the only bank engaged in such sales of currency to Russia.* New York *regrets that the article may have created such an impression. And as the article stated, "the [U.S.] Treasury [Department] and the [Federal Reserve] back the sale of U.S. dollars to Russian banks."*

I TAKE UMBRAGE AT YOUR DESCRIPTION OF my restaurant as a "Russian mob haunt" in your engrossing piece. The Russian Samovar is much more. It's a literary haunt (Joseph Brodsky was a partner). It's a haunt for ballet dancers (Mikhail Baryshnikov is the other partner). It's a haunt for world-renowned musicians (Rostropovich celebrated his

---

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

birthday here). It's a haunt for artists and journalists, for former dissidents, for current dissidents. The restaurant is a microcosm of Russia, with all its grime and glitter. We strive and we believe, succeed in creating a home-far-from-home atmosphere, and offer the best of the Russian culinary tradition at affordable prices. If this is what constitutes your definition of a mob haunt, so be it.

Roman Kaplan
Owner, Russian Samovar Restaurant
MANHATTAN

TO SUGGEST THAT MY OFFICE HAS BEEN soft on "Russian organized crime" is absurd. Your reporter disregarded successful prosecutions of scores of defendants from former Soviet-bloc countries for crimes ranging from attempted bribery of police officers to extortion of immigrants. He also ignored a highly successful sting in June that resulted in the arrest and prosecution of dozens of persons, many who happened to have Russian heritage, for being part of an auto-insurance fraud that involved money laundering, sale of stolen cellular-phone numbers, and plans to ship stolen cars to Russia.

In a weak attempt to bolster his point, your reporter referred to an advisory council he was told does not exist and mentioned that my candidacy was supported by the attorney Barry Slotnick, who has represented defendants of Russian background. There is nothing wrong with that: I am a public official elected to represent all segments of New York City's diverse population, including members of the Russian-American community and members of the Bar.

Charles J. Hynes
District Attorney
BROOKLYN

Robert I. Friedman responds: As New York *previously reported, Kaplan's son-in-law was arrested for his role in a Russian mob extortion ring, led by mafia don Vyacheslav Ivankov. According to an FBI document, the Russian Samovar was repeatedly used by the Russian mobsters to plan their criminal activities.*

As for the district attorney, Hynes's press representative, Pat Clark, confirmed to me the existence of a Russian-American advisory committee, and New York *obtained the letter sent by the Brooklyn D.A.'s office to prominent Russian-Americans asking them to join the committee. When called by* New York *before the article was published for comment about the advisory group, Hynes declined.*

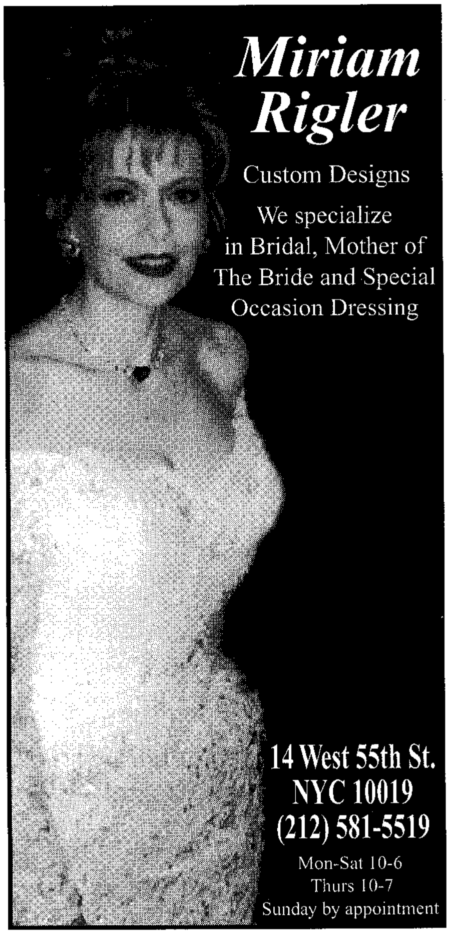
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
CHARLIE ROSE IS COOL.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.
I'VE HAD IT WITH WINTER.

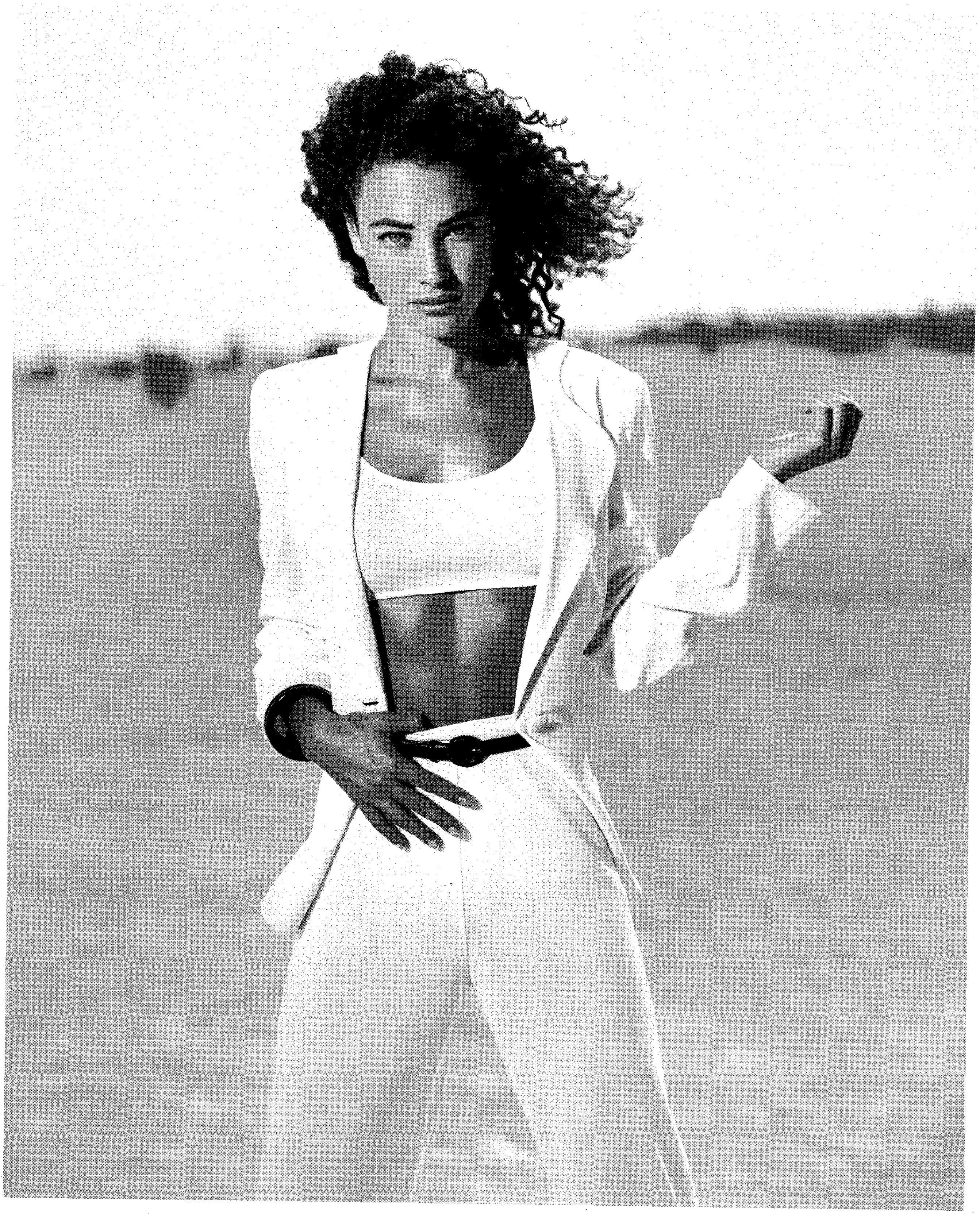
CHANNEL THIRTEEN
It takes your mind off the dumb stuff.

This ad is made possible by New York Magazine

MEDICAL WEIGHT MANAGEMENT SYSTEM
Permanent & Total Eating Control
The Newest Medications
Hypnosis (if desired)
RICHARD KRONER, M.D.
BOARD CERTIFIED INTERNIST
Specializing in weight control for 25 years
Free consultation
Most insurance accepted
225 East 64th Street, Suite 203
212-421-1557
GIVE YOURSELF ANOTHER CHANCE

World Wildlife Fund
®
1-800-CALL-WWF





GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York 436 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills
22 Newbury Street, Boston 243 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach 278 Post Street, San Francisco
The Americana At Manhasset, New York 113 East Oak Street, Chicago

BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

HOLBROOKE HEADS FOR THE STREET

Richard Holbrooke

Richard Holbrooke, the star of the Bosnia peace accords, is about to end up on the street. Wall Street, that is. Holbrooke has made no secret of his desire to leave the State Department by the end of the month. Now it looks like he'll end up at either CS First Boston or Lehman Brothers, the two firms said to be vying most fervently to snag him. **Peter Peterson,** who recruited Holbrooke at Lehman Brothers in 1985, is said to be advising him on his job search now. Many insiders think Holbrooke feels obligated to return to his old employer, but First Boston, which is now globally integrated with Credit Suisse, is said to be very interested in Holbrooke. Though Holbrooke was called to Bosnia on an emergency and was unavailable for comment, friends report that he'll be leaving the State Department by late February, after making a last farewell tour of Bonn, London, and Paris. The timing of his job hunt couldn't be better: Not only is he an international star for his diplomatic efforts, but at the moment, Wall Street expects Bill Clinton to be re-elected, which obviously ups the value of hiring a Clintonista. Holbrooke has also been telling friends that he's got to get back to New York for "the kids": the children of his new wife, **Kati Marton,** recently divorced from ABC anchor **Peter Jennings.**

JANE AIN'T TOO FONDA NEWT

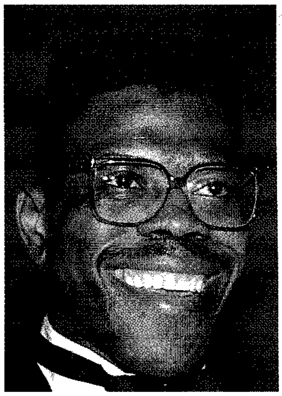
Poor **Newt Gingrich** was in for a rough time last week, socially speaking. It's bad enough to be insulted by former First Daughter/*Playboy* model **Patti Davis**—who noticeably grimaced at having to sit next to him during her father's eighty-fifth birthday party in L.A. But a day later, the Speaker was even more pointedly dissed by **Jane Fonda** at a Turner Network Television mini-series screening at Washington, D.C.,'s Ford's Theater. Photographers had been promised a photo opportunity with the four Georgians—**Ted Turner,** Jane, retiring senator **Sam Nunn,** and Newt, who was the evening's co-host, but when word got out that Gingrich was in the building, Jane grabbed her daughter, **Vanessa Vadim,** whispered, "Let's get out of here," and flew upstairs to the bathroom, where the two hid out until the final flash was popped. When she returned, Jane declined to sit in the VIP section with her husband and the Speaker, opting instead for a seat twenty rows back. "It was clearly a snub," says one fellow attendee. "She didn't want to be photographed *anywhere* in Newt's vicinity."

Jane Fonda: Back-row girl

CAROL'S SALARY NOT SCARBOROUGH FAIR

The sudden defection of **Carol Jenkins** from WNBC to Fox 5 has staffers grumbling about the reasons for her abrupt departure. "Many of us are upset that they let a very prominent African-American woman from our station go, and we are concerned about issues that may have sexist overtones," says WNBC correspondent **Don Williams.** According to sources at the station, one of Jenkins's negotiations with news director **Bruno Cohen** ended in a heated argument after he told her that audiences related better to her male co-anchor. "She said *Fuck you* to him, in front of God and everybody," says one colleague who witnessed the scene. Apparently miffed at making a good deal less than co-anchor Chuck Scarborough's annual $2 million, Jenkins finally abandoned Channel 4 for greener pastures. "It took me totally by surprise," claims Scarborough. "I learned an hour before that I was to go on that night and anchor alone. Apparently, *I'm* not one of her intimates."

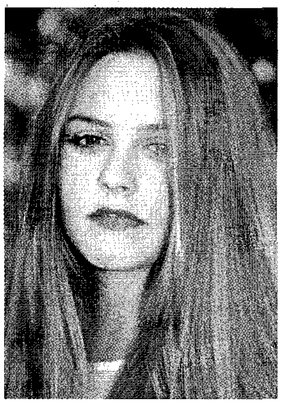
STARS NIXED ON KNICKS TIX



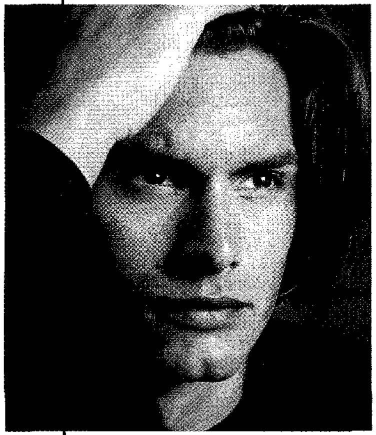
Patrick Ewing: Playing to the suits

The cachet of Knicks home games is fading fast now that Viacom has sold the Garden to ITT/Cablevision. Seats on the floor that last year were filled with the likes of **Madonna, Jack Nicholson, Billy Crystal, Billy Baldwin,** and other glamorous Billys too numerous to mention are now peopled with unfamiliar faces atop suited bodies. While ITT corporate types are highly visible, the more illustrious fans are shuffled to the sixth and seventh rows, tending to mitigate the excitement of their presence. According to sources, the new Garden brass perceive the famous people as "freeloaders" and even discussed plans to turn the former VIP suite into a $20,000-per-year private-membership club. "Anyone who would pay $20,000 to join that club is not someone you would want there," says a longtime Garden insider. In a recent article in the *Daily News* on luminous Knicks fans, the best names that surfaced were **Connie Stevens** and ***Daniel* Baldwin.** "When [Stanley] Jaffe was chairman of Paramount and they owned the Garden, there was a real energy there," says a front-row Knicks regular. "The crowd seems to have less star power now. It definitely

Photographs: top left, Larry Downing/Sygma; top right, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; center right, Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos.



Alicia Silverstone:
All that glitters . . .



Marcus Schenkenberg:
Nude awakening

seems more corporate if you look around," says Knicks fan and Thorn EMI-Capitol *capo di tutti capo* **Charles Koppelman.** "The vibe has changed. Knicks games are not as loud as they used to be," gripes season-ticket-holder **Spike Lee.**

DONNA GIULIANI PLAYS THE FIELD

Good thing that **Donna Hanover Giuliani** has two jobs. New York's hard-working First Lady lost a half-hour of her airtime on the TV Food Network—the hourlong *In Food Today* has just gone to 30 minutes—but happily, she's gaining some extra time at Fox TV, where she'll be co-anchoring *Good Day Sunday* for the entire month of February. Originally, all the *Good Day New York* anchors were alternating weekly on the Sunday show, but now they'll be rotating monthly, and Hanover edged the others out for the all-important sweeps month. Sandwiched between an infomercial for the Ab-Roller and Sunday-afternoon football, *Good Day Sunday* is not in the news division; last Sunday, while **Christine Todd Whitman** was on NBC's *Meet the Press* and **Patrick Buchanan** was facing the nation on Channel 2, Hanover was interviewing an editor from *Child* magazine about planning kids' birthday parties. "It's like easy listening," explains Hanover's boss, **Gail Yancosek,** who doesn't see a conflict of interest in the First Lady's anchoring a New York City information show: "She doesn't read the news, she doesn't deliver the news . . . so I don't see it as a problem."

CPW GETS A CLUE; INDECENT EXPOSURE

BLONDE AMBITION: As if **Darren Star's** low-rated CBS series *Central Park West* didn't have enough problems. A logjam of overaccessorized 15-year-old blondes auditioning for the pilot of a television spin-off of the summer-hit film *Clueless* recently threw the offices of the beleaguered show into chaotic discord. Apparently, the mob of ingenues was there to see a *CPW* casting director helping to find the next **Alicia Silverstone,** whom the show lost to a $10 million movie deal. However, the casting director apparently neglected to warn her *CPW* co-workers of her other project.

WHO'S THE BOSS: Male supermodel **Marcus Schenkenberg** got a little more than he bargained for recently, when 7th on Sixth asked the Boss agency, which represents Schenkenberg, to lend them his services for a Fashion Week show to promote new designers. The answer from Boss: a resounding "no." A couple of days later, however, some 7th on Sixth types just happened to be surfing the Net when they came upon some nude computer photos of Mr. Schenkenberg. In a nifty quid pro quo, Boss managed to find and remove the offending pictures; Marcus agreed to appear. A Boss spokesman denies any deal and insists the racy photos were "superimposed." For his sake, we hope so.

Additional reporting by Matthew Pincus and Braden Keil.

BUMPY RIDE WITH HIS KHOI MISTRESS

Looks like flamboyant "Page Six" reporter **Khoi Nguyen,** famous for serving up the dish on everyone from Jayne Wrightsman to John Richardson, is getting some karmic backlash. Phones were ringing off the hook last week with the story of Nguyen's flight to hell, which is what his trip to St. Barts turned into. Seems that Nguyen and his new, uh, girlfriend, Texas oil heiress **Jill Fuller,** decided on a spontaneous getaway and caught an American Airlines plane to San Juan on February 2. Trying to upgrade to first class, Nguyen got into a contretemps with an airline rep. "I might have said a couple of things I shouldn't have said to a minority ground agent," Nguyen admits. The couple finally made it onto the plane ("in the worst possible seat," Nguyen sniffs), and that's when things got really wild. While Nguyen was in the bathroom, the plane's fire alarm went off. A stewardess, suspecting a renegade passenger satisfying a nicotine fit, came running over. Exactly what she found is a matter of dispute. Nguyen insists that he wasn't smoking anything. "I struck a match to get rid of the scent," he explains. "Then the toilet caught on fire." The police detained him when the plane landed; Nguyen was very cooperative, and no charges were filed. While he was being questioned, Fuller called writer **Bob Felner** in New York, who in turn called the celebrated left-wing (and **Ivana Trump**) attorney **Michael Kennedy.** (Felner and Kennedy refused comment.) An FBI source claims Nguyen was found with marijuana but not enough to warrant a drug-possession charge, but Khoi insists the FBI is mistaken. The matter was dropped, but the pooped-out pair missed their connection to St. Barts and had to spend the night in San Juan. Even before the airline imbroglio, well-placed New Yorkers were all abuzz over the odd couple, who were recently sharing a suite at the Carlyle. Nguyen is a 30-year-old gay Vietnamese refugee, she's an oft-married 50-ish socialite with homes in Paris and New York. Their story ended happily when they finally made it to the island and linked up with houseguests **Sharon Countess Sondes, Geoffrey Thomas,** and novelist **Judy Green.** Khoi's next flight? Miami, where he's rented **Egon von Furstenberg's** place while he writes a novel. The book, warns Nguyen (who's also on assignment at *New York*), will be a thinly veiled *roman à clef* about "a world-weary journalist."

Something special in the air

Photographs: top left, Laura Luongo/Outline; center left, Calliope/LGI; bottom, Joe Towers/The Stock Market.

GOTHAM

The brilliant giant toy with such soft-oiled hinges—*Anaïs Nin*

THE FRONT PAGE

The Two-Taloned Novelist

Joan Collins revives one Ernest Hemingway literary tradition.

Back when writing mattered, writers who mattered were forever poor-mouthing and punching one another, and you could read about it in all the papers. Now that literature no longer turns the national crank, the only way a serious two-fisted novelist gets his picture in the paper is by standing next to a supermodel at a party—which happens often enough, but the writers usually come off as little more than funky accessories.

So it was a tiny gratification to see a full-blown writer-vs.-publisher feud all over the tabloids last week, its small pleasures attenuated a wee bit by the fact that the writer in question was an actress by trade, and not even a good one, not even when she did her best work, which was a very long time ago.

Joan Collins, once known for her thinly veiled portrayal of herself as the superbitch Alexis on *Dynasty*, was being sued by her publisher, Random House, which was demanding the return of the $1.2 million it paid Collins in 1990 as an advance on two novels, which, Random House alleges, sucked.

The publisher would appear to be on solid legal ground there if the excerpts in the *Daily News* were a fair sampling:

"Don't call me your little cabbage," she said savagely. "I'm nobody's cabbage. Not yours, not anyone's."

"What is it?" he asked. "This isn't like you. What's wrong, Venetia?"

"You're gay, aren't you, Alain?" she asked calmly. "You're still gay, after all these years."

It's the sort of writing—word-commingling, really—that lowers standards to the point where it seems reasonable for critics to be falling all over themselves overpraising Anonymous's highly diverting hackwork, *Primary Colors*. Collins's onetime editor Joni Evans seemed munificent on the stand last Tuesday, summing up *A Ruling Passion:* "It wasn't fresh."

Collins, though, is unencumbered by the crippling tact still found in some dusty cubbies of the publishing Establishment. "This woman [Evans] seduced me like a man trying to get a woman in bed," Collins sobbed to sister Cindy Adams in the *Post*. "She told people, 'I want Joan Collins in my stable so much I can taste it.' And she said, 'And I don't care how much it costs.' "

With pure Hemingway bravado, Collins added that it hardly matters if she loses. "I don't have [the money]. I've already spent it," she told Cindy. "A million dollars sounds [like] a lot, but it actually isn't."

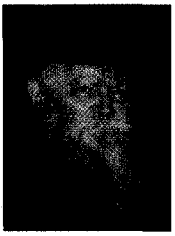
All of which led up to the big climactic courtroom scene, in which a Random House attorney accused Collins of lying about this and that. "Don't you have any shame?" he demanded to know, just like on TV. Collins, her eyes welling with tears, fled the witness box.

"Even murderers," she later told reporters, shamelessly, "are not treated like that."

Now, *that's* great dialogue.

GRIPE OF THE WEEK "Here you've got a police commissioner who goes to Elaine's and goes to the Hamptons. He basically just loves to hang out with rich people. He accepted a $30,000 raise and now a six-figure contract for a book? What about the beat cops who work for him and who have not gotten a raise that will even keep them up with inflation?" a City Council member complained to *New York* last week.

THE 30-MINUTE MESSIAH "There are millions of people who are channel-surfing every night. They are bored. It will be easier for them to watch this than something about health and beauty tips or about a sport machine."—Rami Anatian, a spokesman for the International Campaign to Bring Mosiach, explaining the Hasidic group's plans for a 30-minute infomercial declaring the late Rebbe Menachem M. Schneerson the Messiah and advising viewers on how to prepare for his return



SECOND THOUGHTS Last week, *The Village Voice* announced that it would ditch its $1.25 cover price and begin distributing issues free in Manhattan in an effort to increase circulation. In an informal survey, *New York* asked 20 people how much they would pay to read the *Voice*, or, alternatively, how much they would have to be *paid* to read it. If one ignores the guy who said he'd have to be paid $50 to read the *Voice*, the average person polled was willing to spend 82 cents for the paper.

Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, Frances M. Roberts; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

City

MARKET FORCES

ON A BITTERLY COLD SUNDAY AFTERNOON, a burning abandoned car smoldered beneath the West Side Highway. As a thick cloud of black smoke rose from its gutted frame, a long line of cars inched along the 125th Street exit ramp, almost all of them bound for the same destination.

Shoppers at the new Fairway last week.

Inside the 35,000-square-foot former meatpacking plant at 133rd Street and Twelfth Avenue, it was a free-for-all.

"Look at the price on these Eggos," a heavyset white woman shrieked in the direction of her male companion. A Hispanic family eyed a crate of Japanese star fruit warily before moving off toward the yucca. "These are *so fresh,*" a middle-aged black woman said to no one in particular, stuffing what looked to be five pounds of green beans into a plastic bag. At the front of the store, a cashier paused and held up a bag of portobello mushrooms.

"What are *these*?"

Less than two months after opening, the new Fairway market in Harlem is inarguably a hit, attracting 20,000 customers a week. Co-owner Dave Sneddon calls it "a home run with the bases loaded." Business is so good, in fact, that officials at the Department of Transportation have been looking for ways to ease the Fairway-related traffic jams that have on occasion backed up all the way north to the George Washington Bridge. The store's instant success has caused some to wonder why Pathmark, the chain grocery store due to open early next year on East 125th Street, had to be lured uptown with $2.6 million in federal, state, and city grants and loans.

"This just shows they could have come in here on their own two feet, with their own money, without any subsidies, and still have succeeded," commented East Harlem councilman Adam Clayton Powell IV, who bitterly opposed the Pathmark incentives.

But now it appears as if Fairway's success story is at least partially a result of its owners' creating de facto municipal incentives on their own. Instead of going through the lengthy and costly process of getting the correct zoning approval, Fairway went ahead and opened without it, *New York* has learned.

According to City Planning Commissioner Joe Rose, Fairway's owners never applied for a permit to waive zoning regulations that limit retail food stores in that area to 10,000 square feet—which is just as well, because a waiver would never have been granted anyway. "It's not a permitted use in that location," said Rose. As a result, the store doesn't have an appropriate certificate of occupancy and is operating illegally. Short of seeking a zoning change, Rose said, "in order to comply, they will have to make some substantial revisions to the way they do business up there."

"He's wrong. That's insane," Fairway's Sneddon replied indignantly. "We're a wholesale operation that's open to the public."(He went on to estimate that 60 percent of his business is retail.) And, Sneddon said, he has a temporary certificate of occupancy to operate a wholesale business. Co-owner Joseph Fedele chimed in, "We've never been a retailer; we don't charge retail prices. Just because regular people come in here doesn't mean you're a retailer."

The city, understandably, doesn't appear to be in a hurry to do anything about the obviously popular and desperately needed store. Rose criticized the very approval process he says Fairway has circumvented, then said it wasn't his problem: "Enforcement is the Buildings Department's job." The Buildings Department said it had heard complaints, and has asked Fairway for an explanation. And a spokesman in the mayor's office said, "It has been brought to the mayor's attention. There might be some kind of legislative remedy, a zoning-ordinance change." The city, meanwhile, has leased to the store a crucial parking lot across the street for an inexpensive $15,000 a year.

Mayor Giuliani, Ruth Messinger, and Charles Rangel have already stopped in to check out the store, Sneddon said. He hopes to hold a "grand opening" for the Harlem Fairway in late March: "We'll invite the mayor's office and the Economic Development Council. It's to thank the people, really—thank them for their help. Unofficially, the mayor's office said that he would come."

A spokesman from the mayor's office said, "There's nothing on his schedule."

ED SHANAHAN

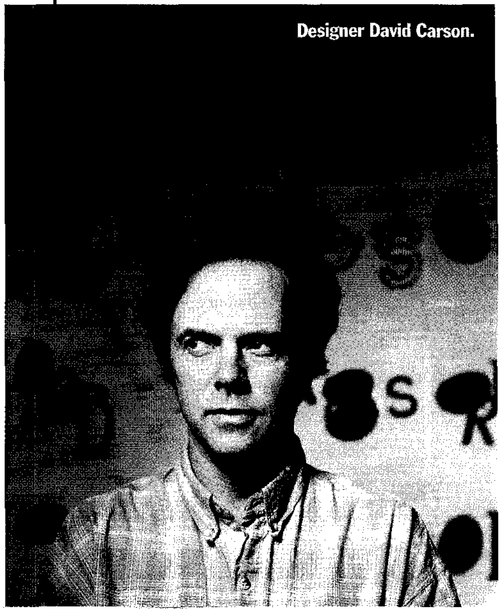
Publishing

DAVID CARSON IS GOD

A CROWD WAS GROWING OUTSIDE THE entrance to the Cooper Union's Great Hall. The line of buzz cuts, long coats, and Doc Martens reached halfway around the block. They were selling $10 tickets at the door for a 7 P.M. show, but by 7:30, they gave up and waved the rest in free. The swarm of nearly 1,000 people ran by the T-shirt stand to scramble for seats near the stage. The excitement was so intense that the floor practically vibrated.

At 8 P.M., out strode a 40-year-old graphic designer with a slide projector. David Carson, type twister, font miscreant, concrete-prose stylist, mad artist of the indecipherable, had come to New York.

"Focus!" someone shouted early into the slide show, either dryly joking or just not getting it: Carson's layouts are *supposed* to be shaky, blurry, difficult to impossible to read. It's what has



Designer David Carson.

Photographs: top, Barry Munger; bottom, Bernd Auers

made him a big, famous art star.

✢✻✹✡✪ ✦✥✻✻✹ read the headline of one layout for *Ray Gun,* the West Coast rock magazine that made Carson, and vice versa.

"I decided to set this story in Dingbats, which uses symbols instead of letters," Carson explained. The article, a typical interview with a typical rock star, was also in the symbol font. "If someone wanted to read it, you could probably decode it," he said, "but it really wouldn't be worth the trouble."

Carson proceeded to another baffling headline, this one created by dripping ink. Then on to lines of type that extend across two pages, two separate articles that run together simultaneously, and a Beastie Boys cover that was left blank except for the two inches at the top that wouldn't be obscured by other magazines at the newsstand.

Near the evening's end, one young woman rose from her seat, her face beaming. "Not many designers," she said, "would have the courage to do what you've done."

Then David Carson signed autographs.

And so it has gone since Carson was fired from the little-read but much-talked-up *Ray Gun* last fall; he has been carting his slide show of arty chaos from Tulsa to Stockholm, gathering followers with every point-and-click evening. "I'm surprised at the number of people that turn up at these things," says Carson, antihero-casual. "I think it's an indication that there's something going on out there—a new aesthetic. It's not really a Generation X thing, and it's not limited to just design buffs. A lot of people . . . simply take in visual information differently now. They respond to visuals on an emotional level."

That said, it won't matter much what Carson's new magazine, *Speak,* is actually about—though for the record, it's "a design-and-culture magazine." Carson has just opened an office in the Flatiron district, where, bankrolled by an 30-year-old California fan with rich parents, he plans to launch the quarterly in early April. He has been getting five letters a day from people wanting to work for him.

But Carson's real motivation for coming east was to be closer to Madison Avenue. "I tend to say 'film' rather than commercials," he says. "I'm interested in directing films, and this is a way to move toward that." Working with the stylish commercial-production house Cyclops, Carson has already wrought typographic havoc in ads for hamburgers, banks, and bodybuilding drinks. One recent morning at Carson's new, still-unfurnished studio, the floor

Raw Gallic

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

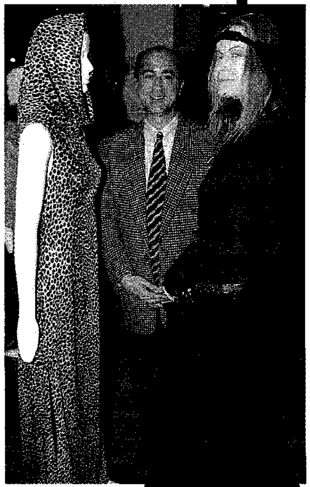
Celebrating Le Bernardin's tenth anniversary, to benefit the James Beard Foundation.

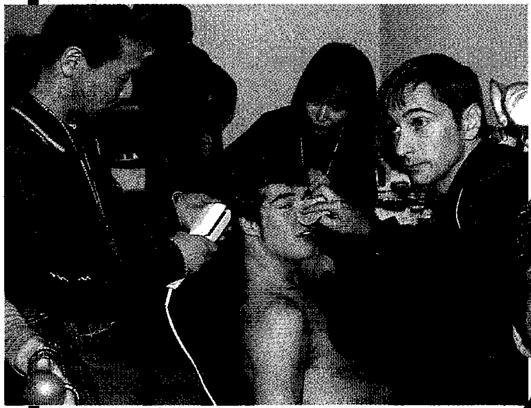
Le Bernardin's owner, Maguy Le Coze, with Tim Zagat (left) and Alan Richman (right) at the restaurant's anniversary banquet. Left, chef Eric Ripert.

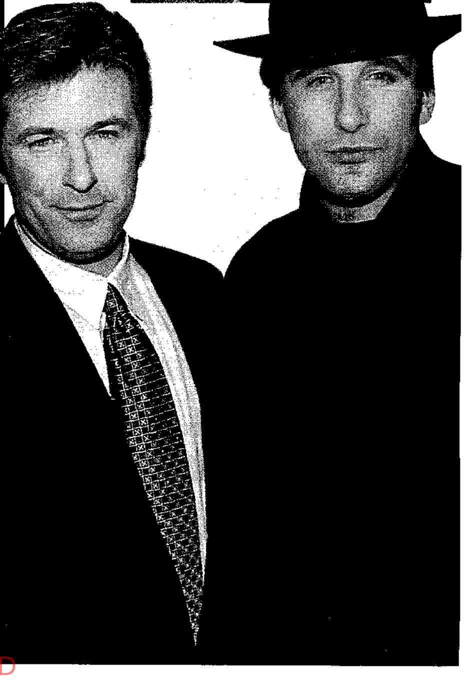
'YOU HAVEN'T MET ERIC, our chef?" asks Maguy Le Coze, utterly incredulous, in the heavy French accent that serves her so well. Turning her back on the roomful of people waiting to kiss her cheeks, she marches past the enormous paintings of fish, of scallops, and of shrimp, through the bustle and hum of the formal banquet. As the doors swing shut behind her, the noise disappears; standing now in the almost impossible silence and serenity of the kitchen, she explains the chef: "He has everything—he is young, he is talented, he is handsome." And tonight, with 86 of the city's most celebrated eaters gathered like acolytes to receive his wisdom, Eric Ripert is calm enough almost to pass for bored. "If you come here at seven, you cannot have the noise all the day. You know what you need? The good coffee machine over there. That's all you need."

At the maître d's signal, a fourteen-person crew, all in pristine whites, snaps to action. Plates whirl into place, coriander and basil are arranged, sauce is stirred, and black bass—denied even the minimal exposure to heating elements that is the restaurant's trademark—is slivered onto the bed of green. Within moments, the plates whirl again, out into the dining room, held aloft on large silver platters. The precisely choreographed cycle runs its silent course ten times: tuna, halibut, oysters, snapper, ten different wines.

At last the staff emerges from the understated efficiency of the kitchen to accept the diners' lavish applause. Ripert displays the Hermès tie he has received from the James Beard Foundation. "As long as it's not fish, I am happy."







Above right, designer Ralph Pucci with Veruschka and the new Veruschka mannequin at the Neiman Marcus Magalog launch. Right, Alec and Billy Baldwin at the Creative Coalition's party for Seattle Rep's production of *The Cider House Rules.* Above, it takes a village to prep James Gooding for Wolfgang Joop's 7th on Sixth men's-wear show.

was bare except for scattered layouts of a new Ray-Ban sunglasses campaign, featuring dancing, misshapen *R*'s and *B*'s.

He's taken an East Village apartment—"I walked down the block, saw a Starbucks Coffee and a Gap, and thought, *This can't be too dangerous*"—and tries to remember not to refer to the area as Alphabet City. He admits he hasn't ridden the subway yet (though his presence there is inescapable; he did last year's Gannett-sponsored subway posters announcing A MOVEMENT UNDERGROUND). And while he says he doesn't miss the beach, one has to wonder; a former world-class surfer, Carson used to ride waves at lunchtime back in San Diego.

Still, all was not idyllic in California, as Carson discovered during his abrupt split with *Ray Gun*. Carson says the relationship soured when he tried to use a close-up photo of David Bowie's neck, not his face, on the magazine's cover. Publisher Marvin Scott Jarrett did not think this prudent, and by the next issue, Carson had been replaced. For his part, Jarrett contends the "neck business" was only the last straw. "I couldn't handle the guy's ego anymore," he says of Carson. "He was always off giving speeches. It seemed like he spent more time talking about his designs than doing them."

Carson was ready to leave *Ray Gun* anyway; he says the magazine's initially striking look had been co-opted by seemingly hundreds of 'zines featuring distressed type and fractured layouts. *Speak*, he says, is going to be "cleaner."

"There's been too much emphasis on type and on fonts," the designer god declares, "and a lot of it was done badly."

WARREN BERGER

Fashion

THE MAN'S FASHION SHOWS

VERONICA WEBB WAS SITTING IN A dressing room at the Plaza Hotel contemplating her gig. A pained expression curled the corners of her perfectly outlined lips. In less than an hour, she would be parading around in a pair of Manolo Blahnik spike heels, a rose-embroidered bra, and panties. Webb watched silently as a makeup artist dispassionately applied a thin layer of Johnson's baby oil to Helena Christensen. Her flesh caught the light, reflecting an unnatural radiance. Webb sighed and began undressing. "Wasp porn," she said flatly. "That's what the Victoria's Secret show is all about."

Outside, men awaited. They were not men of the fashion industry. Those men, along with their female counterparts, were a cab ride away, watching John Bartlett's male models trot down a runway lined with fake fur. They were the men of the fashion shows.

Victoria's Secret models; below, audience members Russell Simmons, Herb Ritts, and Christopher Buckley.

They were: Tony Shafrazi, the gallery owner; Russell Simmons, the rap mogul; John McDonald, the Merc Bar co-owner; Donovan Leitch, the celebrity; and, according to a publicist, "every TV exec in town. Lots of suits flashing *Dateline NBC* biz cards." Conan O'Brien RSVP'd but his taping ran late; Vanna's and Ivana's respective husbands RSVP'd but then couldn't make it; Regis Philbin RSVP'd but then his wife had a "dental emergency."

The men who could make it sat in the front row, clutching rolled-up programs and affecting the pose of jaded editors, all looking as if they had good, solid reasons to be there.

"I'm here researching a fashion project," said the singer Michael Bolton, with an utterly straight face. "I'm not at liberty to talk about it right now. It's in development."

"I'm friends with all the people at the company," explained the television personality Robin Leach. "I guess you could say it's out of deference to them."

"Look, they're a client of ours," *Vogue* publisher Ron Galotti said indignantly. "It's like any other show I attend. This is strictly business."

Michael Musto, the *Village Voice* nightlife columnist, was cheerfully candid: "I'm here for the gift bag. They're giving away Sensual Shapers this year."

As the insistent disco beat of Donna Summer's "I Feel Love" washed over the crowd, the lights came up and the second annual Victoria's Secret fashion show began: Naomi Campbell sashayed down the catwalk, followed by enough of her supermodel peers to lend a sense of nostalgia to the proceedings. Every bounce and jiggle was simulcast to the Sony Jumbotron in Times Square and fed via satellite to thousands of television stations around the country. In a nod to tradition, the finale involved a wedding dress. Stephanie Seymour appeared in a Cesar Galindo see-through silk-organza gown slit up to her chest.

As the men milled about outside, sipping complimentary champagne, opinions were exchanged. The consensus seemed to be that the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue was about to be officially displaced as the country's midwinter feel-good sex event. Michael Kane, a Park Avenue plastic surgeon, was cornered and asked for his professional opinion. "It was terrific," the doctor gushed.

"No. We mean your professional opinion," insisted a middle-aged man in a chalk-stripe Brooks Brothers suit.

"Well, there were one or two stiff implants out there," Kane said matter-of-factly. "But for the most part, all the work on display was exceptional."

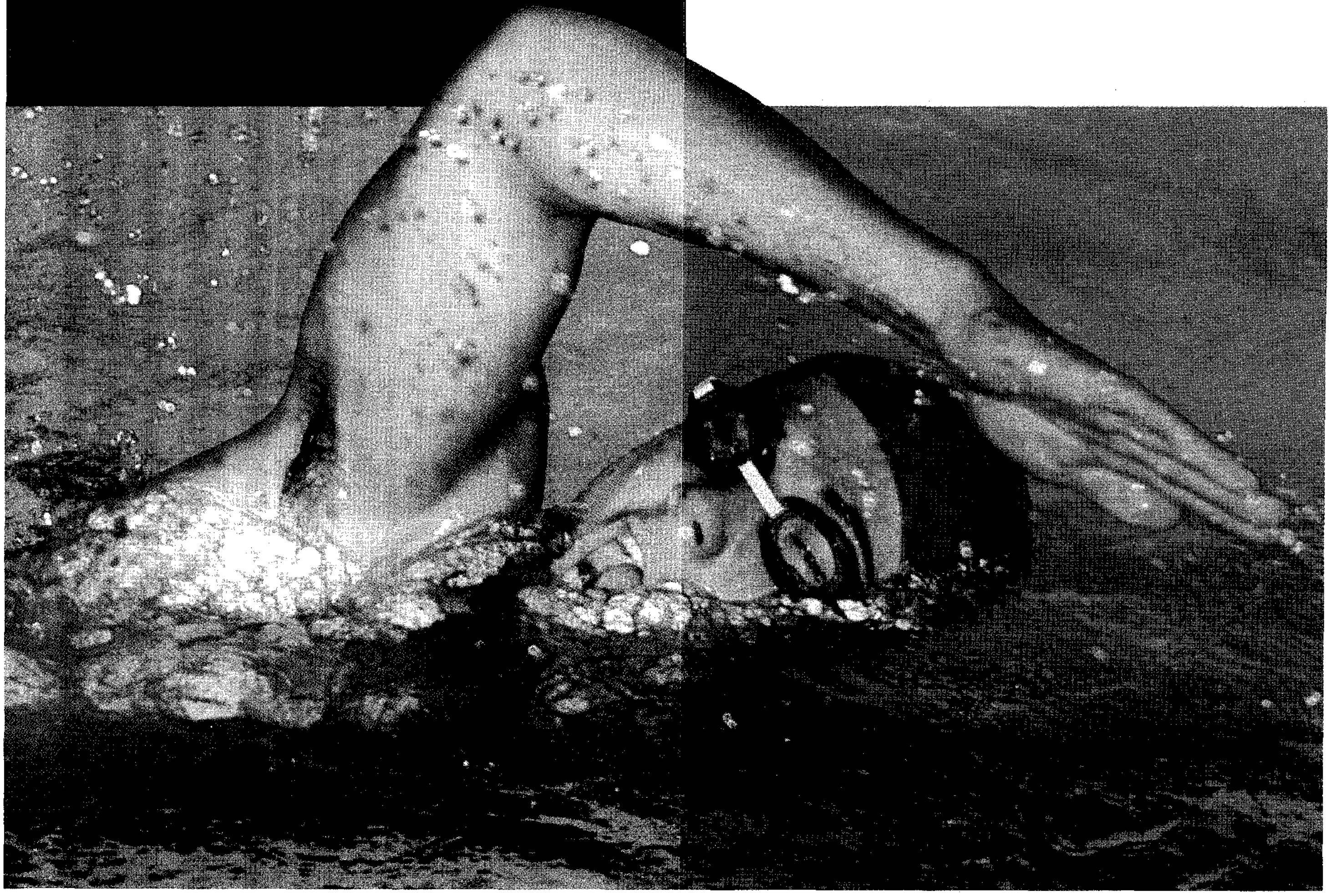
RENE CHUN

Photographs by Patrick McMullan.

Stress dissolves *in* WATER

Sirens, Car alarms, Subway delays, It's a wonder that all of New York City hasn't gone completely mad. Maybe it is the water?

• Seven Sparkling Swimming Pools • Ten Indoor Tennis Courts • Full Spa Facilities • Over 600 Free Classes a Week • State-of-the-art Strength Training, Freeweight and Cardiovascular Equipment • Free Ballroom and Tap dance classes • Free Martial Arts classes • Certified Personal Trainers • Squash, and Tennis Courts • Free Indoor Virtual Reality Golf • Relaxing Massage Therapy • Nutritional Counseling • Free Boarding on HRC's 75' Yacht • Free Outdoor Beach and Tennis Club • Money Back Guarantee plus $100 if you're not completely satisfied within one week of joining!



JOIN BY FEBRUARY 29TH 1996 AND RECEIVE

3 MONTHS FREE

39 WHITEHALL ST.........269-9800
24 EAST 13TH ST.............924-4600
132 EAST 45TH ST...........986-3100
20 EAST 50TH ST.............593-1500
110 WEST 56TH ST..........541-7200
1433 YORK AVE................737-6666
HRC TENNIS....................422-9300
VILLAGE COURTS........989-2300

JOIN ONE ENJOY THEM ALL

* 3 FREE MONTHS APPLIED TO END OF ANNUAL INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS. OFFER EXPIRES 2/29/96

NEW YORK HEALTH & RACQUET CLUB
HRC
A way of life ®

MICHAEL TOMASKY

The Fix Is Off

Al D'Amato wired New York for his pal Bob Dole. Or so he thought. But Steve Forbes is on the primary ballot, and that's trouble for the Fonz.

DELCO CORNETT SPENT AN ANXIOUS few days in court last week. It wasn't that he was on trial or anything like that. Cornett is a Steve Forbes delegate from Manhattan's East Side, and he sat in State Supreme Court justice William Garry's courtroom in Brooklyn, watching and waiting as Garry determined whether Cornett would have a shot at going to the Republican convention in San Diego this summer.

The state Republican Party, heretofore known as the local affiliate of the Bob Dole–for–president campaign, was trying to get Cornett and all the other declared Forbes delegates in New York City tossed off the ballot for New York's March 7 Republican presidential primary. Congressional district by congressional district, Larry Mandelker, who used to serve Ed Koch but is now lawyering for the Dole campaign, argued the invalidity of the Forbes nominating petitions. And district by district, save two, Judge Garry discarded his arguments.

By last Wednesday morning, Cornett was a happy man, and so was Steve Forbes. As matters now stand, the revenge–of–the–Richie Riches candidate will be on the ballot in 27 of the state's 31 congressional districts, and Tom Spargo, the election lawyer the Forbes campaign hired to navigate the shallow waters of New York's election laws, says he's appealing the decisions on the remaining four—two in the city, two upstate—"with some expectation that we'll fare better at the appellate division." The goal is 30, Spargo says, "because there's no question that Republican voters in 30 congressional districts signed petitions to put Forbes on the ballot." (Forbes apparently didn't gather enough signatures in Harlem's Fifteenth District to stay on the ballot there.)

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS BEEN Al D'Amato's personal playpen for years. Forbes's candidacy can change all that. It can also put a crimp in the vacation plans of people like East Side state senator Roy Goodman. We'll circle back to him, but let's start with the big fish. The words *D'Amato* and *integrity* don't usually belong in the same sentence, but the words *D'Amato* and *savvy* always do; his ample supply of the latter has invariably permitted him to skate through despite his abject lack of the former.

This time, he may have blown it. He and his state Republican Party had New York in the bag for Dole as far back as last spring. The strategy, straight out of Cook County, was for virtually every elected Republican in the state to endorse Dole at that meta-early stage, thus ensuring that any other GOP presidential candidate who tried to force his way into New York would have no official support and no way to get on the ballot. Thus, a primary that's usually one of the most expensive in the country would hardly cost Dole a nickel, and, with an ounce of the serendipity that has so often dribbled over the senator from Hempstead, it would occur at just that point in the process where Dole would lock up the nomination. Al D'Amato's unhatched chickens had already been counted.

But what D'Amato and company weren't counting on was an outsider candidate with millions to spend and enough sophistication to hire smart people. "The common sense was that Forbes couldn't do it," says political consultant Norman Adler, who has worked for both Democrats and Republicans. "But he put together an impressive team. Money buys a lot in this business." In this case it bought Spargo, a veteran of countless election-law battles, to wage the legal war, and Tom Slater, a former State Senate aide who ran many a Republican campaign in New York, to field the delegate slates. Such was the team's success that a challenge to Forbes's petitions couldn't even be mounted on D'Amato's home turf. Nassau County GOP chair Joseph Mondello, while still a D'Amato loyalist, said he wouldn't try to knock Forbes off. "Word was filtered back to me that it was preferable that I challenge these folks," Mondello says, but "I weighed it and decided not to do it." The result of all this: a matchup that is all but a head-to-head contest between Forbes and Dole (Pat Buchanan will be on the ballot in a handful of congressional districts, mostly upstate). "Their worst nightmare," Spargo crows of the Dolies.

Maybe. The nightmare part depends on several "ifs" fulfilling themselves—if Forbes stays strong, if Dole continues to stumble, if the race is still close by March 7 (indeed, it looks now as if it may be; several states with late-February and early-March primaries represent potentially fertile Forbes territory). But suppose Forbes is running a reasonably close second to Dole by March 7. New York, despite D'Amato's best Daleyist efforts, could be the state that buries Dole.

What a delight it would be to see D'Amato's luck start to change. Here we have a fellow who has had far more than his share of good fortune. He should never have won re-election in 1992; only a stupefyingly bumbling campaign by Democrat Bob Abrams pushed D'Ama-

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

to over the top. He got the chairmanship of the Senate Banking Committee and, lo and behold, the opportunity thereby to run the Whitewater hearings. He chairs the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, with the authority to pass out the dough to GOP candidates across the country and all the power that derives from that.

But a Dole loss in New York, or even a semi-close race in which the Kansan's campaign is forced to spend millions, scars D'Amato badly. Adjectives like *powerful* and *street-smart* will begin giving way in the papers to ones like *complacent* and *uncertain;* the popular-approval ratings, already heading toward the toilet, will dip further; potential Democratic opponents for 1998, when D'Amato is up for re-election, will find the wallets of contributors rather more open than they might have been against a stronger Alfonse.

Forbes's possible strength in New York accomplishes two other things. First, if many Forbes delegates (like Cornett, they're all unknowns) get to the convention, they have a chance to establish themselves as a new Republican power base in the state—one that owes D'Amato nothing.

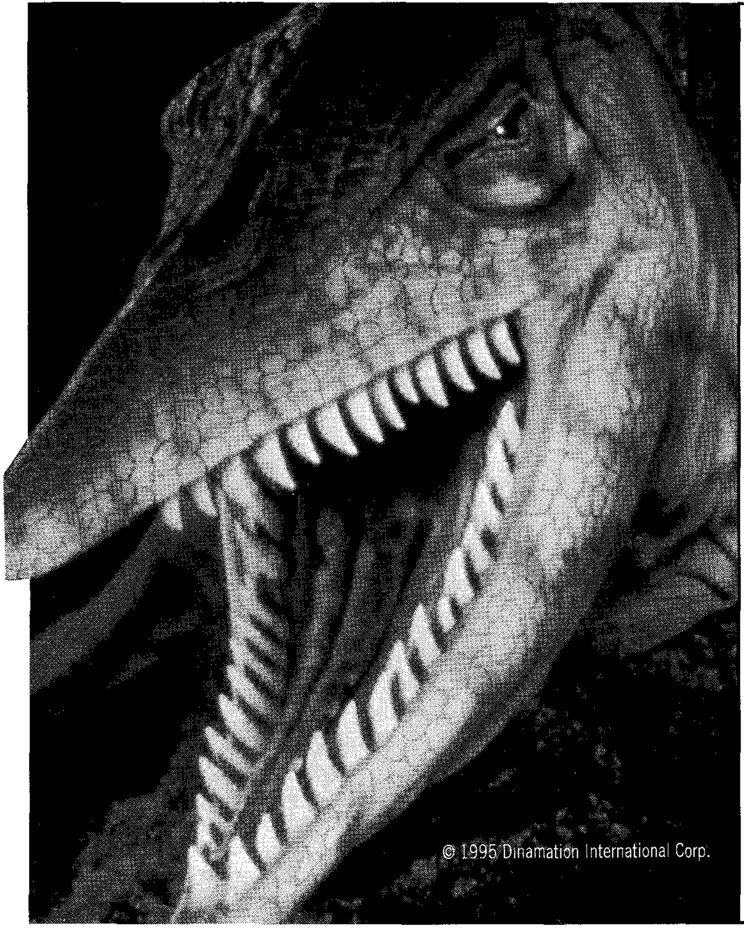
Second, it would expose the New York primary process for the utter sham that it is. Too bad it took a multimillionaire to do it, but the fact is that D'Amato has enforced a situation in which Republicans going to the polls have about as much freedom of choice as Albanian citizens did. Most of the Republicans running may be too conservative for New York, but at least Iowans and New Hampshirites and others have a choice. D'Amato wanted New Yorkers to have none. And New York Republicans who were partial to Colin Powell should not forget that the vise grip around New York's primary was probably a reason he didn't jump into the race. Now that those voters do have a choice, they should eschew Dole on principle, out of spite, or both.

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO CORNETT. Actually, New York Republicans will be voting not for the candidates themselves but for their delegates, who will be on the ballot with the candidates' names next to theirs. Slates are elected, all or nothing, by congressional district; if Forbes carries a district, every one of his delegates from that district—and none of Dole's—makes the trip.

Cornett, if he wants to get to San Diego, has a formidable task. He and his no-name slatemates, Georgia Palmieri and Izak Ellis, are faced with the prospect of running against Goodman, State Assemblyman John Ravitz, and Giuliani-administration official (and former city councilman) Charles Millard, three of the best-known Republicans in the city. Cornett, a gadfly conservative, has matched up against Goodman before. He says Goodman has dissuaded him from running for various offices in the past and once gave him a shot at the State Senate—running in Washington Heights, where probably no Republican has been elected since the Rutherford B. Hayes administration.

Last July, a *Times* editorial credited Goodman as one of only two Republicans (the other was Mayor Giuliani) who spoke against D'Amato's rigging of the process. But that was then. Today, Goodman, who is also the New York County Republican Party leader, is involved in the GOP effort to keep Cornett and his cohorts off the ballot. The reason is simple: If Cornett et al. win, Goodman et al. lose. No power vacation in San Diego, no hobnobbing, no chance to claim a little credit even if Dole wins.

Let's go, Delco.



These days, you never know what you might find along the Hudson River.

See giant robotic models of the ocean's most terrifying predators in *Dinamation's "Monsters of the Deep,"* the exciting new exhibit now through March 17 at Liberty Science Center. Plus check out the K'NEXploration building toys (through Jan. 21), the hundreds of other hands-on exhibits, our live demonstrations, and the nation's largest IMAX® Dome theater.

Where science = fun
Liberty Science Center
For details call 201 200-1000

Come by car or take the PATH/bus. Exit 14B, NJ Turnpike, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ Website: http://www.lsc.org

MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Power Joker

Shock jock Don Imus speaks truth to power—with a few vulgarities thrown in—and politicians from Clinton and Dole on down can't afford to ignore him.

MOVING BACK TO NEW YORK last spring after fifteen years in Los Angeles, I didn't have to wait long for the city's famously incestuous obsession with niggling media matters to become apparent. People engaged in detailed cartographic discussions about the masthead of *House Beautiful*. The New York *Observer* rehashed the competition—as it occurred in 1976—for the presidency of the Harvard *Crimson*. Charlie Rose.

But these things were nothing compared with what I discovered one morning when I turned on the radio and heard someone who sounded like a lunatic ranting about Peter Lund. *Peter Lund*? He was at the time the low-profile head of the CBS Broadcast Group, and way too obscure for any real person to care about, particularly the audience for one of the top-rated radio shows in in America.

It was, of course, Don Imus, known to New Yorkers as a Howard Stern forerunner who began by founding the now-tiresome are-you-naked school of radio but transformed, after a crash-and-burn recovery from cocaine and alcohol, into a unique phenomenon, something like *Meet the Press* moderated by Hunter S. Thompson. Politics plus penis jokes.

At a time when the media is flagellating itself for trivializing politics, Imus makes *The McLaughlin Group* sound like a Kennedy School symposium. But the politicians and pundits flock to him. He brings political discussion to a broad audience, and does so without any discernible ideology beyond antennae for pomposity and jive. This forum is an entirely different dimension from the talk-show moves perfected by Ross Perot on the puffy, risk-free *Larry King Live* and Pat Buchanan on the ritualized, virtually risk-free *Crossfire*. And in a country where most people don't vote, that's not such a bad thing.

Even the slick ones only barely survive. Imus's influence was certified in 1992, when a tabloid-battered Bill Clinton got back on his feet in the New York primary partly by proving he was a good sport on the show: Imus called him Bubba; Clinton replied that *Bubba* was southern for "mensch" (and people wonder why he got elected). But Clinton is "that pantload in the White House" now, in Imus's estimation, and off the air he says that Clinton "thinks he's in a movie—it's all a role to him." A decent description of what bothers ordinary people about Clinton.

As Imus expands into more and more markets—now 75 across the country—his political influence grows. Bob Dole is a regular on the show (even though Imus makes fun of his disability), along with senators John Kerry, Christopher Dodd, Bill Bradley, Al D'Amato, former Clinton strategist Paul Begala, Clinton attorney Bob Bennett, and a throng of baby-boomer media-Establishment types: Maureen Dowd, Frank Rich, Tim Russert, Jeff Greenfield, Anna Quindlen. Plus Dan Rather and Mike Wallace. Most suck up to him shamelessly, laughing a bit too heartily, calling him I-man. They are traversing a mine field, silently praying he won't embarrass them. The tiptoeing is faintly degrading, but their deference doesn't spring from sycophancy—more like terror. What if he decides, in Imus parlance, that they "can't suck enough"?

One recent morning, the job at hand for William Weld, governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, now running for the Senate, is to show that he is "happening." Before, he was "not happening," the ultimate thumbs-down in Imus-land, defined as not having a correctly ironic sense of humor. Weld may have it on his résumé that he's a Grateful Dead fan, but on his first foray onto the show he was stiff and uptight, and Imus punished him, later calling him a "yuppie loser." Weld redeemed himself somewhat in another appearance, but this one was crucial. His opponent, Senator John Kerry, practically an Imus regular, had been on that same morning.

Weld makes it through. Sure, he's a little too Waspy to really get down—this is a man who uses the phrase *simon-pure*—but he manages a joke about searching unsuccessfully for his tennis socks when they're talking about Hillary Clinton's Whitewater billing records, which turns into a riff from Imus and company about O.J. and the bloody socks. Afterward, off the air, Imus says, "He was good, wasn't he? He's not as hip as Kerry, though." Weld has passed muster.

That such encounters pass as high-level political discourse is, of course, James Fallows's worst nightmare. Fallows has written a book, *Breaking the News: How the Media Undermines American Democracy*, which runs through the familiar argument that journalists cover politics as if it were pro wrestling, with winners and losers and a cynical distance that disregards policy issues. They're whoring around with pollsters and strategists when they should be turning out thoughtful *Washington Monthly* articles. Although Fallows's book

Photograph by Brian Smale/Onyx.

isn't a bombshell (it was stepped on by *Primary Colors*, probably proving his point), it's had an impact. *Newsweek* even dropped the up and down arrows in its "Conventional Wisdom Watch" column—for a week.

And then there's Imus. He isn't mentioned in the book, but he is the apotheosis of everything Fallows reviles. He's even got something called the "Jeep Eagle Political Lock of the Week," which last week handicapped the Louisiana Caucuses. Politics is treated like the sports talk on the rest of WFAN's schedule (demographic: males on the old side of 25–54).

The politicians are seeking that audience, but they aren't on the show to please the listener. They're there to please Imus, a grim and capricious sultan. Imus can't articulate what his criteria are for letting the lucky ones survive. He has said he voted for Reagan, then Bush, then Clinton. Now he leans to Dole but hasn't abandoned Clinton. He excoriates Forbes (a "geek," a "weasel," and, unfairly but amusingly, "one wrestler away from a scandal") and Phil Gramm ("Did he tell us we're gonna have six more weeks of winter?").

"They take it much more seriously than I do," he says, slouched in his book-lined office and looking like an extremely depressed cigar-store Indian. "I'm serious to the extent that I want an answer that's not bullshit. I'm not serious about the impact they think I have. I'm not looking at myself as some kind of kingmaker."

But in fact the listeners know, viscerally, exactly what it takes to please Imus. They feel it, because these four-and-a-half-hour radio shows are the most intimate cultural experiences they have. Imus and Stern—his more flamboyantly talented evil twin who caters to the Beavis-and-Butt-head sensibility—are an antidote to the endless phoniness of practically everything on television because they throw out all the rules but the whim of the host. TV shows "present" things. From the Washington shoutfests to the ersatz informality of the morning shows, TV always seems like a setup job. The line between the media Establishment and the political Establishment has blurred: Think of people like Russert and Mary Matalin and Roger Ailes and David Gergen. No one believes the talking heads anymore; they're part of the act.

Everyone has an agenda, including Rush Limbaugh, who makes almost entirely predictable pronouncements, pausing a few beats after he says something to ponder the reaction he's getting. His TV ratings are fading (by about 20 percent). But Imus and Stern don't appear to be performing or pandering, and as a result the audience has a far more intimate connection to them. Alone in their cars, listeners hang out with these guys and their radio families, living through these unstructured ramblings. It's real life in a box, lurching from locker-room humor to crafted satire. Imus recommends a restaurant, tortures his traffic reporter about her "ugly" baby, comments on the news, complains about his host of ailments, interviews a presidential candidate. There's no deliberate shtick about this—he's merely being himself. He's not asking for acceptance, so you don't have to like every bit of it. There's something to appall everyone.

And oddly, Imus and Stern, for all their outrageousness, are tapping into traditional values. They wield a certain moral authority. Stern gets his from his monogamous fealty to his family and suburban life—the rest is mostly harmless voyeurism. Imus gets his from his on-the-edge vulnerability, his awareness of nuances of the political culture, and from his energetic devotion to the CJ Foundation for SIDS, a sudden-infant-death-syndrome charity for which Imus has helped raise millions. He shamelessly self-promotes, but unlike Stern, he doesn't appear to be consciously building a career. He's just trying to hang on, to keep from bottoming out again.

And both of them use their force of personality to run what is a kind of family. Stern's is a loud, dysfunctional family run by a nasty older brother who pulls the wings off flies sometimes but whose charisma makes him a "special" child. Imus is a raving patriarch propped up by his relatives. Imus has a straight man, Charles McCord, who runs a Bible-study group in New Jersey: He inoculates Imus from charges of utter godless sleaze the way Robin Quivers, black and female, provides cover for Howard Stern. Imus also has a cohort, Bernard McGuirk, who pipes in from the subconscious sidelines with one-liners that p.c. guardians would deem racist, homophobic, sexist—the litany. Imus gets to profess shock.

All of this surely degrades American democracy. In the Fallows equation, judging public officials on whether they're "happening" is even worse than a little cynicism on *Washington Week in Review*. But Imus makes the political process fun, and, most important, he seems a true independent; he's not running for anything.

He doesn't worry how he's playing, and this is his appeal. Every interviewer has an angle—trying to look smart, make a point, get ratings, win friends, enhance fees on the lecture circuit. Imus is too burned-out to care about any of this, and his listeners understand this. They don't worship him. They don't like the country music he plays. They wouldn't even necessarily take his advice seriously about whom to vote for. But they know who he really is, and that he's something like them. ■

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE FREE INFORMATION ON OUR CLASSICAL AND POP MUSIC TITLES, PLEASE CALL 1-800-525-5880, AND MENTION EXTENSION 55608.IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE FREE INFORMATION ON OUR CLASSICAL AND POP MUSIC TITLES PLEASE CALL 1-800-525-5880, AND MENTION EXTENSION 55608.IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RECEIVE FREE INFORMATION ON OUR CLASSICAL AND POP MUSIC TITLES, PLEASE CALL

Has it really been
25 years since
you've had
company?
Stephen Sondheim's
Company
The new cast
recording.
From Broadway Angel

1995 BROADWAY CAST RECORDING
COMPANY
A MUSICAL COMEDY

Stephen Sondheim introduced Broadway to the "concept musical" 25 years ago when COMPANY opened for the first time. Now on its first revival, Broadway Angel presents the new cast recording of this groundbreaking work. Featuring new lyric revisions by Sondheim as well as "Marry Me A Little," a song that was cut from the original production, this is the essential recording of a landmark achievement. Sondheim's disarming melodies and witty, ironic lyrics on such modern classics as "The Ladies Who Lunch," "The Little Things You Do Together," and "Someone is Waiting," are exquisitely captured here by Grammy Award winning producer Phil Ramone, and a cast that includes Tony winner Boyd Gaines.

Stephen Sondheim's COMPANY.
Essential company.
Essential Sondheim.
From BROADWAY ANGEL.

BROADWAY Angel

ON SEVENTH AVENUE ALEX WILLIAMS

Tommy Gets Respect

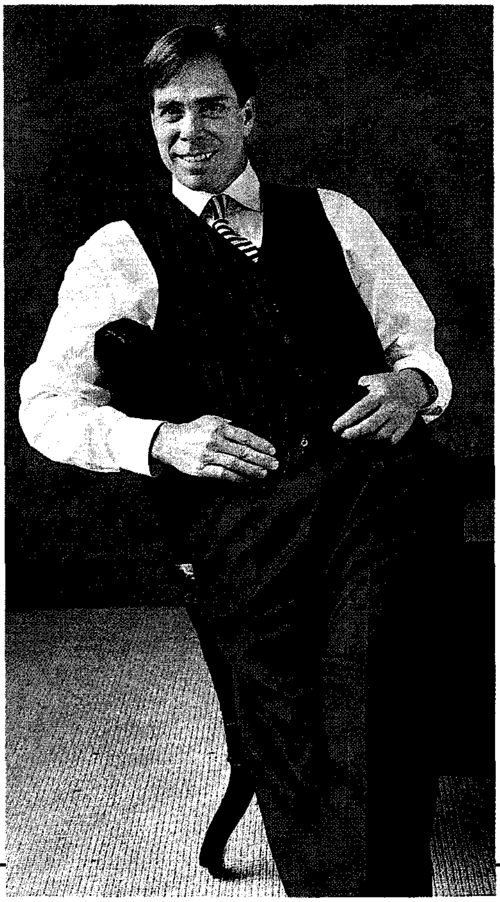
Tommy Hilfiger will never be fabulous, but does it matter? With a nod from the CFDA, fashion's favorite punch line is laughing all the way to the bank.

“I *hate him I hate him I hate him,”* CHANTS TOMMY HILfiger in an ironic monotone, punctuating each syllable with a wan hand clap as he clenches what Faulkner would have called his tombstone teeth. Hilfiger, breaking for lunch at ‘44,’ is imitating the passive aggression of the Academy Awards also-rans, the reception he knows he'll receive from haute couture cognoscenti this week when he accepts the Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA) Menswear award—fashion's equivalent of the Oscar. The sturdy dependables like chinos and rugby shirts that Hilfiger—a self-professed “re-designer”—has built his career on are a psychic mile from the slick urban renderings of recent winners Joseph Abboud, Donna Karan, and Calvin Klein.

In fact, the question about Hilfiger has always been, is he a designer or just, sniff, a *stylist*? But after years of explosive growth (last year's revenues jumped 41 percent, last quarter's 47 percent), the answer from fashion's most viperish arbiters is ringingly clear: *Who cares?* He may not be the darling of the fabulous, but with annual retail sales of $400 million, the pop Everyman from Elmira, New York, has finally matriculated into fashion significance.

It's a remarkable ascent for a man once derisively compared to the media-creation Monkees. But Hilfiger, 44, has consistently shown a shrewd ability to translate, scrub, and repackage our most pungent motifs and make them safe for Macy's. Indeed, while Calvin Klein titillates with a sporting pansexuality and Ralph Lauren sells a neverland Hamptons fantasy to central Long Island, Hilfiger sells America to Americans. Over the years, he has playfully expanded on his middlebrow riffs on old Choate preppy. Hilfiger's spring line includes longboard-era surf trunks, neo-Cleveland bowling shirts, and underwear swathed in a garish constellation of five-point stars. The fact that Hilfiger can market this vision to Japan is unsurprising. That he can sell largely camp-free Americana to Bed-Stuy is remarkable. Hilfiger has become Seventh Avenue's reigning populist. He may not be the great American designer, but Tommy Hilfiger is certainly the *most* American designer.

Since 1992, the number of in-store Hilfiger boutiques has risen from 63 to 840. At Macy's Herald Square, Hilfiger has just opened the first of his New Generation shops. Interactive retail micro-universes built to service his hazily defined “New American,” they are some eight times larger than the traditional Tommy boutique. “We sold out our fall and holiday outerwear before Christmas,” brags Hilfiger. “People were clamoring for us to give them more. We didn't give them more because we didn't plan for it and we didn't have it. If you leave them hungry, so much the better.”



Photograph by Marion Ettlinger/Outline.

But before he could sell America, he had to sell himself. In 1984, when “Tommy Who-figer” launched his first sportswear line, he was little more than a self-schooled guy with a shuttered chain of upstate bell-bottom shops and a recently expired gig designing jeans for Jordache. After interviewing with Perry Ellis and Calvin Klein, Hilfiger had come to the attention of Indian textiles baron Mohan Murjani, who liked Hilfiger's “vision” and saw him as someone who could appeal to a younger Lauren market. Murjani, who had helped turn Gloria Vanderbilt into a sensational fashion curio, viscerally understood the need for instant carpet-bomb brand-imaging. So he enlisted seminal magazine-maker and art director George Lois to work on the ads. Lois immediately went guerrilla—phone booths and billboards—with a winkingly preposterous claim: THE 4 GREAT DESIGNERS FOR MEN ARE: R.L., P.E., C.K., T.H.

“It was a big step into dangerous territory,” admits Hilfiger. “I wasn't even in the same league as the people I was comparing myself to.” Lois recalls, “*Newsweek* did a big story that said he had spent $20 million and was buying his fame. Their fact checker called me at, like, six on Friday and said, ‘So he's spent $20 million?’ I said, ‘You got too many zeros. *Two hundred thousand,* maybe.’ ” But the $20 million figure got picked up everywhere, and Hilfiger was suddenly pegged as fashion's Pia Zadora.

“Either you're the wise-ass of all time, or you don't make a living,” says Lois. “If he was as brash as the ads, people would have hated him. But he came off as a nice kid in interviews. The mixture worked.”

The clothes themselves were nice-guy clothes—a youthful riff on the Oxford-cloth shirts and crewnecks he had taken up since ditching the snakeskin cowboy boots of his downtown-club days. To fill the personality gap, he stitched in perky green buttonholes and boldly inscribed his name and his nautical-flag logo on sweaters and shirts.

His cagiest move, however, was the way he presented himself. While Ralph posed august and dignified for Bruce Weber in his Polo ads, and Calvin, in his ads, paused languidly for Weber next to Georgia O'Keeffes, Tommy depicted himself almost untouched, unvarnished—just his eager face and big, toothy grin, radiating *just-like-you* ordinariness. "To be honest, we didn't know *what* we were doing in advertising," Hilfiger says. "George Lois told me, 'We should use [you] so people know there *is* a Tommy Hilfiger.' I felt very uneasy. I don't like pictures of myself." Suddenly, everywhere, there was this face—faintly Scott Hamilton in a Beatles wig. It seemed somehow familiar. We knew him.

His business strategy, however, was not so guileless. "He was built as a company to knock off Polo," says Alan Millstein of the *Fashion Network Report.* "Department stores got tired of Ralph's overpriced merchandise, of being dictated to by Ralph Lauren, and wanted to develop Hilfiger as successor, as a secondary line at a lower price." What set Hilfiger apart from the Barneys class of designers was his willingness to oblige. A weekend-scuba-diver sort of guy, he followed the consumer into nascent "extreme" sports like snowboarding, unveiling athleticwear in adventurous polymers and Crayola colors. As other designers opted for more tailored clothes in the European style, he loosened the cuts with a Nautilus physique in mind. "I surround myself with a lot of young people," he says, "Not a lot gets by."

"...Tommy represents the **American dream,"** *says rap impresario Russell Simmons. "He's a great example of how the* **hip-hop community** *can reposition a company..."*

"Tommy Hil was my nigga/ and others couldn't figga/ how me and Hilfigga/ used to move through with vigga," raps Q-Tip on Mobb Deep's "Drink Away the Pain." Hilfiger, certainly, is an unlikely hip-hop hero. "It's so *funny,"* marvels one longtime fashion insider. "It's like all these rappers are walking around in Alfred E. Neuman shirts." But the attraction goes well beyond the useful rhyme possibilities of the designer's last name.

In fact, black teenagers make up a substantial part of Hilfiger's audience. The designer is beefing up his presence at urban department stores—in part to capitalize on his popularity with young African-Americans. But instead of merely accepting this profoundly ironic windfall as mere teen-fad serendipity, Hilfiger has gambled and won big by embracing the likes of Snoop Doggy Dogg and Doctor Dre. Last week, he sent Method Man and Naughty by Nature's Treach sauntering down the runway in Tommy-designed black.

"Tommy represents the American Dream," says rap impresario and would-be clothier Russell Simmons, a bit grandly. "And the black kids, the less successful, buy it because they want to be successful. And then when the white kids see Snoop Doggy Dogg in Tommy Hilfiger, they'll buy that over Polo." It is, in other words, a powerful synergy: White feeds off black feeds off white. "He's a great example of how the hip-hop community can reposition a company," Simmons says. "Tommy was doing about 60 million bucks when Grand Puba got involved with him—now he's doing what, 400?"

It doesn't hurt that Tommy sells at youth-friendly prices, or that his primary-color brashness scans well on MTV. Says one men's-wear editor, "With hip-hop, Hilfiger brings in all these consultants. They tell him what they want. They want huge logos—fine, give them huge logos. A lot of people think they're tacky, but they sell, man."

"Tommy," says Simmons, "is the only company that's embraced [the young black audience]. He learns from them. When you see a guy who's five foot nine wearing an extra-large, you make the extra-large a large. If he wants room for his nuts to hang down, you give him room for that. That's why he's taking the lead." Certainly to witness a loose-limbed black kid showing off a public-housing attitude stop cold at Macy's, peruse a *faux* bowling shirt, and say approvingly, "Damn, man, check it out. TUESDAY NIGHT BOWLING . . ." is to hear more about opportunity and the suburban dreamscape than is usually expressed in sportswear.

Hilfiger explains it more generally: "We Caucasians will be the minorities in the very near future. It's not really about designing clothes for someone who looks just like me. A lot of companies aren't proud of it. They would deny it. But we want to dress everybody."

He's on his way. This fall, Hilfiger will begin the latest wave of his assault by introducing a women's jeans-casual line into a crowded field—issuing a challenge to Calvin, DKNY, and Guess as well as the San Francisco denim masters, Levi's and the Gap. Among other things, it's a means of bringing the teenage-girl consumer into Tommy's world. Hilfiger projects revenues of $100 million in the first year and thinks that the line could outsell his men's wear within five years.

But women's wear, scheduled for a 1997 debut, is the prime hurdle that stands in the way of Hilfiger's goal—a virtual Tommysphere, where consumers can wear Tommy pajamas, sleep on Tommy sheets, and change from Tommy suits to Tommy golfwear, all the while breathing in the fumes of Tommy, the New American fragrance.

To that end, Hilfiger continues to foster alliances with powerful strategic partners. Where once he had one Murjani, he now, in a sense, has several (when that backer's empire withered in the late eighties, Hilfiger traded his name to Hong Kong textiles mogul Silas Chou in exchange for 22.5 percent of the business. Hilfiger also got Chou's global reach, the whole thing seeming faintly Trump-like). He's even recruited top management talent from Ralph himself. And it doesn't stop there.

"Today, the name of the game is licensing," says Millstein. When Hilfiger launched his Tommy fragrance last fall, he enlisted cosmetics leader Estée Lauder: Hilfiger's name, Lauder's formula, Lauder's clout. Tommy is now a hit men's fragrance. He did his bold underwear line with Jockey.

And unsatisfied with a Tommy-wearing celebrity roster that includes Prince Charles, Bill Clinton, Bill Bradley, and Shaquille O'Neal, he's co-opted once-slovenly Knicks coach Don Nelson, who now barks defense assignments in Tommy's quasi-Eton white collars ("[Armani model Pat] Riley looks too slick," Tommy says quietly. "Too . . . *almost Italian Mafia*").

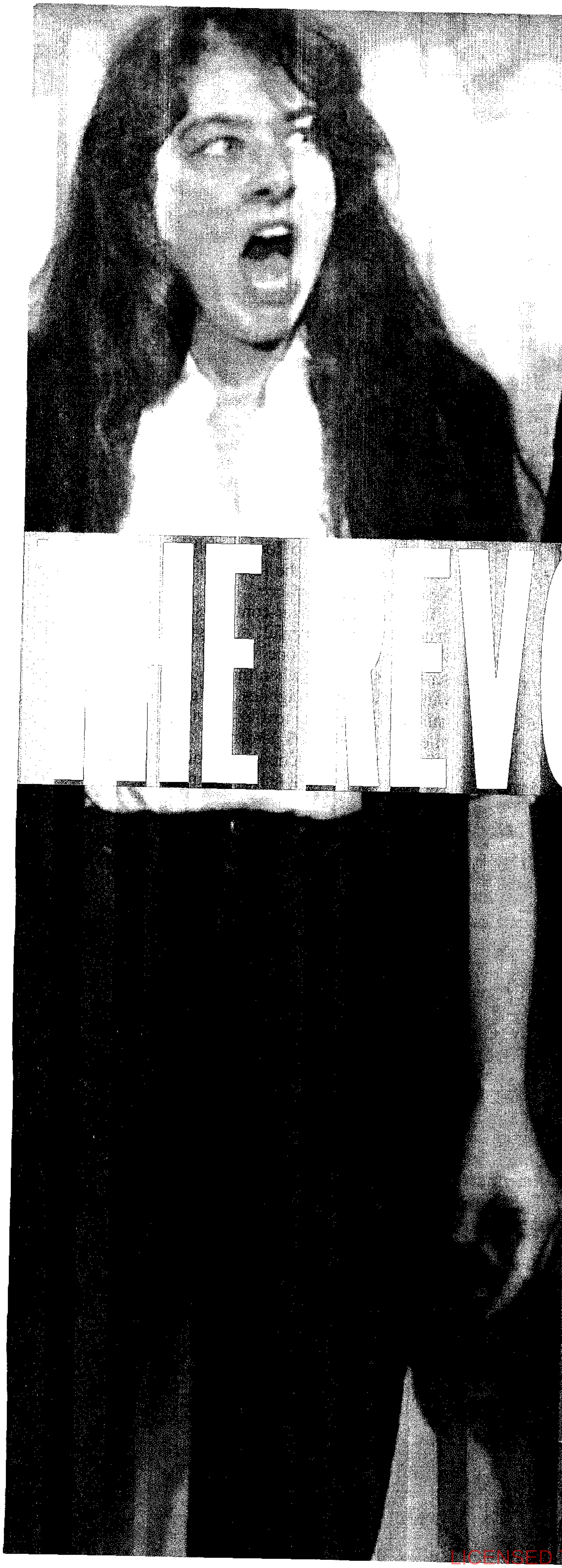
Increasingly, his clothes reflect the cocky exuberance of a man basking in his moment. At a showing of his fall '96 collection last week, Hilfiger mixed cool old Vegas sleaze, *Shaft*-era street funk, and Carnaby Street camp into a trimmer, hipper line that accounts for the latest Tarantino-generation tremors.

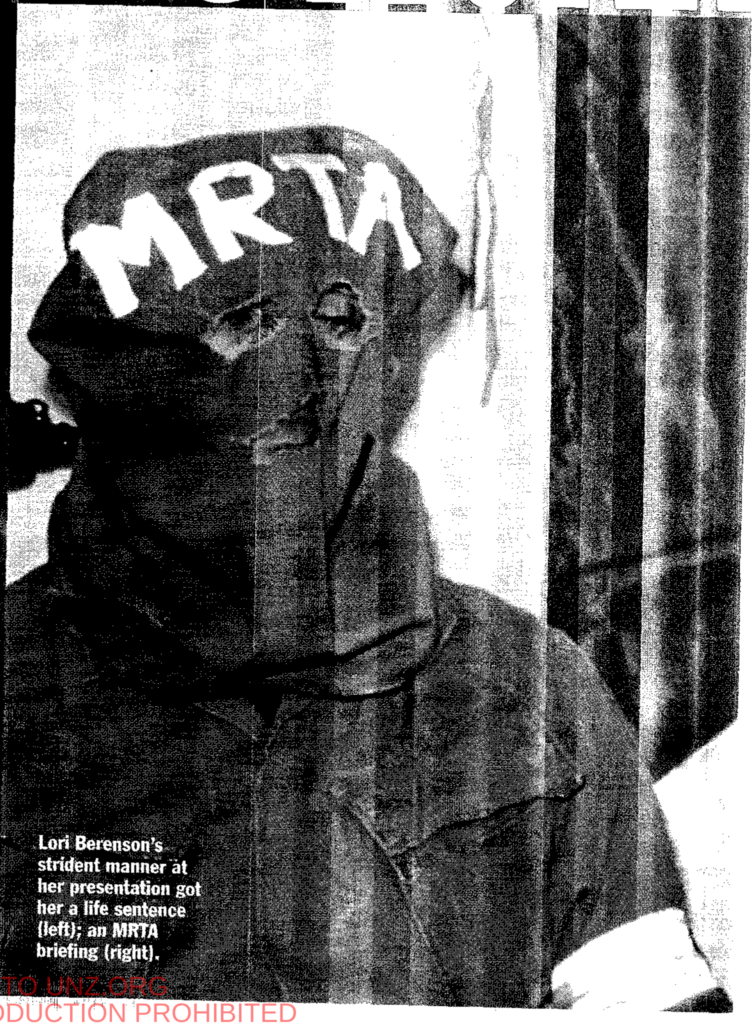
His amazing sales and earnings numbers, meanwhile, have allowed Tommy's face to quietly recede from his advertising. In his new fragrance campaign, his model-proxies now inhabit the same rarefied world of perfect, eternal, and slightly pouty youth as Lauren's, though Hilfiger's seem like more mischievous, hormonal younger siblings of Lauren's Valkyrie ideal. Finally, at last, he *is* ubiquitous.

Still, Hilfiger isn't satisfied. He's planning a West Coast flagship on Rodeo Drive (just like *Ralph* has), as well as the women's-wear line. "I think I have to be in women's wear. I have to be in home furnishings. I need *a couple* of flagship stores. And I need global distribution, which I don't have yet." Yet. ■

Her parents knew Lori Berenson as an ordinary, idealistic young woman—just another earnest Manhattan liberal. Peruvian authorities say she was a terrorist and last month sentenced her to life in prison. A week after her sentencing, the Berensons traveled to Lima to search for the truth. A *New York* exclusive.

THE REVOLUTIONA

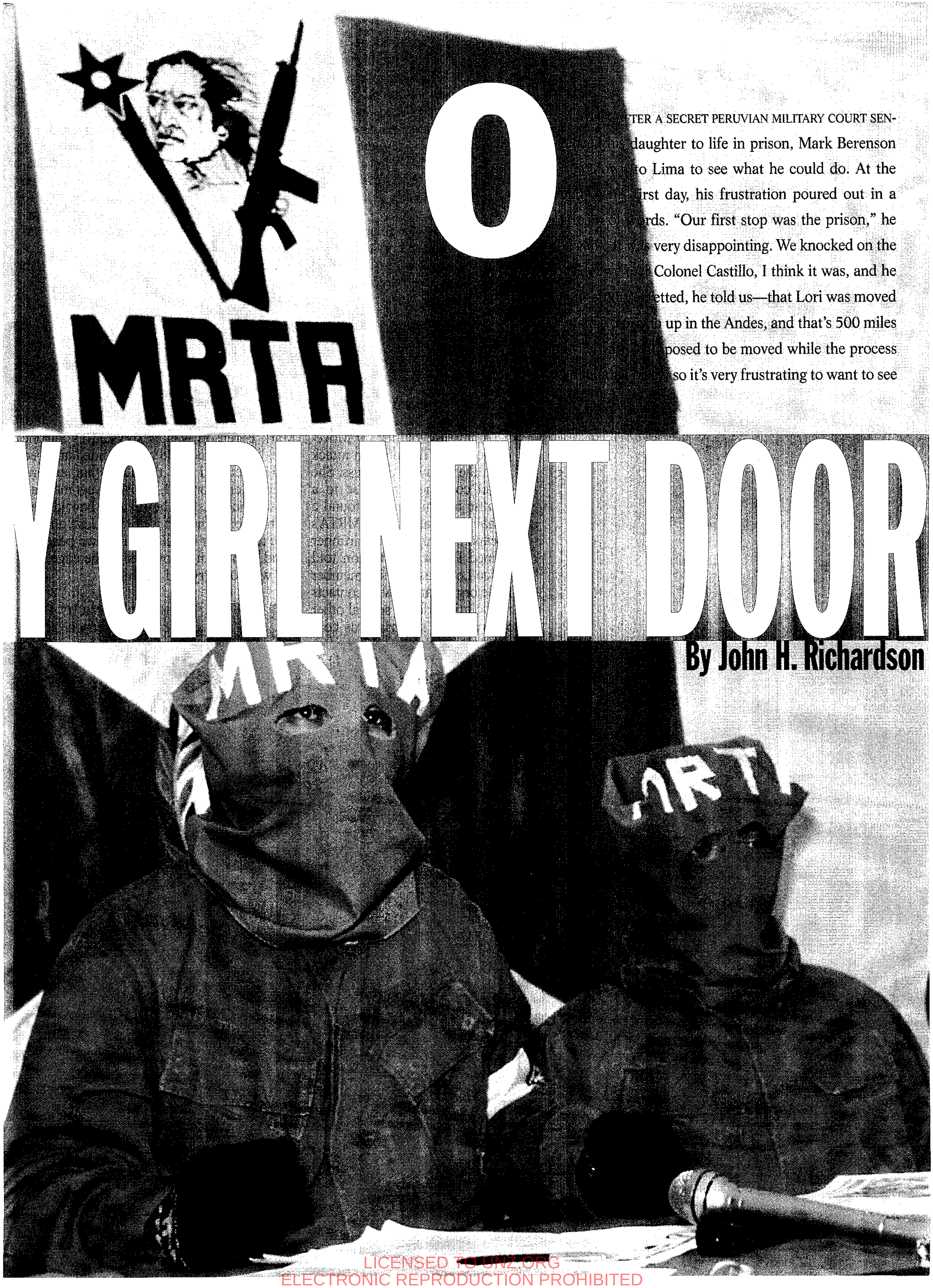




Lori Berenson's strident manner at her presentation got her a life sentence (left); an MRTA briefing (right).

Y GIRL NEXT DOOR

By John H. Richardson



O [illegible] TER A SECRET PERUVIAN MILITARY COURT SEN- [illegible] his daughter to life in prison, Mark Berenson [illegible] to Lima to see what he could do. At the [illegible] first day, his frustration poured out in a [illegible] words. "Our first stop was the prison," he [illegible] very disappointing. We knocked on the [illegible] Colonel Castillo, I think it was, and he [illegible] etted, he told us—that Lori was moved [illegible] up in the Andes, and that's 500 miles [illegible] posed to be moved while the process [illegible] so it's very frustrating to want to see

“I THINK IT WOULD BE MORE LIKELY THAT MOTHER THERESA B

A training camp for MRTA guerrillas, October 1992.

her, frustrating to have to go another 500 miles . . .”

It was almost midnight. We were sitting in the lounge of the Lima Sheraton, battered by waves of triumphant Latin disco and lite versions of American pop songs. Local *ricos* drifted by to try their luck on the craps tables and slot machines at the far end of the hotel lobby. Berenson seemed oblivious to the scene around him, talking on and on, sometimes garbling his sentences or losing his train of thought but never slowing down, as if he might somehow follow the crumb trail of words back to a place where life still made some kind of sense.

“To the best of my knowledge, now, she'll be allowed no writing materials, only a Bible. We're not sure about mail,” he said. “There's no heating there at all, no hot water, no windowpanes in the windows—it seems to be a place where you go to die whether you have a life sentence or not . . .”

The charge against his daughter Lori was “treason against the fatherland of Peru.” Prosecutors charged her with helping a Marxist revolutionary group called the Túpak Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) plan an attack on the Peruvian congress. She had co-signed the lease to a house in which police found a small arsenal of the MRTA's weapons. And a gunrunner named Pacífico Castrellón told police Lori was a senior member of the organization, with contacts to revolutionaries in several other countries. But her trial was conducted in secrecy, with secret judges and secret evidence, and her father doesn't believe a word of it.

“With probability one, I am certain my daughter is innocent of the charges of treason,” he insisted, “the charges and the conviction, the absurd life sentence that goes along with it. That I am certain of.”

The last time Berenson saw his daughter, however, she seemed almost to embrace the charges against her. He was watching the TV footage of her “presentation,” a Peruvian ritual wherein the accused is paraded in front of the media before being sent away to prison.

“I am to be condemned,” she said on January 8, “for my concern about the conditions of hunger and misery that exist in this country,” she said in clumsy Spanish. “Here, nobody can deny that in Peru there is much injustice. There is institutionalized violence that has killed the best sons of the peoples and has condemned children to die of hunger. If it is a crime to worry about the subhuman conditions in which the majority of this population lives, then I will accept my punishment. But this is not a love of violence. This is not to be a criminal terrorist, because in the MRTA there are no criminal terrorists. It is a revolutionary movement. I love this people. I love this people, and although this love is going to make—cost—me years in prison, I will never stop loving, and never lose the hope and confidence that one day there will be a new day of justice in Peru.”

Lori Berenson spoke ferociously, her mouth twisting with bitterness and anger. At that moment, the Peruvian military judge—and much of the world—turned against her. She seemed to be just another fanatic in a world grown tired of fanatics. You can measure the distaste in the number of foreign media outlets who sent reporters down to cover the story after her strident performance—just two newspapers, two magazines, and one TV network. As ABC producer Terry Wrong put it later, the problem was the presentation. “If she had cried,” he said, “this lobby would be full.”

When he saw the presentation video, Mark Berenson was as shocked as anyone else. “She looked wild and sounded angered and upset and not the Lori that anyone knew,” Berenson said. He is a sweet man, almost innocent, and he seemed bewildered. “Whatever set her off is not yet clear, and I'd love to find out myself, for my own peace of mind. Something drove her to the edge that she was so angry and fearful.”

WHAT THAT MIGHT HAVE been, Berenson could only speculate: He'd heard that a wounded prisoner was put in the cell next to her for five days before the presentation and denied medical attention. He'd heard she was told to shout because the presentation room was very large and the cameras were kept on the other side. He'd heard that Lori was told that if she didn't defend the MRTA, she'd have a rough time with them in prison. He talked on and on, circling the moment like an animal circling something dangerous or dead.

The presentation was the turning point. Up until then, even many Peruvians still thought Lori was innocent. After all, local human-rights groups say there are as many as 700 innocent people locked up in Peruvian prisons, victims of the government's secret trials. Even the prosecutor wasn't asking for a life sentence—just 30 years.

But after watching her on TV, the military judge was so incensed that he upped her sentence to life. And in Peru, life means life, with no possibility of parole.

“I'm 54 years old,” Mark Berenson said. “I want my daughter.”

LORI BERENSON'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS ALL tell the same story, of an unusually kind and gentle girl drawn to idealistic causes. “I think it would be more likely that Mother

Photograph by Bigwood/Gamma-Liaison.

IE A TERRORIST THAN LORI BERENSON," SAID A FORMER ROOMMATE

Berenson in junior high. As a schoolgirl, she volunteered at a soup kitchen.

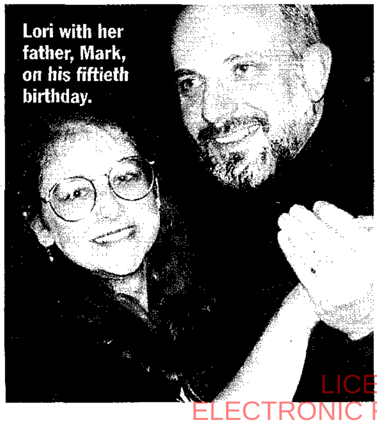
Teresa became a terrorist than Lori Berenson," says Darrin Bonecutter, one of her college roommates.

She grew up in Manhattan, the daughter of academics—her father teaches statistics at Baruch College, her mother teaches physics at Nassau Community College—and got straight A's at the La Guardia High School of Performing Arts. She sang in school musicals, playing Mame in *Auntie Mame* and Jesus in *Jesus Christ Superstar.* From the time she was very small, she was hyperconscious about social justice. She took a summer job at age 12 to sponsor a poor Guatemalan child, and in high school, she worked at a soup kitchen. She had, says Daniel Radosh, a journalist who has known her since junior high, a "hippieish edge." Though given to playing Simon and Garfunkel on her guitar, she was never a troublemaker or a stoner. "I don't even remember her getting drunk," says Radosh.

Lori left home to attend MIT, where she studied anthropology and was often unhappy. "She didn't like the constant squabbling to stay on top of the academic and social heap," Radosh recalls. "That wasn't what she was interested in at all."

Like a lot of other idealistic students in the eighties, she found a sense of purpose in the struggles in Latin America. She started volunteering for the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES), a leftist human-rights group, and reading books like *Sandino's Daughters,* about the women of the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua. After a trip to El Salvador, she studied Salvadoran wealth and land distribution as part of a favorite professor's project. "That definitely awoke something in her," says Radosh.

She went back to El Salvador as soon as she could, studying Spanish and monitoring human-rights efforts for two months. When she came back, she quit school and went to work for CISPES full-time. "It was clear," says Geoffrey Herzog, a CISPES staff member who met her that summer, "that she was very moved by the situation there and wanted to commit herself to defend human rights in Central America." In 1990, she moved to Nicaragua, and a year and a half later, to El Salvador.



Lori with her father, Mark, on his fiftieth birthday.

The civil war had recently ended, but Salvadoran death squads were still fairly active, and Lori seems to have acquired the habit of secrecy. When Radosh and Bonecutter saw her on vacations, they got the impression she was doing clerical work for a living and was somewhat bored, but there were few specifics. "She was very tight-lipped about what she did," says Bonecutter.

In 1993, Herzog moved down to El Salvador. He says Lori was living with members of a North American church group, doing translation work for extra money and working with various lefty human-rights groups. "They were human-rights groups concerned with finding people who'd been 'disappeared' or killed by death squads. If you call that radical, then they were radical."

That year, Lori got married. The Berensons say her husband was an economics major with an interest in hotel management, although they never met him. Less than a year later they separated, and she started talking about a change: maybe journalism, or international law. "She seemed disappointed and sort of lost," Radosh says. "I think she was stuck in a rut and wasn't sure if it was worth it anymore."

In 1994, she left El Salvador to travel, and soon she fell in love with Peru. The last time Radosh saw her was last summer, a few months before her arrest. "She said there are people who eat guinea pigs because they have nothing else to eat," Radosh remembers.

But Radosh insists she never became strident or fanatic. Like Mark Berenson, he can't connect the ranting Lori he saw on TV to the woman he knew: "I've never seen her behave like that. I never knew her to even get angry.

"Even if I didn't know her personally, the idea that a 26-year-old Manhattan woman would be a leader of a Peruvian revolutionary group is preposterous. And since I do know her . . . something happened."

"LIMA THE HORRIBLE," PERUVIAN WRITER SEbastián Salazar Bondy called Peru's capital city, and you can see what he meant. The old buildings are crumbling and undistinguished, and most of the modern buildings were built in the sixties by a left-wing military government—imagine Los Angeles if its architects had done graduate work at the Joseph Stalin School of Boxy Monuments. A layer of grime covers everything. On its outskirts, the poor live in shantytowns, worlds of dust and mud where wealth means replacing a mud wall or two with real brick. Many of the shacks don't have roofs. Running water means you carry the bucket fast.

Peru has 10 million poor, almost half its population, and their plight has inspired some of the most tenacious revolutionaries in Latin America. In the late eighties, the Shining Path, a Maoist group, accelerated its campaign of seemingly random violence, threatening to become a South American equivalent to the Khmer Rouge. The MRTA's roots and revolutionary tactics are more conventional, inspired by Castro and Che Guevara, and the general consensus is that its members are far less violent. The ready availability of coca leaves—Peru is the world's largest producer—and the narcodollars that go with them seems to have given both the Shining Path and the MRTA strength beyond their numbers. Since the violence began in the early eighties, as many as 30,000 people have been killed; by the end of the decade, the country was on the verge of chaos.

A dark-horse candidate in the 1990 election, Alberto Fujimori won on a platform of fiscal responsibility and stern, forceful antiterrorism. In 1992, he sent armed troops to shut down the Congress. A month later, he began the system of secret trials.

Ostensibly designed to protect judges and police from recrimination, the trials seem straight out of Kafka: Defense attorneys are put in hoods and driven around in circles, then led, still hooded, into secret courtrooms where hooded judges sit behind mirrored

Photographs by Sygma.

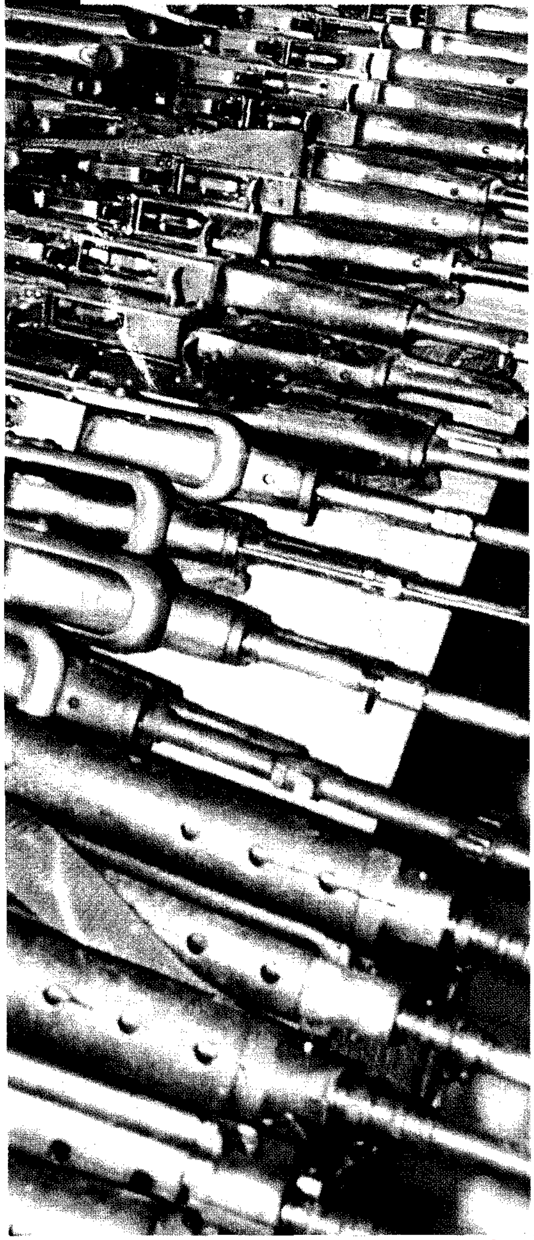
Examining weapons found in the safe house.

glass. There are no defense witnesses, no cross-examination. Military prosecutors make cases to military judges. Fujimori's regime has also been marked by some gross examples of "extrajudicial" violence, most notably the murder of nine students and a professor at La Cantuta University in 1992 by soldiers who were convicted but quickly pardoned.

But Fujimori's tactics have been highly effective. The Shining Path has been broken, and most of its leaders are now in prison. So is the MRTA's founder, Victor Polay. On the strength of these successes, as well as a substantial economic revival, Fujimori was re-elected by a wide margin last year.

Still, the country's memories of the bad years are so intense that very few people in Peru have any sympathy for Lori Berenson. Even the local human-rights groups offered little support. "She admitted she belonged to them, so she is not an innocent person," Susana Villarán, head of Peru's largest human-rights group, the Coordinador Nacional de Derechos Humanos, told me.

"SHE MAY BE WELL INTENTIONED IN HER HEART, BUT HER VIEW



"She could be well intentioned in her heart, but her view of reality is just total romanticism," said Enrique Bernales, a leftist former senator now working with a human-rights group called the Andean Commission of Jurists.

At the English-language Lima *Times*, managing editor Eleanor Griffis called Lori "an absolute fool." The Peruvian poverty is appalling, Griffis said, and she personally knows a 19-year-old boy who was picked up and tortured for no reason, so it's certainly understandable that when people first come to Peru they tend to take a hard left turn. "But after a few years, you become rabidly right-wing—you want a dictator."

LORI BERENSON WAS ARRESTED BY the Dincote, the Peruvian antiterrorist police. They do not like answering questions, especially from journalists who want to examine their evidence. Their usual response is "Send a letter." But one day the Dincote officer who picked up the phone when I called handed it to someone he called *jefe*. The *jefe* wouldn't give me his name, but he did admit that Lori "wasn't really a high-rank leader," a surprising deviation from the government line.

The most concrete evidence they had, he said, were Lori's plans of Congress—apparently a chart of where the congressional leaders sit—and photocollages of congressmen. Graphologists had studied her handwriting and made a positive match, he said. He also said that many weapons were discovered in "the house where she was found." She was definitely an "active collaborator."

Much of this had been reported in the Peruvian press, which also reported Lori had been the lover of one of the terrorists, that she had forged her journalism credentials, that she was traveling under a false name, that she visited the acting chief of the MRTA in Ecuador, that she had contacts with "subversive" groups all over Latin America, that she drew up attack plans—or escape plans—in her own handwriting.

But as it turns out, there's very little proof for any of this, and some of it is plain wrong.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THE CHARGE THAT LORI Berenson was posing as a journalist. A week or so after she was arrested, evidence surfaced that she did in fact have accreditation from two U.S. publications, *Third World Viewpoint* and *Modern Times*. She had even submitted a copy of *Third World Viewpoint* with a Peruvian journalists' association. But most Peruvians continued to point to her interviews with congressional leaders as evidence that she was helping the MRTA plan its attack on Congress.

But what exactly did she learn from those interviews? Congressman Denis Varga Martin said she interviewed him over coffee for an hour and a half: "We discussed everything—society, poverty, social problems, our work in Congress. She struck me as a very cordial person, well-mannered, very interesting. She took notes. She just seemed like a normal journalist." He had no sense that she was trying to get information that might be useful in a takeover of Congress. He asked her for a transcript of the interview, and she sent it. "There was nothing about her that struck me as suspicious at all," he said.

Congresswoman Anel Townsend said Lori called her several times, but she put her off because she was too busy. Finally, Lori said she was going out of the country and Townsend gave in, agreeing to a five-minute interview. "She asked me about women's rights in Peru and the work about women's rights in the Congress," Townsend said. Lori was well-mannered and "conventionally dressed." She used a tape recorder.

It seemed innocent at the time. Not so in retrospect: "I think she was perfect in her strategy, because she came to the office of a congresswoman who was a journalist. She also interviewed another congressman who had been a radio journalist. So I think she chose well because even if they are very busy, they are journalists." Also, she said, she saw Lori a week later in the Congress. What happened to that trip? And what about that seating chart?

Photograph by Sygma.

But Townsend's office isn't even in the Congress building, so it's difficult to see what use that interview would have had in planning an attack. And seating charts of Congress are published regularly in local newspapers.

Later, when I contacted staff members at *Modern Times* and *Third World Viewpoint*, they told me that Lori did approach them in September 1995. "She proposed a couple of article ideas dealing with human-rights issues in Peru, specifically women's issues and decentralization," said Maura Keaney, a Barnard student and member of the *Modern Times* "collective." A staff member at *Third World Viewpoint* said that a few weeks before her arrest, Lori called to discuss deadlines.

The irony is that if the Peruvian police took Lori's journalism seriously they'd surely be even more convinced of her guilt. Here, for example, is the editor's note from *Third World Viewpoint*'s first issue: "There is a burning need to re-examine the real lessons of the Cuban experience for countries which might attempt to break away from the world market and which may not, the next time around, have the kind of support that Cuba received from the Soviet Union. There is now no question that socialist revolutions can and will break out in the Third World, but the question is for how long can they survive?"

REALITY IS JUST TOTAL ROMANTICISM." ENRIQUE BERNALES SAID.

Rhoda Berenson: "I don't feel like me. I feel like I'm watching someone else's life go by."

ALL THE BERENSONS REALLY KNOW about the relationship between their daughter and the revolutionaries is what she told her father on his first visit to Peru, a week after she was arrested. Because they suspected the room was bugged, they were cautious about what they said.

"Dad, I never dishonored you," she told him. "We don't have to agree on everything, and you must accept that I'm in trouble because in Peruvian law it's illegal to know certain people, but I will never take responsibility for the big thing."

He assumed she meant the attack on Congress, or arms trading.

Either that day or the next, Mark told Lori that he'd heard the MRTA had killed 22 people in 1994. "That's bullshit, Dad," Lori answered. "That's the Shining Path."

People had also been telling him the MRTA was flush with narcodollars. "That's bullshit, Dad," Lori said. "That's the Shining Path."

She didn't sugarcoat it, and the Berensons don't sugarcoat it, either. "I don't believe in violence," she told her father that day, still speaking cryptically. "But other people may, when they feel they have no choice."

But she swore she never held or fired a weapon, and said that although she knew there was violence in the MRTA's past, they now wanted to become a legitimate political party. President Fujimori just wouldn't let them.

Lori's letters home don't shed much light on what she was doing, either. She tended to stick to ordinary subjects—movies she had seen, what was on the local soap operas, a dance where she danced with every man in the room. In one, she teased her parents about the names they gave their new cats:

"I must say those are Waspy names, not the names that a nice couple of Jews from the Bronx would give their cats. I would understand had you given them some Yiddish sounding Dad-invented name like Schmutzy or Schmetzl, or even Bagel and Black-and-White, but Muffin and Bonbon don't quite seem to go with your personalities."

About Peru, she mostly stuck to the weather or local oddities. "Yes," she said in one letter, "the pre-Incas sacrificed young virgins, but they didn't do it in the same brutal way that the Aztecs did—apparently the sacrificed girl was a gift to a volcano."

In another, she said she was happier now that she was getting to work with more Peruvians: "I feel less like a spectator that way."

The only hint of the trouble ahead was in a letter dated June 1993. She said she had read an article in *The New Yorker* about the Shining Path and asked whether it was true that Fujimori had passed the death penalty. Then she mentioned that she'd been reading a book about a Peruvian prison break. "Actually, that one sort of depressed me," she wrote, "because one of the main characters was caught and remains in prison until today, and if the death penalty is passed he will probably [be] the second to go. . . . So there for cheerful literature."

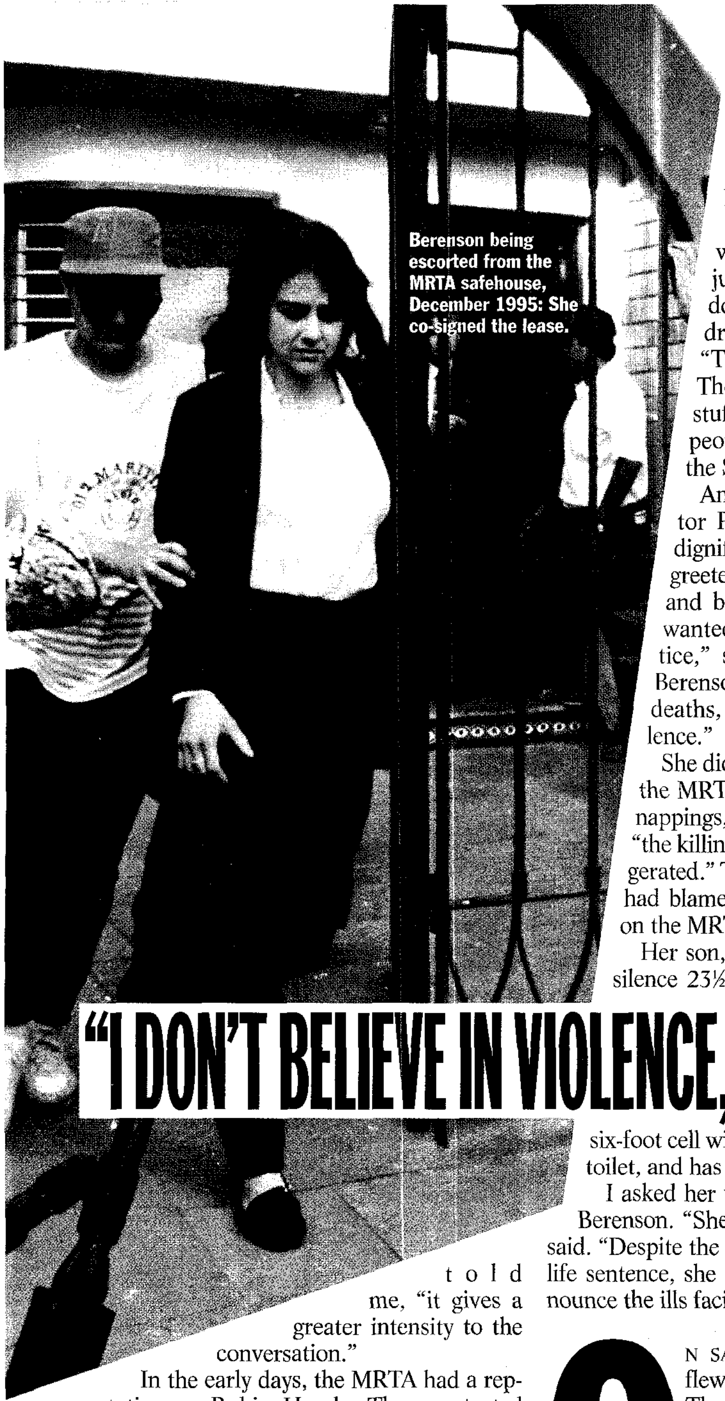
THE BOOK SHE WAS TALKING about is *The Moles: The MRTA Escape From Canto Grande Prison*. Written by Peruvian journalist Guillermo Thorndike in 1992, it is the story of how a large group of MRTA guerrillas tunneled to freedom. The man whose execution Lori feared was the MRTA's charismatic founder, Victor Polay.

Thorndike seems to be the only journalist who has spent an extended amount of time with the MRTA. The story of how he came to write his book sounds straight out of James Bond—he was told to enter a restaurant and put a certain magazine facedown on a table; then a beautiful woman in high heels led him to a car, where he was hooded and pushed down between the seats. Once at the MRTA house, he was kept locked in a room for five days, guarded constantly by a hooded man who kept a gun in his hand day and night.

Oddly, all this "revolutionary discipline" made him trust the MRTA more. "There were a series of psychological mechanisms they used to make you more sympathetic," he told me. "You are in outer space, and the police might attack at any time, and they are protecting you."

During their interview, Polay wore a hood. "This is ridiculous," Thorndike said. "I know what you look like." Polay, after all, was the son of a prominent leftist politician, and Thorndike knew his family well. But Polay said it was better for him not to see his face. The effect was romantic, a stagy throwback to the old Guevarist days. "When you're talking to a person who knows that at any moment his life might end," Thorndike

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.



Berenson being escorted from the MRTA safehouse, December 1995: She co-signed the lease.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN VIOLENCE," SHE TOLD HER FATHER, CRYPTIC

told me, "it gives a greater intensity to the conversation."

In the early days, the MRTA had a reputation as Robin Hoods. They protected peasants from both drug traffickers and government forces, kidnapped a media tycoon named Hector Delgado Parker and made his family distribute the $1 million ransom to the poor. As Enrique Bernales put it later, "They would go into villages wearing green, singing hymns, giving away food, holding up Coca-Cola trucks, and giving Cokes to kids." They were so popular that when they marched into villages, spontaneous fiestas would break out, and the *Emerritistas* would dance with the village girls.

As the eighties went on, however, the MRTA became more violent. One notorious murder revolted the country—after nine months in the MRTA's "people's prison," a cramped hole deep underground, a businessman named David Ballon Vera turned up starved to the bone and shot in the head. Thorndike came to suspect that even the heroic prison break was partly a P.R. stunt.

But there are still some who insist the MRTA is just misunderstood. "They don't kill people," one cabdriver, Daniel U., told me. "They're revolutionaries. They blow up banks and stuff." The problem was that people confused them with the Shining Path.

Another sympathizer is Victor Polay's mother, Otilia. A dignified, elegant woman, she greeted us at the door of a large and beautiful house. "My son wanted to fight for social justice," she said. "Like this girl Berenson, he never wanted any deaths, never wanted any violence."

She didn't agree with everything the MRTA did, especially the kidnappings, but she, too, insisted that "the killings have been greatly exaggerated." The government, she said, had blamed Shining Path atrocities on the MRTA.

Her son, she said, is kept in total silence 23½ hours a day in a six-by-six-foot cell with a hole in the floor for a toilet, and has been tortured.

I asked her what she thought of Lori Berenson. "She's a very brave girl," she said. "Despite the fact that she was facing a life sentence, she was brave enough to denounce the ills facing this country."

ON SATURDAY, THE BERENSONS flew up to Yanamayo prison. They'd been told that under Peruvian law they would be allowed to visit her until after her last appeal—then she'd go into isolation for one year. But the prison warden wouldn't let them see her. He said his orders were no visitors for the first year.

Then he invited them into his office, assuring them that Lori would be treated well. He told them they could write to Lori and she could write back—in Spanish only, so the guards could read the letters—and that they could call the prison to see how she was. She would be allowed books and even a guitar.

The warden and the guards said they were parents, too—that they were human beings first, soldiers second. When the guards found out Rhoda was a physics teacher, they lamented the high dropout rates for female scientists. "You're having these conversations," Rhoda said later, "and they're the jailers, and my daughter's in there and I can't see her."

Rhoda is a small woman, with short brown hair and glasses, the kind of person who watches things carefully and doesn't speak until the time is right. "It's just so bizarre," she said. "You reach the point of numbness."

Characteristically, Mark tried to look on the bright side. "For me, if they're cordial, if she can read and knit, then . . ."

But it's so cold in Yanamayo—it never goes above 40 degrees, even in the summer. And the prison is unheated.

That night at dinner, we talked about happier times. Mark and Rhoda met in the Bronx, where Mark went to Stuyvesant High and Rhoda to the Bronx High School of Science. Lori was born in 1969, their second child. Her nickname was Screwball. Mark marched against the Vietnam War, carrying Lori in a backpack.

"I guess I paid more attention to our first child," Mark says.

"Stop," Rhoda says.

When she went to MIT, Mark was devastated. The house was so quiet. When they visited her, they found her and her friends playing sixties songs on guitars. Mark smiled at the memory: "I went, *Wait a minute, did we just go through a time warp?*"

Of course, they were upset when she dropped out of college. "But we didn't say, 'Finish school or else,' " Rhoda said.

Mark nodded: "She had to do what she was going to do."

THE ONLY MAN EVER PARDONED FROM Yanamayo prison is named Miguel Ruiz Conejo. Sentenced to life simply because he was a friend of a man who rented a house to the leader of the Shining Path, he was so glaringly innocent that—after a TV station took up his cause—President Fujimori himself sponsored his release. Speaking in a calm, sometimes ironic voice, he described his trial and detention to me. "It was a pantomime of justice," he said. The judges hid behind a wooden partition drilled with holes. He heard them through an electronic speaker that distorted their voices to make them sound robotic. At his side was a court-appointed lawyer, trembling under a hood. "Nothing he said showed any knowledge of the law," Ruiz Conejo said. "It was probably the cook."

The judges let Ruiz Conejo defend himself, but before he had even finished speaking, they handed over a piece of paper with

Photograph by Sygma.

his sentence written on it.

He was transferred from place to place in a hood. Once, in a helicopter, he said, "we heard the door being opened, a rush of air, and then a guy said, 'Okay, chuck 'em out now.' They even started to push us. Then the door closed again and they laughed."

At Yanamayo, an army garrison surrounded by mines, he found himself in a room six feet by nine feet. There were two people to a room, sometimes more. They got a half-hour outside each day. The food was mostly potatoes and rice and thin flour soup. There were no radios, no TV, no newspapers. They never even knew the date. "The idea was, you forget about the outside world, and the outside world forgets about you."

ONE DAY, A LOCAL CAMERAMAN SHOWED ME footage of the shootout that took place at La Molina when an MRTA hideout was raided in 1995. It made great TV—a ten-hour battle, near-constant firing, local news cameras catching every minute. And when the MRTA guerrillas surrendered, the cameras were there to catch them as they came out—calling out slogans like "*Patria o muerte! Venceremos!*" and "While there is hunger and misery, no one surrenders here." They are young—19, 20, 22. The cameras froze on a body lying in a puddle of blood—a 16-year-old boy.

The cameras also caught Miguel Rincón, the MRTA's No. 2. A fortyish guy with glasses and a gut, he warned the cops to be careful, there were grenades inside. Then he did a quick interview on camera. "The MRTA is a revolutionary organization," he said. "We don't engage in terrorist actions. . . . We fight to change the situation in this country so there will no longer be hunger and exploitation."

Later, one of the MRTA hostages, Ada Sessarego, told a reporter that Rincón protected them, insisting her children lie in the bathtub, where the bullets were less likely to hit them. She was more shocked by the police, who shot up the house without regard for her children's lives. What's more, the MRTA "wanted to negotiate from the start, but the police didn't understand or didn't hear."

There's also footage of Mark Berenson—sad, exhausted, pleading with a horde of reporters to let his car through. "I just want a chance to see my daughter. This is a nightmare. Please let me see my daughter."

"BUT OTHERS MAY, WHEN THEY FEEL THEY HAVE NO CHOICE."

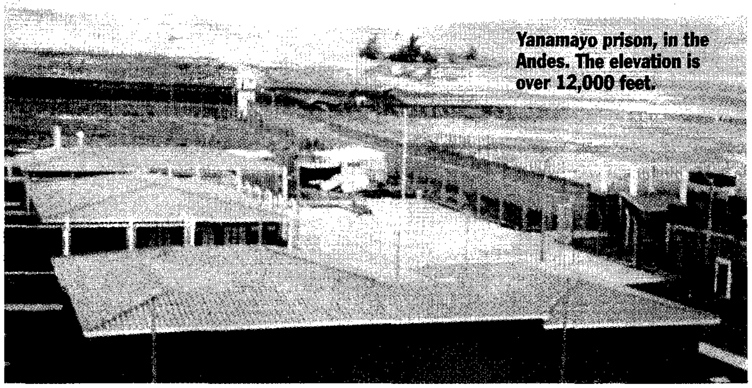
Pacifico Castrellón, the gunrunner who implicated Berenson.

LATE THAT NIGHT, I SAW THE Berensons in the hotel, and they told me they dropped a letter off at Fujimori's palace asking him to send Lori's case to civil court. They looked tired. "I don't feel like I'm me," Rhoda said. "I feel like I'm watching someone else's life go by."

We talked again about Lori's presentation, and I told them what I was learning—that when the police presented her, she was already in military custody, which was unusual because of a longstanding rivalry between the police and the military. The order for her presentation, therefore, must have come from very high up. And the presentations are very contrived affairs: It is true that the accused are told to shout because the reporters are on the other side of the room, true that they have only a few seconds to speak, true that they are coming from a very frightening and possibly enraging experience in jail—I wasn't able to confirm the story of the wounded prisoner, but at the Lima *Times*, Griffis mentioned one pregnant woman so unsettled by police interrogations that she spontaneously aborted "just from fear."

As Enrique Bernales, the former senator, had put it, Lori "didn't look under pressure, but psychology is very subtle here."

So there were ways to explain Lori's defiance, her anger, her bitterness. But that still left one big problem—the language she used, those canned MRTA phrases about revolution-not-terrorism. How could that language be reconciled with innocence?


Yanamayo prison, in the Andes. The elevation is over 12,000 feet.

Mark started in on his she-rejected-violence riff, which had become almost obsessional. But then, gently, Rhoda stopped him. "She's defining them by their own logic," she said.

Rhoda didn't know quite what to say about it. "It's funny that she stuck that in," she said. "If she hadn't said that one sentence, if the TV camera had broken down at that point, it would all be different."

IN THE MEDIA, AND IN MY FIRST INTERVIEW with that anonymous Dincote *jefe*, the police have insisted that Lori lived in the La Molina house. This is how *Time* magazine came to report that she hid revolutionaries in "her house," how Lori became so closely associated with all those weapons. But she also seems to have kept and lived in an apartment in a middle-class neighborhood called San Borja. The Peruvians ignored this apartment, an inconvenient detail.

The apartment turns out to be a studio in a pleasant high-rise. The doorman's name is Nelson Rojas. He says he never saw anyone with Lori, that she always paid her rent on time, that she was "very sociable, very well mannered."

When the police came with Lori to search her apartment, they asked Rojas to go along as a witness. "The first thing we saw were these two uniforms in a closet," he said.

As far as Rojas could tell, they found nothing else, just clothes and books, a TV and a tape deck. No weapons, no attack plans. He was there the whole three and a half hours, until they took her away again. She refused to sign a statement or answer questions. "She was totally calm, tranquil—all of us just sitting there as if we were having a meeting," Rojas said. "Maybe she looked a little bitter."

Lori's next-door neighbor Robert Coronel said he never saw her until that day. "She asked me to be a witness to the search, because she was afraid they were going to plant drugs," he said.

He left shortly afterward. "She seemed as cool as a cucumber," he said. "Nerves of steel, obviously."

IN A WORLD OF SECRECY, RUMOR REPLACES truth, and people believe what they want to believe. One story making the rounds was that an opposition congressman named Harold Forsyth tried to see Lori, and she laughed in his face. But when I called Forsyth, he said he saw her only from a distance and she didn't laugh.

All week, I had been trying to reach the Dincote officer in charge of Lori's case, Colonel Juan Gonzales. He was perpetually

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

"I JUST WANT A CHANCE TO SEE MY DAUGHTER," MARK BERENSO

In January 1993, the MRTA is said to have bombed this Lima Coca-Cola plant.

out of the country. So finally I decided to go down to the Dincote building with my translator and insist on talking to someone who could show me their evidence.

Eventually, the guards sent us over to the main Peruvian police building. My translator told me that just the name of the street would send a chill down a Peruvian's spine; the basements of the police building are known nationwide as a torture center. At the door, they took our passports—standard procedure in government buildings—and gave us plastic badges. We passed another checkpoint, and someone unlocked the elevator and sent us up to the thirteenth floor.

And suddenly, there we were, in the heart of the anti-terrorist high command. We passed Colonel Gonzales's office, and the room where Lori met with her parents after her arrest.

The soldier at the desk nodded at a pot-bellied man in jeans and a brown T-shirt. "There's Comandante G——," he said. "Try him."

For the next two hours, sitting in Gonzales's office, under framed certificates from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration and Special Training Group, the comandante (not Gonzales) told us pretty much everything we wanted to know. He was genial and straightforward. In April, he said, they began following a guy connected to the MRTA. Finally—on November 30—one of his contacts led them to Miguel Rincón. The Dincote had been trying to catch Rincón for three years and recognized him even though he'd curled his hair and grown a mustache. They followed him to the La Molina house—and then out of that same house came Lori Berenson. She was accompanied by Pacífico Castrellón, the Panamanian gunrunner who later told police she was a serious MRTA higher-up. "We got all this on film," the comandante said. Castrellón dropped Lori off near a market, and Lori met a woman named Nancy Gilvonio, an alleged MRTA member. They took a taxi to the Congress building and went inside.

Shortly afterward, Lori and her friend came back out of Congress, and the comandante and his men confronted them. They identified themselves as journalists, but the police soon learned that Gilvonio's Bolivian passport was fake. Lori told them she lived in San Borja, and when they took her to La Molina and asked if she lived there, Lori seemed surprised and said no.

Can we see the film of Lori coming out of the house?

No way, he said. It's top-secret.

By this time, he continued, they had picked up Castrellón, who "blabbed everything." He told them he brought Lori from Panama to meet with the MRTA. He told them they stopped over in Ecuador to meet with the MRTA's current leader, Néstor Cerpa—a particularly damning detail that was important to the prosecution, justifying the claim that Lori was a significant figure in the MRTA. It even made the New York *Times*. Later, the Washington *Post* reported that Lori introduced Castrellón to Cerpa, and Cerpa ordered them to set up the house in Lima. Now the comandante told us that Interpol had confirmed it.

There was also the testimony of Miguel Rincón, who told them that Lori had been going to the jungle since June to pick up the trainees in a minibus. Then there was the owner of the La Molina house, a civilian—he said he rented the house to Castrellón and Lori together, taking them for a married couple.

After a while, the comandante went and got the actual case file and started reading from the police reports. Two uniforms the police found in her apartment were the same kind as in La Molina. They also found a piece of paper with these words: "Twenty long ones, two short ones."

That was military jargon for weapons, he said. There was also a reference to "tubes." "What are those?" he asked me. "*Curlers*?"

When we asked if we could see the note, he laughed. "I'm just doing you a favor here," he said. "I really shouldn't even be talking to you."

He also mentioned Lori's travels around Latin America, but couldn't name any of the revolutionary groups we kept hearing about. He didn't even try. "The fact that she was there in countries like El Salvador and Nicaragua indicates these kinds of sympathies," he said.

He also said that Rincón identified her in a film of a hooded weapons-training session—"so she knew about the guns." But he added without prompting that, as Lori had sworn to her father, she didn't handle the weapons herself.

Lori did insist throughout all her interrogations that she came to Peru to interview a high-ranking MRTA man whose name she didn't know, he conceded. But the comandante didn't buy the journalism alibi: Her interviews with congressional leaders were "about nothing, just airless interviews," he said.

He also mentioned a bank account of $50,000 in her name in the United States, although her parents are "of modest means." The clear implication was that she was getting money from the MRTA.

When I asked why the police presented her when she was already in military hands, he laughed and said, "No comment."

At times the comandante was surprisingly evenhanded. For instance, he said Lori didn't draw up the plans to invade Congress. That was Castrellón. And Lori did reject romantic advances by Castrellón, who was married. And Rincón did indeed tell

Photograph by Alejandro Balaguer/Sygma.

them that the congressional takeover was a Hail Mary play to force the government to recognize the MRTA as a legitimate, nonviolent political party.

When we asked to see the evidence, the notes and videos, he even seemed a little surprised. "You weren't convinced by the presentation?"

At last, he dug out her signed confession and read from it a little too fast for me to take good notes: "I used this house in the company of Pacífico Castrellón. . . . We paid $1,000 a month for it. . . . It came furnished. . . . In January of '95 I picked up Rincón in a minibus. . . . I knew him as Compañero. . . . The comrades used the third floor as their school. I took them food at times, using a hood so they couldn't identify me. . . . "

At that point the comandante laughed and stopped reading. "I've given you enough," he said.

I'M CONVINCED THE COMANDANTE WAS telling the truth as he understood it, mostly. And equally convinced that he had almost no hard evidence. Just four things, really—the note in her handwriting about long ones and short ones, which could well have been reporter's notes. The uniforms in her apartment, which she told her parents she found on the floor of the MRTA minibus and planned to return. The meeting with Néstor Cerpa in Ecuador, confirmed by Interpol. And the landlord of La Molina's saying that she rented the house with Castrellón. Everything else is almost entirely based on the testimony of Castrellón, a middle-aged gunrunner and spurned would-be lover facing a life sentence.

"THIS IS A NIGHTMARE. PLEASE LET ME SEE MY DAUGHTER."

The $50,000 bank account? It's a joint account she shared with her mother. The money came from her father's book royalties. The escape plan in her handwriting turns out to be nothing more than a scrawled map of the La Molina neighborhood. The hooded weapons-training session? I saw that footage later, and you can't even tell whether the participants are men or women, let alone whether Lori was among them.

And what about that famous seating chart? If you accept her for what she says she was, a wannabe lefty journalist, it's not so ominous: Reporters make seating charts because Peruvian congressmen have phones by their chairs, and if you know where they are sitting, you can call them for comment.

That meeting with Néstor Cerpa looks shaky, too. When I spoke to Interpol, they explained that the information would have come from the Ecuadoran police, since all Interpol does is hook up local police across national borders. So I tried the Ecuadoran Embassy and reached Deputy Chief of Mission Gonzalo Salvador. "When we saw this reported in the New York *Times*," he told me, "we informed our authorities. They did not know about this meeting—otherwise our police would have apprehended them. I think that information came from Peru."

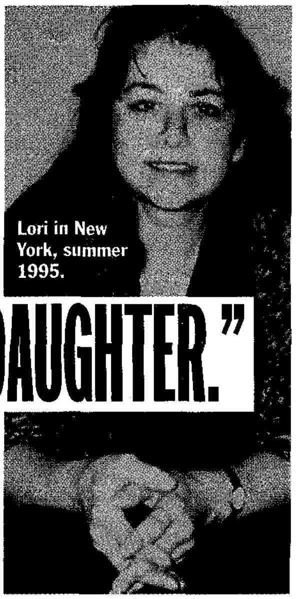
Then what about her visits to the MRTA house? Carrying food, maybe even sleeping there sometimes? Signing that lease? This is harder to explain. I could point out that Guillermo Thorndike slept in an MRTA house when he was researching his book, but I don't really think Lori Berenson was just trying to get the big MRTA story. Here she crossed a line she should not have crossed. But I don't believe she was helping the MRTA plan its attack, either, and not just because the Dincote's evidence would be laughed out of any civilized court. Her entire life had been dedicated to fighting against cruelty and injustice. I can't believe that she would suddenly decide to start blowing holes in people. Besides, it's just not plausible: Seriously, now—would a hard-core revolutionary bent on espionage have chosen *Third World Viewpoint* as her cover? The thing might as well be printed in red ink.

NOW IT IS TIME TO LOOK A LITTLE closer at Lori's presentation. Obviously, she's sympathetic to the MRTA. But she doesn't quite say she's with them. "This is not to be a criminal terrorist because in the MRTA there are no criminal terrorists" could mean either "*we* are not terrorists" or "even if I was in the MRTA, *they're* not terrorists." The Berensons say that afterward, when officials at the embassy told Lori what people thought she said, she was surprised.

But she did explicitly disavow violence. And as to the seemingly ludicrous distinction she drew between revolutionaries and terrorists, she had just spent years living in El Salvador—years in which the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front negotiated a peace with the government and laid down its arms. Although its members still describe themselves as revolutionaries, they now confine their fight for social change to voting booths and have become the second-largest political party in El Salvador. Lori told her parents that's what the MRTA wanted. That's what Rincón told police he wanted. Maybe it was even true.

In this light, Lori's defiance looks less like fanaticism and more like courage. Foolish courage, perhaps. But Lori had spent years working with human-rights groups, documenting cases of the murdered and disappeared. She had watched her own country's government make nice with the man who was one of the leaders of the Salvadoran death squads, Roberto D'Aubisson. She had long ago ceased to believe the official story, had joined the world of secrecy and rumor. And then that world swallowed her up.

BEFORE I LEFT LIMA, I DROPPED BY THE FORTIfied monstrosity that is the U.S. Embassy. There I met with people I can only name as "senior embassy officials." They switched from "deep background" to "background" to "off the record" so fast it was hard to keep up, but the basic gist was that they were doing everything they could for Lori. "The most effective way to help her is to present it in human terms," one said. "Here's this kid who doesn't understand the laws of this country and fell in with a bad group." They said they couldn't get too specific about the facts of Lori's case, because Lori had insisted on her right to privacy; then they proceeded to repeat a lot of the rumors, leaving the unmistakable impression that they thought she was at least partly guilty. But when I asked whether they had confirmed any of the allegations independently, they said no, that wasn't their job. The conversation turned to the many difficulties of dealing with Peru, and to America's larger national interests.



Lori in New York, summer 1995.

On January 30, the Peruvian appeals court affirmed Lori's life sentence. When I talked to Mark Berenson, he told me again that his daughter is the world's most passionate pacifist, and that she would never, never, never take up arms, and he asked me to clear up this misconception in the press that Lori doesn't want any help—it's true that at first she said she didn't want a "Save Lori" campaign, because she wanted people to focus on the general injustice of the Peruvian courts, because that's the kind of person she is. But Mark and Rhoda Berenson sure want a Save Lori campaign. There's still one more appeal, which will be decided in the next few months, and Peru could still decide to release her into U.S. custody. What do I think about people writing letters to corporations that do business in Peru? What about letters to politicians? Mark Berenson went on and on, and I got the feeling that I could just hand him my tape recorder and he would keep talking into it all night, saying over and over and over that his daughter has got to be innocent. ■

Photograph by Kurt Vivant/Sipa Press.

Homes Boys

While A. M. Homes is ubiquitous in literary circles, her male characters are loners and deviants. Where did she meet these people?

By Rebecca Mead

A. M. HOMES IS IRRITATED BY THE PERCEPTION THAT JUST BECAUSE she doesn't write under her first name, which is Amy, she is trying to conceal the fact that she's a woman. Those irritating types who choose to think that she is pretending to androgyny or masquerading as a man with her byline have some grounds for suspecting as much: Her first book, *Jack,* was written in the voice of a boy who finds out that his father is gay; her collection of short stories, *The Safety of Objects,* includes a piece written in the voice of a teenager who is having a vivid sexual relationship with his sister's Barbie doll; her new novel, *The End of Alice,* is written from the point of view of an imprisoned male pedophiliac killer engaged in a correspondence with an anomic teenage girl. But writing under "A.M." has, she explains, absolutely nothing to do with concealing her sex. And whether you believe her or not, the explanation she gives is telling.

"When I first moved to New York, I was subletting David Leavitt's apartment," she says, "and the phone rang one day: 'Is David there?' And I said, 'No, I'm sorry, he's not. Who's calling?'

" 'This is Anatole Broyard from the New York *Times.* Who's this?'

" 'Amy.'

" 'Amy Hempel?'

" 'No, Amy Homes.' " She groans. "I just thought: *I am never doing that again.*" There was room for only one Amy in literary New York, and the slot was occupied.

Sexuality—in particular male sexuality, in particular male sexuality that might be described as perverse—is an important theme for A. M. Homes. But equally important is the theme of whom you know, and where you fit in—which is where the relevance of Leavitt, Broyard, and Hempel lies. In conversation, Homes does drop names: what Michael Cunningham said to her about her sex scenes (that she writes like a boy); what she learned from Grace Paley (to tell the truth according to a character).

But more than that, she drops namelessness. She's always telling what an unnamed "someone" said about her writing, what "people" think about it. She's preoccupied with relatedness, with how people, including herself, fit or misfit in the world. She's very concerned to establish herself within the context of the judgment of others—to possess an unmistakable name. But at the same time, she seems afraid that their judgment—which is, after all, another word for attention—might lapse.

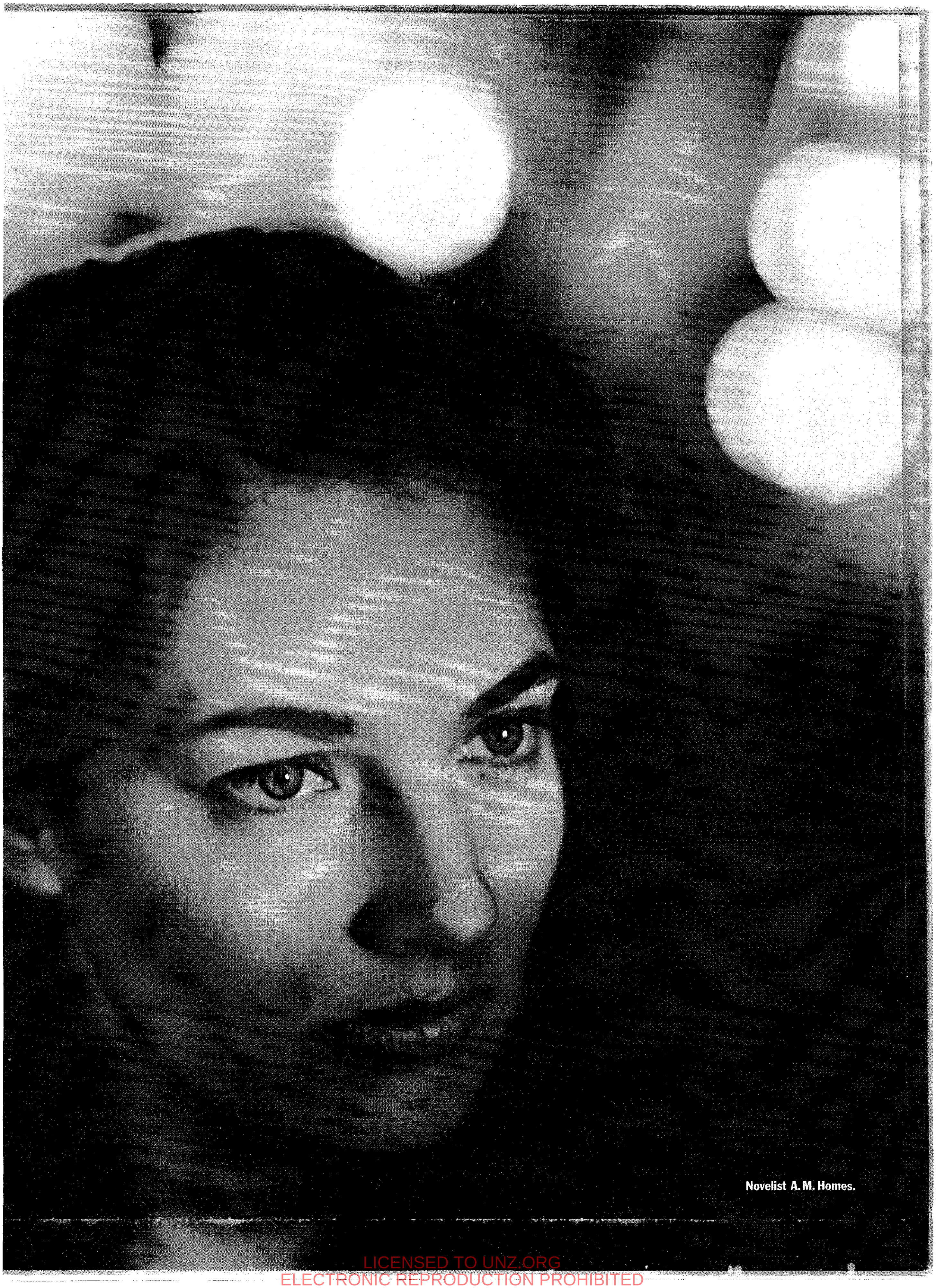
Finding out who one's relations are, be they relations of blood or inclination, is a theme that emerges in all of Homes's books—most forcefully in her last novel, *In a Country of Mothers.* There, Jody, a wisecracking young Manhattan woman, starts seeing Claire, a psychotherapist, to address her inability to move away from the family into which she was adopted as a baby; Claire becomes gripped by the fantasy that Jody is the daughter she gave up for adoption 25 years earlier and, against all sense and ethics, creepily draws Jody into her life. Homes, who is 34, is also adopted and is as engagingly sharp as Jody ("Yes, I am [adopted], I still am," she says. "And I am up for adoption again, if anyone is interested"). She's acutely aware of the contingency of connectedness—which may be why she can go to four parties in an evening and have a reputation as a consummate networker but still think of herself as the woman who hasn't left her apartment for ten years. When, at the Deux Gamins café on Sheridan Square, a waitress uproots Homes from her seat in order to fetch some linens stored under it, Homes whimpers self-mockingly, as if being in the wrong place is the too-familiar story of her life.

The story of her life goes something like this: Girl is adopted into an upper-middle-class suburban family living outside Washington, D.C. Father is an artist; mother later starts career as a counselor to high-school kids, something that may be related to the fact that girl drops out of tenth grade herself in order to write a book of miserable adolescent poetry. Girl forms bond with mother's flamboyant gay hairdresser, starts random correspondences with famous people such as the film director Alan Moyle. Girl goes to Sarah Lawrence and writes *Jack* instead of a term paper, moves to New York. *The Safety of Objects* appears in 1990, *In a Country of Mothers* in 1993; girl is announced to be a major young talent, and becomes a well-known literary-person-about-town. Finds her own sexuality to be the object of much speculation among the literary-media crowd (she's been involved with men and women, she says, and is as irritated by the gossip as she is by the putative androgyny of her byline: "My theory is if someone wants to ask me out on a date, they should ask me out on a date"). Is inspired by an overheard comment ("Two people were talking about *Lolita,* and one said, 'Well, he didn't really have sex with her,' and I thought, 'What book did *you* read?' ") to write *The End of Alice.*

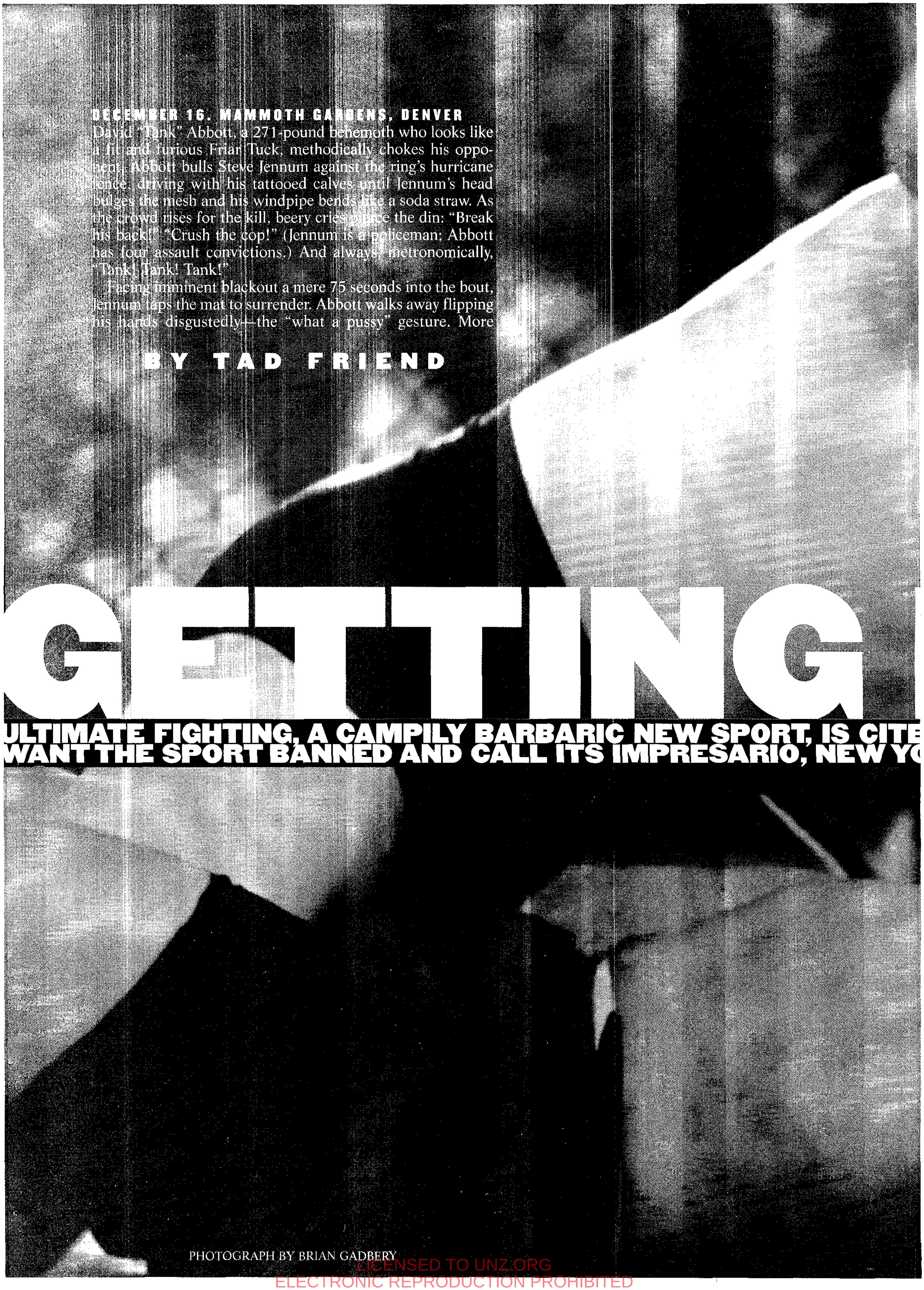
Alice, which is to be published by Scribner next month, is so stiff with sex scenes that reviewers are going to be thumbing through looking for the clean bits to quote: There's incest, homosexual rape, sex with minors of both genders—and those are just the perversions you've heard of before. It's likely to repel at least as many readers as it attracts, given the sexual relentlessness and Homes's evident desire to shock. "Just because something scares you, just because you say *this is awful and repulsive,* it doesn't mean that it is insignificant," she says. Neither, of course, does it necessarily mean it is significant—the apparent thinking of Knopf, which published Homes's last novel but passed on this one. Homes is strikingly confident of her own originality—"The narrator in this book has a voice we just haven't heard from before," she says loftily, as if she were writing her own reviews—though *Alice* falls within a well-established genre of nineties transgressiveness: Think Dennis Cooper, *American Psycho.*

But just because transgressiveness is everywhere doesn't mean that everyone doing it feels at home in the world. Even when you're so inside that David Leavitt and Michael Cunningham are just a couple of your friends, worrying about being outside and unconnected comes from deep within. "I am outside looking at everything," Homes says, and though it sounds self-dramatizing, it's not phony. "I think that is an adopted thing. You're never an insider. In your family, you're always aware of the fact that 'yes, this is my family, but I am outside' and 'yes, this is the kind of culture, and I am outside' and 'there's gay [male] culture, yeah, I like it—I'm outside.' I think I'll get a warm parka or something." ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3
FOR *NEW YORK*



Novelist A. M. Homes.



DECEMBER 16. MAMMOTH GARDENS, DENVER David "Tank" Abbott, a 271-pound behemoth who looks like a fit and furious Friar Tuck, methodically chokes his opponent. Abbott bulls Steve Jennum against the ring's hurricane fence, driving with his tattooed calves until Jennum's head bulges the mesh and his windpipe bends like a soda straw. As the crowd rises for the kill, beery cries pierce the din: "Break his back!" "Crush the cop!" (Jennum is a policeman; Abbott has four assault convictions.) And always, metronomically, "Tank! Tank! Tank!"

Facing imminent blackout a mere 75 seconds into the bout, Jennum taps the mat to surrender. Abbott walks away flipping his hands disgustedly—the "what a pussy" gesture. More

BY TAD FRIEND

GETTING

ULTIMATE FIGHTING, A CAMPILY BARBARIC NEW SPORT, IS CITE
WANT THE SPORT BANNED AND CALL ITS IMPRESARIO, NEW Y

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN GADBERY

MEDIEVAL

S ULTIMATE PROOF THAT CIVILIZATION IS DEAD. LOCAL POLS
ER ROBERT MEYROWITZ, A SLEAZEBAG. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

Men unconfused about their masculinity: Dan "the Beast" Severn pounds Oleg Taktarov in the Ultimate Ultimate final.

racking them
rom left) Ar
Meyrowitz, and
McLaren are Ultimate
Fighting's Cohiba-smoking
rime-rib-eating impresari

"Tank! Tank! Tank!" jubilation. Abbott now advances to the semifinals of this Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC), where two men clash in the 30-foot-wide Octagon, forbidden only to bite, eye-gouge, or "fishhook"—rip the mouth. And this evening's UFC is the so-called Ultimate Ultimate, a single-elimination tourney between eight winners and finalists from UFCs I through VII, with the victor receiving $150,000. It is, as announcer Bruce Beck is trumpeting to the pay-per-view audience, "the white-knuckle event of bare-knuckle competition"—the crucible that will cast forth the world's toughest man. (Ultimate Fighting starts a new season this Friday with UFC VIII, televised live from San Juan.)

The other seven fighters are martial artists who blend techniques from wrestling, jujitsu, sambo, and kick-boxing; Tank Abbott is an alley fighter extraordinaire, the guy who pops your nose with a pool cue, then stomps your ribs with his Doc Martens. "Is he a complete psychopath? Would he fight for free to hurt people?" says Abbott's manager, Dave Thomas. "Yes." As the only fighter who respects neither his opponents nor their unspoken credo of punishing only enough to win, Abbott is Ultimate Fighting's villain, its surly id—and biggest draw.

"Tank taps into the core of what everyone really wants to do—beat the shit out of someone who's pissing them off," says Abbott's friend Andrea, a pretty redhead enthroned among Tank's army in the mezzanine. "When someone challenges him in a bar," chimes in Diana Thomas, the astonishingly beautiful wife of Tank's manager, "he tells me, 'Hold my teeth,' because his front teeth are a plate. It never takes more than one punch." She thrusts her fists up as Tank departs the Octagon. "Tank is America! He is fucking America!"

Of course, Tank wouldn't be America without that sobriquet, which was bestowed by the UFC's promoters. "I told him

Photograph by Brian Smale.

'David Abbott' is the name of a liberal-arts professor from Muhlenberg College," says Ultimate Fighting's talent scout Arthur Davie. "We're going to call you Tank."

Promotion is an art, one comprising an explorer's enthusiasm, an accountant's eye for detail, a surgeon's feel for the reptile brain, and a pimp's taste for the lurid. At ringside, Robert Meyrowitz, the 53-year-old president and chief executive officer of New York City's Semaphore Entertainment Group, swivels in a watchful circle. His look of restrained amusement doesn't flicker, for everything is just so: the beefy security guards, the seven TV cameras probing and swirling, the ongoing tongue-in-cheek interview with Semaphore's fighting "expert" Peter McNeeley (the tomato can who last year lost to Mike Tyson in 89 seconds), and, best of all, the fans drowning McNeeley in boos.

Three years ago, no one had thought to pit the isolate fiefdoms of the martial arts against one another; now, Ultimate Fighting has revolutionized martial-arts training, and its franchise is beginning to threaten boxing and professional wrestling. The ring announcer declares that 3 million people are watching, which Meyrowitz blithely acknowledges is "hyperbole." Yet Semaphore's ratings have risen by nearly 300 percent since the first championship in 1993, to 300,000 homes paying $24.95 apiece for the Ultimate Ultimate, and copycat promoters have staged or are planning no-rules fights. With additional revenues from later rebroadcasts in 30 countries, a CompuServe forum, and video rentals, Semaphore will net about $2 million from this fight alone.

Six-foot eight-inch, 300-pound freestyler Paul "Polar Bear" Varelans and Greco-Roman wrestler Dan Severn make their entrances through a scaffolding of revolving spotlights. A percussive gladiatorial march pounds over the speakers, and the crowd jolts up, roaring. I ask Meyrowitz, "How do you feel when you look around—"

"—At everything that was made up in my head?" he says, and laughs and laughs, like a cheery Vincent Price. "It's just funny. It cracks me up."

DECEMBER 7. SEMAPHORE ENTERTAINMENT GROUP OFFICES, NEW YORK CITY

"Some of it is so brutal it nauseates people," says Senator John McCain, the Arizona Republican best known for his heroism as a Vietnam POW. "It appeals to the lowest common denominator in our society. This sport emphasizes blood and crippling one of the combatants."

Robert Meyrowitz is showing us a tape of last night's *Larry King Live,* in which McCain, who along with fellow Republican senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell of Colorado wants to ban no-rules fighting, debated Meyrowitz about whether the event is a legitimate sport or an excrescence. In his spacious office on East 57th Street, surrounded by executive totems (the samurai sword, the putter, the Cable Ace) and, as always, superbly dressed (gray knit tie, creamy-white shirt with French cuffs), Meyrowitz admires his silky riposte. "We do everything that the most strenuous athletic commission would ask," he tells McCain on the television. "I have no problem with anyone who wants to regulate us." He pulls at a Cohiba cigar and nods, agreeing with his TV self.

McCain's assertion that the combat can be brutal is undeniable. Not 30 seconds into the very first fight in the first UFC in 1993, Gerard Gordeau kicked one of Teila Tuli's teeth into the front row. Critics point particularly to UFC II, the last tournament before referees were empowered to stop a fight, in which Pat Smith mounted Scott Morris and hammered his face with 23 blurry-fast elbows and punches, ripping a forehead gash that took 28 stitches to close.

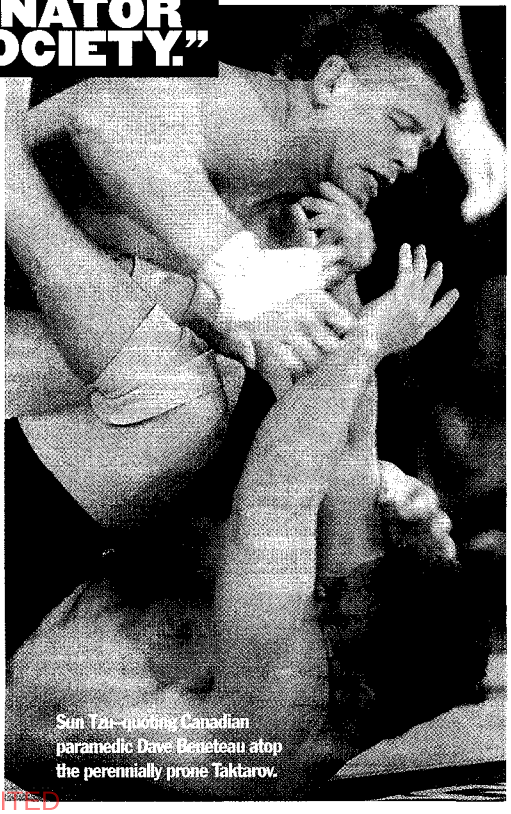
Yet while an average of four boxers a year die in the ring worldwide, Ultimate Fighters have so far suffered only a few concussions and a lot of stitches. They don't usually batter the head (it just hurts their ungloved hands), and they use blows strategically, to prepare for a finishing choke or "submission lock" on an ankle or knee. Dr. Richard Istrico, Ultimate Fighting's chief medical adviser and a boxing ringside physician for eighteen years, gives the fighters complete physicals, including cardiograms and, when necessary, CT scans. "Compared to boxers," Istrico says, "these guys for their age show less damage to the brain."

"SOME OF IT IS SO BRUTAL IT NAUSEATES PEOPLE," SAYS REPUBLICAN SENATOR JOHN McCAIN. "IT APPEALS TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR IN OUR SOCIETY."

Of course, while touting its safety record, Meyrowitz's company markets Ultimate Fighting by showing clips of spectacularly vicious punches and kicks, choreographed (with a wit that may escape the target audience) to the "Hallelujah Chorus" and "The Nutcracker Suite." Semaphore is aiming at a generation of young men who have been raised with karate dojos in every strip mall and Mortal Kombat games on every video screen, and who demand frank savagery. A macabre press release for Ultimate Fighting II went so far as to declare that bouts would end by "knockout, surrender, doctor's intervention, or death." Semaphore's vice-president of programming, Campbell McLaren, calls that release "highly regrettable" but adds, "If we said the UFC was safer than high-school soccer, who would buy it?"

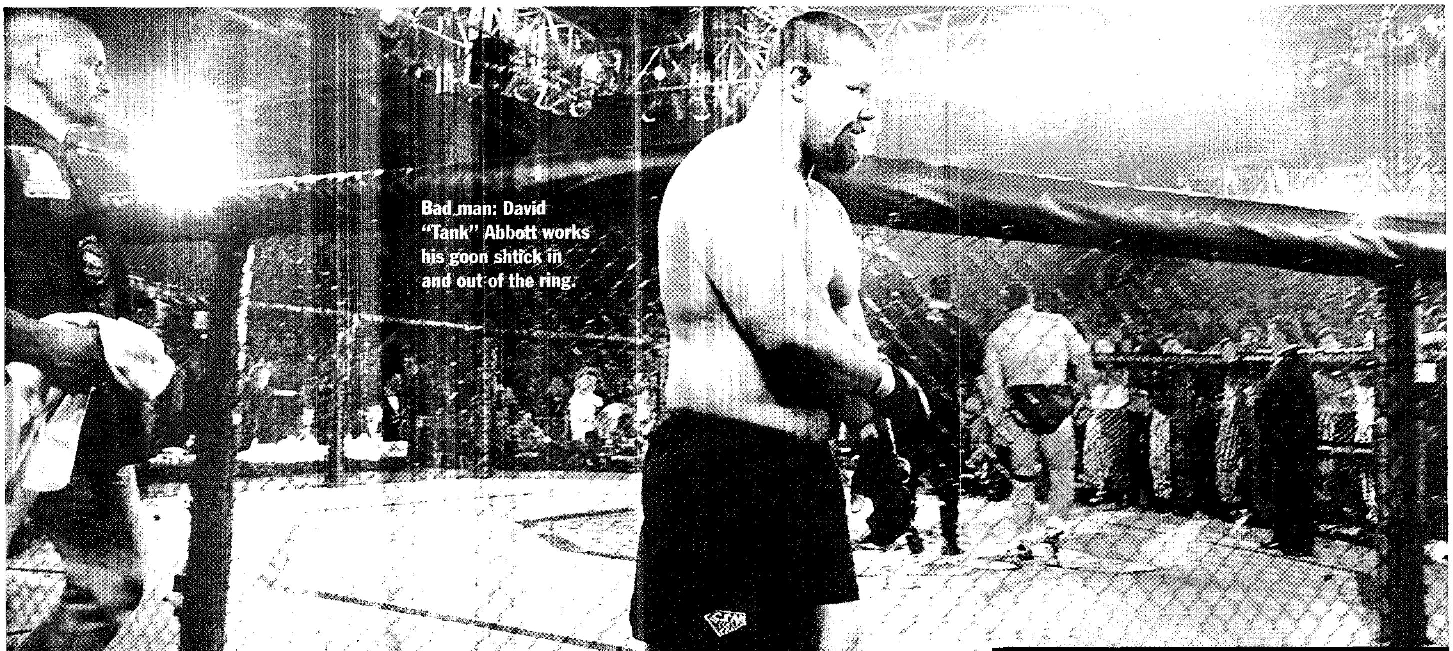
Critics call Ultimate Fighting not just brutal but barbaric. Unseemly. Threatening. A former Naval Academy boxer, Senator McCain seems to link man's warring nature, when ungoverned by the traditional rules against hair-pulling and head-butting, with demotic sexual energy. In a conversation with me, McCain admitted that "as Damon Runyon said, boxing is the red-light district of sports" and, acknowledging his limited familiarity with Ultimate Fighting's bouts and rules, declared, "I don't need to watch a lot of child pornography either." McCain also told me the promoters are "connected with Mr. *Guccione,* as you know" (*Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione's company owns half of the rival and less-successful "Extreme Fighting"); called Meyrowitz a "sleazebag"; and termed Ultimate Fighting "a commentary on the sickness at the heart of American life."

McCain's campaign of writing letters to the governors of states where fights are scheduled has been quite effective: Kansas, Ohio, and the Carolinas have banned the fights. So far, McCain has been unable to prod the governor of Puerto Rico into canceling this Friday's event. Last November, though, a planned "Extreme Fight" at the Brooklyn



Sun Tzu-quoting Canadian paramedic Dave Beneteau atop the perennially prone Taktarov.

Photograph by Brian Gadbery.



Bad man: David "Tank" Abbott works his goon shtick in and out of the ring.

POSTER PROGRAM!
ULTIMATE FIGHTING
THE ULTIMATE ULTIMATE
DECEMBER 16, 1995

Armory was rusticated to Wilmington, North Carolina, after State Senator Roy Goodman declared it "human cockfighting" and the state canceled the lease.

The controversy has spread to Denver for the Ultimate Ultimate. Even though Colorado is one of six states that makes no effort to regulate sporting events, Denver mayor Wellington Webb effectively canceled Semaphore's contract with the 8,000-seat National Western Complex, forcing the move to the tiny, 3,000-seat Mammoth. And the district attorney has been rumbling that serious injuries could lead to assault charges. (In most states, the legal status of no-rules fights remains cloudy and promoters try to fly under local politicians' radars.)

On the *Larry King* tape, actor Robert Conrad has called in. One of many celebrities—Brad Pitt, Leonardo DiCaprio, Shaquille O'Neal—who are fans of Ultimate Fighting, Conrad says sarcastically, "I'm sorry to find out I'm in the lowest common denominator." If a fighter "wants to get into the ring and compete, with another person willing," Conrad ringingly concludes, "that's the American way." Meyrowitz, watching, claps and gives the Vincent Price guffaw.

The show is something of a rout for Ultimate Fighting. But everyone benefits: McCain as guardian of public mores and Semaphore as beneficiary of the notoriety, which will soon cascade into the New York *Times, USA Today,* the *Today* show, and *20/20.* Nonetheless, Meyrowitz shakes his head. "These two fuckers," he says, referring to McCain and Marc Ratner of the Nevada Athletic Commission, "were at a boxing match together where Jimmy Garcia was killed. I'd mentioned that to [McCain] during a commercial, and the putz then brings it up *on the air* and says lamely, 'At least there was a ref.' We've got a ref, too, and we haven't had anyone killed."

Meyrowitz seems almost offended by McCain's P.R. gaffe, by his failure to retain convincingly high dudgeon. As a boy in Brooklyn, watching the Friday-night fights, Meyrowitz couldn't help tweaking the TV's control knobs to perfect the image. After making his name and fortune by coming up with radio's "King Biscuit Flower Hour" rock concerts in 1973, Meyrowitz built a small empire doing pay-per-view concerts and extravaganzas. These were both prestigious (Time-Life's *History of Rock and Roll*) and dubious (*David Hasselhoff and His Baywatch Friends*) but always well produced. And then Ultimate Fighting suddenly made him a public figure, a player.

"I can't believe he's a U.S. senator," Meyrowitz says, clicking off the remote and perhaps wondering how hard it would be to run for office. "Still, the man gives us great publicity." He smooths his slicked-back hair. "And above everything else, I think I looked good. Better than I thought."

A MACABRE PRESS RELEASE FOR ULTIMATE FIGHTING II WENT SO FAR AS TO DECLARE THAT BOUTS WOULD END BY "KNOCKOUT, SURRENDER DOCTOR'S INTERVENTION, OR DEATH."

DECEMBER 14. DAVE BENETEAU'S HOTEL ROOM, DENVER

"Cowards and heroes have the same feelings inside," says Dave Beneteau. "It's how you handle those feelings that matters. Any man who says he doesn't mind getting hit is lying." Beneteau, 28, is a handsome, friendly, Sun Tzu–quoting Canadian paramedic. He is also a wrestler and judo expert who was a finalist in Ultimate Fighting V, and he sits now in a hooded gray sweatshirt and jeans in his room at the Hyatt Regency, talking about how intensely he's trained the past few months.

Beneteau is surrounded by his trainer-nutritionist, who sits in one chair; his jujitsu trainer in another; his manager, perched on the edge of the bed; and his agent lounging at its center. The entourage beams affection as Beneteau pops guarana tablets, aloe-vera juice, and liquid ginseng. As Windsor, Ontario's favorite son, Beneteau takes the whole town's hopes into the Octagon.

"My first UFC match seemed just like wrestling," Beneteau recalls, "but I realized it was different when I mounted on the guy, Asbel Cancio, and started beating him on the nugget. It was a great feeling, a tremendous primal surge, like I conquered Rome." On Beneteau's mirror is a photo of his first-round opponent this time out, Russian sambo fighter and UFC VI champion Oleg "the Russian Bear" Taktarov. The picture is pocked with spittle. Catching me eyeing it, Beneteau colors but says uncontritely, "Aggression is a true component of being a man."

Photograph by Brian Gadbery.

Yet, like many of the fighters, Beneteau is also a devout Christian. (The mini-bar-shaped fighter Joe San strode into UFC IV with a gloomy sign from Proverbs: HELL AND DESTRUCTION ARE NEVER FULL; SO THE EYES OF MAN ARE NEVER SATISFIED. And Kimo, an ordained minister who has JESUS tattooed on his stomach, entered UFC III bent beneath a huge wooden crucifix. Both men lost.) And Beneteau broods about whether he possesses the requisite spiritual violence. "My last fight was against Oleg," he says, "and I was handling him, but he caught me in a choke. I didn't sleep well for six weeks." We discuss how Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight boxer, went into hiding after losing his title to Sonny Liston. "I feel for him, putting on disguises and living in hotel rooms," Beneteau says softly. "Cancerous things go through your head."

Unhappy with the conversation's neurasthenic drift, trainer Luther Campbell, who's worked with Tommy "Hit Man" Hearns and other champion boxers, leaps in to say he's never met anyone with Beneteau's intelligence, charisma, and tenacity. Manager Nick Marrantet enthusiastically echoes this.

"That's why we created a board of directors for Dave Beneteau," agent Dean Albrecht adds from the bed. "It's not a jock-sniffing approach. It's very professional. He's tough, sensitive, believable, has infectiousness—the intangible. I see Dave as having unlimited potential, horizontally and vertically. Modeling. The cover of *Men's Health.*" Though most of the fighters have day jobs, and a first-round loser in a regular UFC makes only $5,000, Semaphore takes Pygmalion-like pride in having redrawn its warriors' horizons. "Before the UFC," says Semaphore's executive vice-president, Michael Abramson, "these guys couldn't make $250."

"Maybe the next action hero, the next Arnold, is right here," Albrecht continues. "I would hate to see what would happen to Steven Seagal if he stepped in this room and said, 'Let's get it on.' " Beneteau is blushing. "Dave's win on Saturday will speed the time line."

"Maybe I could be the stunt double for Rocky when he goes 'Adriiaann!' " Beneteau says, smiling. "If I win."

"—*When* you win," Luther Campbell says heavily. *"When you win."*

DECEMBER 14. BOB MEYROWITZ'S SUITE, DENVER

"There is going to be heat at this press conference," Bob Meyrowitz predicts, correctly. The Denver *Post* has been blasting Ultimate Fighting; tomorrow's front-page story on the press conference will scream CITY GETS ULTIMATE FACE SLAP. Meyrowitz continues, gazing down the table at Arthur Davie: "It would seem to me that somebody would ask, 'Exactly what do *you* do?' " Davie is commissioner of the International Fighting Council, or IFC, established by Meyrowitz's company as an ostensibly independent sanctioning body.

"We better cook up something right now," Davie says with a smile. Campbell McLaren tells commissioner Davie: "You're liaison to all the judo, boxing, and karate commissions." "Establishing medical criteria for fighters," suggests an aide. "Standards, safety," Meyrowitz sums up, then wonders, "Does Art say anything, or does he just wave?"

Everyone looks at the bantam ex-Marine and ex–Hollywood adman. "Let's have Art talk," says his friend McLaren. "So you say, 'I'm very proud,' " Meyrowitz says, gesturing with his Cohiba as he roughs out the script, " 'I've been involved in the UFC since the beginning, I look forward to continually improving the UFC, blah, blah, blah.' "

"Are we going to keep it as IFC, or make it the UFC?" Davie asks.

A weighty pause. "IFC," Michael Abramson declares, finally. "It's more international and . . . and just *larger."*

The irony of all this rehearsal is twofold: First, Davie is an articulate historian of the martial arts who is fond of invoking Toynbee to the effect that "combat is a safety valve for healthy societies." If unmuzzled, he could be an excellent spokesman. "It's little known," he likes to muse, "but 2,600 years ago, the Greeks, the fathers of modern democracy, added pankration to the Olympics—pankration was hand-to-hand fighting with no biting or eye-gouging. So we're re-creating the combat and splendor of the classical world. 'All glory is fleeting, but tonight you are king,' as they whispered to Augustus at his coronation."

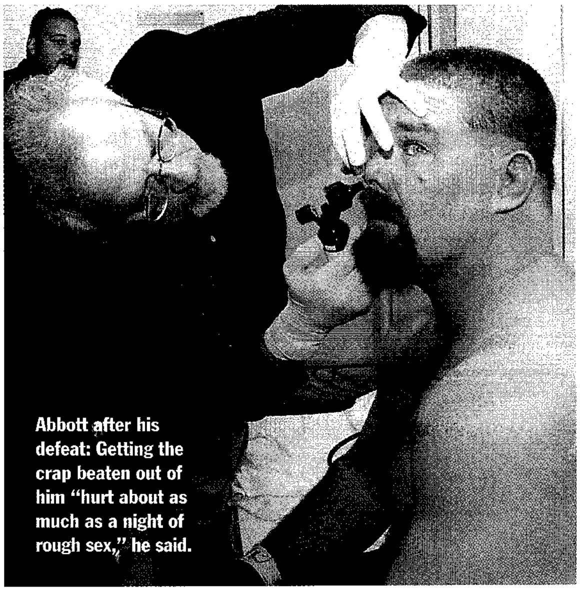
The second, larger irony is that Ultimate Fighting was originally Davie's idea. As a devotee of the Saturday-morning fights that the Gracies, a legendary Brazilian fighting family, had in their Los Angeles dojo, Davie knew that such no-holds-barred bouts have been popular in Brazil for more than 70 years. But in 1993 he had a marketing epiphany: "I looked at these fights and felt like Carl Denham in *King Kong.* Everyone else sees an unconscious ape, and Denham says, 'No, this is Kong, the eighth wonder of the world!' "

After consulting with his friend John Milius, the director, who suggested that the ring be octagonal as in his film *Conan the Barbarian* and that the tournaments' subtext be "the search for Superman," Davie shopped his "War of the Worlds" notion to three pay-per-view companies. Semaphore was most enthusiastic, and with Campbell McLaren leading the charge, provided the money and production expertise to transform a hazy idea into a snappy television show. But the Ultimate Fighting Championship was clearly Davie and fighter Rorion Gracie's project. Then, after UFC V last April, Semaphore bought out their 50 percent interest for $1 million—and essentially earned the right for Meyrowitz to claim it as his brainchild, as he has done on *Larry King* and elsewhere.

Questioned about the precise unfolding of events, Meyrowitz says that he had already been pondering the idea of karate vs. Tae Kwon Do, and that Semaphore had been actively seeking a fight show. Then he says, "However Campbell and Art Davie found each other, they found each other." Then he changes the subject.

DECEMBER 15. HYATT FUNCTION ROOM, DENVER

"Jesus Christ!" says Jeff Blatnick, clutching his throat and rolling away from Robert Leitao. "That is *in*credible." Blatnick, who overcame Hodgkin's disease to win the 1984 Greco-Roman superheavyweight Olympic gold medal, is now a UFC television commentator. And he's trying to keep abreast of the sport's furious evolution: At the first UFC in 1993, one fighter trained on pizza and the focus was on hard-hitting brutes. Now the prototype is smaller, faster grapplers skilled in submission locks. So Blatnick is practicing moves on a yellow mat with Leitao, a Brazilian in Marco Ruas's entourage.



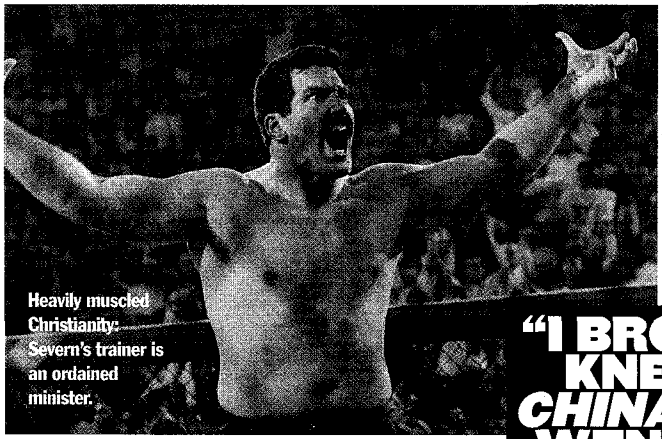
Abbott after his defeat: Getting the crap beaten out of him "hurt about as much as a night of rough sex," he said.

Though outweighed by 85 pounds, Leitao has calmly choked Blatnick out with his thighs twice running. One begins to see why Marco Ruas, who has never lost and who won the last UFC despite a painfully swollen right hand, is the favorite here. A rangy man who wears a perpetual half-smile, rarely blinks, and declines to reveal his age (roughly 34), Ruas incorporates eight martial-arts disciplines in his *vale tudo* style. The Japanese

Photograph by Brian Gadbery.

fighting media has voted him "the most complete fighter of the century."

Ruas also remains eerily aloof from the prefight high jinks, the bluster, the challenges, the prank 3 A.M. phone calls in which a "UFC official" told contestants that the rules had been changed. Several fighters were quite exercised—suspicion fell on Tank Abbott's unruly entourage—but Semaphore's Campbell McLaren treated the incident as beguiling gamesmanship, saying, "[The phone-calling] is as brilliant as it is despicable!" Ruas ignored it all. "Today Marco went to the swimming pool and did laps, kicking and punching for the water's resistance," his handler Frederico Lapenda says. "Then he was just hanging out like a fish in an aquarium, praying. He finds, in the water, love."



Heavily muscled Christianity: Severn's trainer is an ordained minister.

A charming, ponytailed Svengali, Lapenda now tells Jeff Blatnick to spar with Leitao's father, Robert senior, and sends in a 58-year-old with white chest hair who is half Blatnick's weight. "And, Jeff," Lapenda adds, clearly amused, "don't be afraid to wrestle hard." Blatnick crouches and assays a half-nelson. In two seconds, he's facing the wall with a calf muscle digging into his larynx. The champ taps out. "When I put him on his back and cover, which I want to do," Blatnick pants, "I'm *screwed.*" Later he says, "I was so frustrated—I'm an Olympic champion, and a 65-year-old man made me feel helpless. It's the death of wrestling."

DECEMBER 16. MAMMOTH GARDENS, DENVER

After a quick, driving takedown in their semifinal bout, Dan Severn has had Tank Abbott prone against the fence for ten minutes, boxed tight as a steer in a confinement pen. As Abbott scrunches his neck to avoid a choke and tries to cover the back of his head with his hands, Severn hammers him with knees to the kidneys, and elbows to the cervical vertebrae. One particularly vicious elbow, dropped from the ceiling with all Severn's 260 pounds behind it, causes Ellen Meyrowitz, Bob's wife, to murmur "Oh!" and turn away. The constant "Tank! Tank! Tank!" wanes to mournfulness and dies.

Most of the time, wrestling coach Dan Severn is polite and methodical. He and his low-key entourage sport the same Prussian mustaches, like a cadre of beefed-up Freddie Mercurys (which is Abbott's private nickname for Severn). And from his non-combat manner, you would never picture him as the winner of UFC V. But like Bruce Banner, the research scientist who when vexed turns into the Incredible Hulk, Dan Severn changes inside the Octagon. He assumes a look of such pop-eyed intensity, such granite resolve, that he is called the Beast. "Other fighters are stronger, faster, and have better technique," Severn said before the fight, "but I overcome that by focusing my adrenaline. When the crowd chants 'USA! USA!' [Severn's handlers dress in stars-and-stripes gear and wave American flags], there's not a B-12 shot to equal it."

"I BROUGHT ONE KNEE OUT OF *CHINA* AND TANK WENT 'OOOH,'" SEVERN SAYS, "BUT I DON'T THINK IT REALLY HURT HIM, HE'S SO FAR GONE. I WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT TO ANY OTHER ATHLETE."

Severn now swarms Tank's body, hammering away and seeking a finishing hold. But Tank won't tap out. "I never thought Tank could take so much," Severn would say later, shaking his head. "I brought one knee out of *China* and he went 'Oooh,' but I don't think it really hurt him, he's so far gone. I wouldn't have done that to any other athlete, but with Tank . . . " Abbott had been saying before the fight that Severn "slaps like a chick."

Even after that knee, Abbott smirks at Severn's handlers and mutters to the busily pummeling Severn, "*C'mon,* Dan. C'mon, you can hit harder than that." "He wanted me to let him up so we could swing at each other," Severn would recall, still astonished. "*No way.*" And yet, remarkably, Abbott manages to lunge to his feet with three minutes left in the eighteen-minute fight and to escape entirely in the final fifteen seconds. After the bell, he keeps on going, hopping the fence without awaiting the judges' verdict. (Judges are an innovation for this championship; Semaphore rightly feared that the best fighters had become too skilled at defense to have to tap out.) Their unanimous decision sends the Beast on to the final.

Downstairs, in the makeshift triage room where Abbott awaits the doctors, one of his handlers shoves two photographers away, shouting at one, "Get out of here, asshole!" "He beat on me," Abbott says under his breath, then bares his 26 teeth to announce, "I've been beat up worse than that!" Later, his pride rebounding, he would say scornfully, "It hurt about as much as a night of rough sex."

When Abbott comes back upstairs, Bob Meyrowitz embraces him backstage. Speaking directly into Abbott's ear to be heard above the noise, he shouts, "You were terrific! You could have quit, but you never did. Amazing!"

"Ah, I fucked up," Abbott says, a little sheepishly. "I'll see you at the party."

DECEMBER 14. CAMPBELL MCLAREN'S SUITE, DENVER

"The fun part of what Bob and I do," McLaren says, "is trying to figure out what gets people jazzed, fired up, so they'll pay $19.95 [on pay-per-view]. Bob saw that with the New Kids on the Block show he did—pure teen lust." McLaren sprawls on a couch toying with an unlit San Luis Rey cigar. A former talent director for Caroline's Comedy Club who does a nifty impression of Gilbert Gottfried's impression of Humphrey Bogart at the post office ("Shtamps"), McLaren is smart, irreverent, the class clown, now at 39 grown mildly pear-shaped and wispy-haired.

McLaren acknowledges that Semaphore got into Ultimate Fighting for the money, like barkers peddling snake oil to the provinces. "I thought it was going to be Bubba and monster truck," he says, "and that all this martial-arts honor and dignity was hogwash, Bruce Lee chop-socky mumbo jumbo. But now we really *like* this." Indeed, Semaphore has come to resemble the boxing promoters of old, men who wore linen suits and fedoras and ordered prime rib for their charges in swanky clubs. The company's thirteen employees live raffish, high-cholesterol lives: At the cocktail party that night in Meyrowitz's suite, there is frank consternation when the bartender runs out of Stoli. So everyone decamps for a topless steak joint.

McLaren believes Ultimate Fighting's television audience is caught by two hooks: "First, the visual image. You see Keith Hackney knocking down sumo wrestler Manny Yarbrough, this 620-pound tower of flesh, and you go, 'What is *this?*' The more complicated answer has to do with where men are at the end of the century.

Photograph courtesy of SEG.

Are we macho? Are we sensitive? Should we cry? Here's a situation that's totally unambiguous—the UFC fighters are warriors. They don't have to beat drums in the woods; they know who they are. You can enjoy this and be a man, and not a bad man seduced by blood lust but a man looking for heroes."

Later, I would ask whether fans might also be responding, at some instinctive level, to the sexual nature of "no rules" grappling. Fighter Harold Howard says the rush of entering the Octagon is that "it makes your sphincter get real tight"; Tank Abbott, watching a replay of himself mounted on another fighter's face in Ultimate Fighting VI, told the announcers, "Woo, I'm started to get sexually aroused—better [turn] that off." McLaren mulls this notion and muses, "There's basic similarities to sex, an outpouring of energy from men who are a physical ideal, a lot of testosterone and narcissism—when they're wrestling on the ground it looks like homosexual lovemaking—" He laughs. "Oh, my God!"

Art Davie comes in holding a Montecristo cigar, and the two friends excitedly confer about Koji Kitao, a former *yokozuna,* or sumo grand champion, who will probably compete in a future championship. Semaphore has been trundling Kitao around Denver, displaying him like a magnificent obelisk. "He's a rebel," Davie says reverently. "They kicked him out of sumo for pushing a reporter through a plate-glass window." Both men grin at me, and Davie continues, "So he's hungry to make it big again. In fact, he's just hungry—we put him on the restaurant scale at the Palm and he was 372, and that was before he ate a 34-ounce chateaubriand and a five-pound lobster."

"As a *yokozuna,* you are the epitome of Japanese culture," McLaren says, "Bruce Springsteen and Babe Ruth rolled up into one. All you do is eat and get nookie." Davie sucks his cigar happily. "Eating and fucking," he says. "Eating and fucking."

Tank! Tank! Tank!: Applauding the impending apocalypse or just good bloody fun?

DECEMBER 16. BEHIND MAMMOTH GARDENS

"Introspection, right?" Dave Beneteau says with a game, ragged smile. "Maybe I should give Floyd Patterson a call." Still in his fighter's hood and trunks, Beneteau sits in his trailer, the motor throbbing gently in the cold night. One minute and fourteen seconds in, as the two men stood and grappled, Oleg Taktarov had knifed backward to the canvas with Beneteau's leg clamped between his own calves. Then Taktarov extended his torso and began twisting Beneteau's ankle. Beneteau lashed desperately—and illegally—at Taktarov's jaw with his foot (fighters who wear shoes can't kick) but had to tap an instant later. He seemed dazed as he left the Octagon, in a trance of disbelief.

"A nice ankle lock," Beneteau says hoarsely. "At least I can appreciate that it wasn't a run-of-the-mill foot lock. I tapped twice in the last month during jujitsu training—both foot locks. So I knew it was a vulnerability." We can hear a dim crescendo from inside the auditorium. "But he threw it so disguised! So quick!"

Agent Dean Albrecht sits opposite, staring numbly. The time line has stopped. Later, Campbell McLaren would say, "Dave is good-looking, smart, fairly skilled—we have to figure out how to rebuild him. He's got to win or come in second next time to have a future. I see the advantage [World Wrestling Federation panjandrum] Vince McMahon has, where he can write scripts—you'd like Dave to do well."

Beneteau sits in silence. "It's like being raped," he says finally. "There's nothing you can do to stop it."

DECEMBER 16. MAMMOTH GARDENS

Marco Ruas and Oleg Taktarov calmly circle in the waning minutes of their semifinal, feinting and occasionally firing a roundhouse kick. These are usually deflected, and often they both smile at their mutual skill. The fight is winding down, diminuendo. Ruas mounted after four minutes and landed a few blows that started Taktarov's face bleeding—his face bleeds if you wipe it with a napkin—but Taktarov escaped by using the fence to lever himself up. Then Taktarov got Ruas in a near-choke. Otherwise, it's been a chess match, with Ruas being surprisingly reluctant to grapple. The crowd is restless—it wants action, conquest.

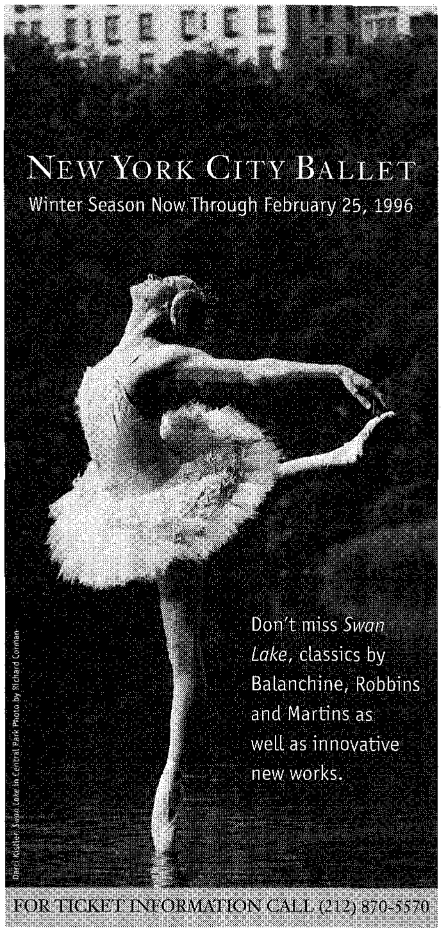
The judges vote unanimously for Taktarov, and he bows his head to the canvas, overcome. Ruas embraces him; it's a big upset, but most knowledgeable observers agree with the decision. Ruas's handlers, however, storm the judges' table, hurling elbows and Portuguese imprecations. "If it was a soccer game," judge John Little, the associate publisher of *Inside Karate,* said afterward, "we probably would have been lynched."

Later, Ruas's handler, Frederico Lapenda, buttonholes Art Davie, still seeking justice: "Marco stayed on his feet because he is a fighter, not a punching bag. Marco at 40 will retire with his kids, and Oleg will be in a mental institution with no neurons left. Oleg is like a woman—he will just lay on the ground, open his legs, take abuse, and bleed." Davie shrugs: What's done is done. So Lapenda huddles with Meyrowitz, threatens to pull his fighter from future events, and emerges mollified—all such results will be declared "draws with a decision." Taktarov can claim victory, yet Ruas won't have officially lost.

This Don King–ish jiggery-pokery is an unfortunate consequence of time limits. Newly stringent limits—from 15 minutes in the first round to 27 minutes in the final—are also one reason 180-pound Royce Gracie, who won three of the first four UFCs, skipped the Ultimate Ultimate. It just takes him too long to "cook" a bigger, stronger fighter on the ground.

As Semaphore plans to hold an Ultimate Ultimate each winter—a showdown between perennial favorites and winners of the year's regular UFCs—it now must figure out how to achieve closure in its best matches without exceeding the allot-

Photograph by Brian Gadbery.



NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Winter Season Now Through February 25, 1996

Don't miss *Swan Lake*, classics by Balanchine, Robbins and Martins as well as innovative new works.

Darci Kistler, Swan Lake in Central Park Photo by Richard Corman

FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 870-5570

TODAY...

I hiked through acres of nature trails, sampled fresh guava from a local fruit vendor, stopped for lunch at a charming sidewalk cafe, played center-forward in a local soccer match, shopped in the finest boutiques on the island, enjoyed fresh baked bread at the pastry shop, watched a local artist create pottery just for me, tasted Jamaican specialties at the beach grill, and danced to the rhythm of Reggae music 'till I dropped. All without leaving the resort . . . .

Braco
village resort

A CELEBRATION OF FINE JAMAICA.

For further information please contact your Travel Agent or Braco Village Resort in Jamaica:
809-954-0000-19 • Fax: 809-954-0020
In the USA: FDR Holidays Ltd:
516-223-1786 • Fax: 516-223-4815

Quote reference #1550 for special promotions

ted three-hour pay-per-view time. "We're a new sport," Meyrowitz says. "We have to keep redefining ourself. We had one thought—either there's a winner, or you both lose and an alternate takes your place. It would force both fighters to go for it. There would be *action.*" He smiles, tweaking the knobs again.

The larger question is how classy—or shabby—a sport Ultimate Fighting will become. "The idea of Ultimate Fighting is beautiful," says former IFC commissioner Ron Van Clief, "but once money enters into it, all Semaphore wants is a show. I was sure some fighters are taking growth hormones and steroids, so I asked for drug testing. Campbell McLaren laughed at me; he said if they had drug testing, there wouldn't be any fighters left."

McLaren calls this charge "categorically untrue," suggests that as Van Clief was fired he has an ax to grind, and adds that they will probably soon test for drugs anyway. Unlike in boxing, the promoters at Semaphore avoid conflicts by not also managing fighters. Yet "Semaphore has threatened fighters' managers," says rival promoter Donald Zuckerman. "They say, 'If you put a fighter on [Zuckerman's] show, you won't work for Semaphore again.' " Meyrowitz denies this, but not vehemently. As one Semaphore official says, "The fighters have to know we're bigger than they are. Contracts are one fight we win."

DECEMBER 16. MAMMOTH GARDENS

Dan Severn and Oleg Taktarov enter to the thunderous martial music. By now the noise, the adrenaline, the mounting fervor and clarity have exhausted us all. Yet the crowd lumbers to its feet for this finale. Referee John McCarthy bellows "Let's get it on!" and the two fighters advance to the center of the Octagon: Taktarov shuffling, looking heavy-lidded and sluggish, and Severn prancing in surprisingly dainty leaps.

Severn catches Taktarov with a few openhanded face slaps, successfully reopening the cuts bracketing his right eye, and then Taktarov rolls him into a quick leg lock. Almost trapped, Severn somehow manages to pivot out of it and piledrive Taktarov onto his back. Taktarov adopts "the guard," locking his legs around Severn's torso to keep him from being able to rear back and rain blows. But then Severn gets a sliver of leverage and drops his head onto Taktarov's nose and temple, six times in rapid succession, as quick and heavy as an industrial sewing machine. The crowd goes crazy: "Head butt! Head butt!" A lone voice urges, "Kiss him!" Taktarov, who before the tourney had promised his mother never to get hurt again, is impastoed with blood.

Most of the remaining 27 minutes is spent in this position: Severn on top, landing periodic blows; Taktarov covering up, making small adjustments in the hope of an ill-advised weight shift that will allow him to catch Severn in a knee lock. "Dan was grinding his elbow in Oleg's face," referee John McCarthy said afterward, "and that really hurts. But Oleg just took it, because he knew it wasn't going to beat him." The bout goes into a three-minute overtime, and Taktarov, exhausted, his face a Mylar balloon, tries repeatedly to snare Severn's legs, but Severn spins out, time and again.

The judges are unanimous: Severn. Elated, almost maddened, Severn charges round the Octagon with his arms outstretched and fingers spread, a condor seeking a wind current. Downstairs afterward, in a grimy hallway, he clasps a towel around his neck, gracefully acknowledges Taktarov's skills and fortitude, and basks in the moment: at age 37, the champ.

Severn credits his intensive workouts at the North Phoenix Baptist Church. His trainer, Richard Hamilton, an ordained minister, also instructs children ages 5 to 13 in full-contact karate at the church's Family Life Center. "It's takedowns and submissions, all chokes, all kicks to the body—it's exactly like Ultimate Fighting," Hamilton says, "except you can only hit with an open hand to the face."

"They call it Rosy Cheeks," Severn adds, beaming, "because they've all got red cheeks from slapping. They have the cutest little girl, she's 6, they call her 'Mad Dog.' " "She's learned discipline, respect for authority, and how to defend herself, and it's in a controlled environment," Hamilton says.

North Phoenix Baptist practices muscular Christianity indeed. And in a peculiar irony, the church's leading congregant is none other than Senator John McCain. "I know my church well enough to know it just wouldn't have any connection to this sort of thing," McCain declared when informed about the Rosy Cheeks program. But it does.

In the triage room ten feet from where Severn is holding forth, Taktarov waits for the doctors. His trainers flap towels at him and hold ice on his neck. "You did good, you beat *Marco Ruas,*" one says. "God loves you, man." Taktarov shakes his head, thinking about the loss. "I couldn't break him," he mutters.

Dr. Richard Istrico comes in and checks Taktarov's pupils, asks the rote neurological questions, then advises him to get stitched up at the hospital. Taktarov turns to the mirror and stares at his ruined face. "Shit," he says, cautiously touching his cheeks with his fingertips. "Shit."

DECEMBER 17. HYATT REGENCY

Well after midnight, several hundred people are still drinking at Semaphore's party in the hotel atrium. When Dan Severn arrives, looking cultivated and austere in a blue suit, Bob Meyrowitz places one hand on his back and guides him to the photographers, the well-wishers. My boy, my pony. "I don't understand why sportswriters, who love to worship, don't fall at the feet of Dan Severn," Meyrowitz would say later, genuinely aggrieved. "Sports pages should be running to cover this well-spoken, good-looking guy. He should be inundated with endorsements, from Nike to 'The toughest man in the world drives a . . . eats a . . . wears a . . .' I mean, what is the *problem* with what we're doing?"

Tank Abbott shows up around 1:30, exuding charismatic threat. His welt-speckled head swims in the smoky air. He's been drinking. And thinking about his loss to Severn, which he blames in part on the "slick pencil pushers at Semaphore." "There is no clock on the street," he tells me. "I'm a loser tonight because I fought by their rules. It's a litigious society—if it was up to me, no time limits, and biting and eye-gouging are allowed. Let's fight to the death!" he shouts. "I'll fight Mike Tyson to the death on pay-per-view!"

"There's a school of thought," I say offhandedly, "that believes you exaggerate your meanness for the fans."

Abbott's eyes focus like a sniper's crosshairs, and I get a shivery feeling. "What do *you* think?" he asks, like he's genuinely curious. "I think you're attractive. Do *you* think you're attractive?" His entourage, as one man, goes "Ooooh!" and backs off, giving him punching room.

"Thank you, Tank," I say. After a second, he smiles and turns aside. "We gotta go rob a liquor store," he tells his friend Andrea. But on his way out he runs into Dr. Joel Dreyer, a stocky psychiatrist and trainer who works with another fighter. Dreyer, who believes Abbott a white supremacist—Abbott reportedly once tussled with fighter Pat Smith in the locker room and called him a "nigger" (a charge Abbott's manager denies)—says tauntingly, "You want to win a fight tonight? Fight me; I'm 58."

Upon finding out that Dreyer is the man who spent much of the evening in reciprocal displays of testicle-grabbing with Tank's army, Abbott tells the women in his party, "Watch this." He follows Dreyer into the Hyatt's lobby and shoves him backward. Dreyer raises his hands, instinctively ready to go down fighting. But another man in black tie jumps between them.

Annoyed, Tank pivots on his treads. "Step up," he says to the peacemaker, "step up and suck my dick. You motherfucker. Queer!" In the ringing silence, Bob Meyrowitz steps forward and places a placatory hand on Tank's chest. "This is neither the time nor the place," he murmurs. And then Meyrowitz walks David Abbott backward, summoning all the civilized arts to gentle him, to soothe him, and to save him for the Octagon, where he can be a safety valve for us all. ■

S&W WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY SALE! S&W

RECORD BREAKING DESIGNER
COAT EVENT
STARTING TODAY
TAKE AN ADDITIONAL
40-50%
OFF S&W ORIGINAL DISCOUNT PRICE
EVERY COAT & SHERLING
You must present this ad for this offer
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 11, 1996

N.Y.'S LARGEST SELECTION OF OVER 5000
SHEARLINGS • CASHMERES • ALPACAS
WOOL MELTONS • MERINO WOOLS
RAINWEAR • MICROFIBER • OUTERWEAR
EVERY COAT IN EVERY STYLE IMAGINABLE.
INCLUDING PETITES ON SALE FOR THIS SPECIAL EVENT.

$1,000,000
Winter Inventory Liquidation
In Our Boutique Dept.
EVERY SUIT • CO-ORDINATE
DRESS • SPORTSWEAR
ADDITIONAL 60% OFF
S&W original discount prices
TAKE ADDITIONAL
10% OFF
NEW SPRING ARRIVALS
WITH THIS AD

NEW YORK CITY 287 7th Ave. (Cor. 26th) (212) 741-1069
Other locations:
LIVINGSTON 437 W. Mt. Pleasant Ave. (201) 992-8777 • BROOKLYN 4217 13th Ave. (718) 438-2636
Hours - Sun.-Wed. 10-6:30 • Thurs. 10-8 • Fri. 10-2:30

Stutter?

Know Someone who Does?

Then you owe it to yourself to contact the National Center For Stuttering and learn about the physical cause of stuttering that led to a treatment with a 93.4% success rate. If you stutter, or know someone who does, call 1-800 221-2483 for a free brochure - and ask about the video-tape showing the dramatic results of treatment.

The National Center For Stuttering
200 East 33rd Street
New York, NY 10016

APPLE
RESTAURANT & BAR
17 WAVERLY PLACE (212) 473-8888
VEGETARIAN AND VIETNAMESE CUISINE
LUNCH•DINNER
WEEKEND BRUNCH
SEPARATE KITCHENS
PRIVATE ROOM
KARAOKE

Victor's Cafe 52
NEW YORK • MIAMI
THE REGIONAL CUISINES
OF CUBA
AND THE CARIBBEAN!
236 WEST 52nd STREET
Between Broadway & 8th Avenue
Phone: 212/586-7714

BARAONDA
INNOVATIVE ITALIAN CUISINE
"Go Chic and Ye Shall Find..."
Gael Greene, NYM
1439 Second Ave at 75th St. • 288.8555

MONKEY BAR
EST. 1936
60 EAST 54TH STREET
212 838 2600

Notes From the Underground

A Pictorial Guide to Some of the Best Musicians Now Playing in the City and Where to Hear Them—On Subway Platforms, for the Price of a Token

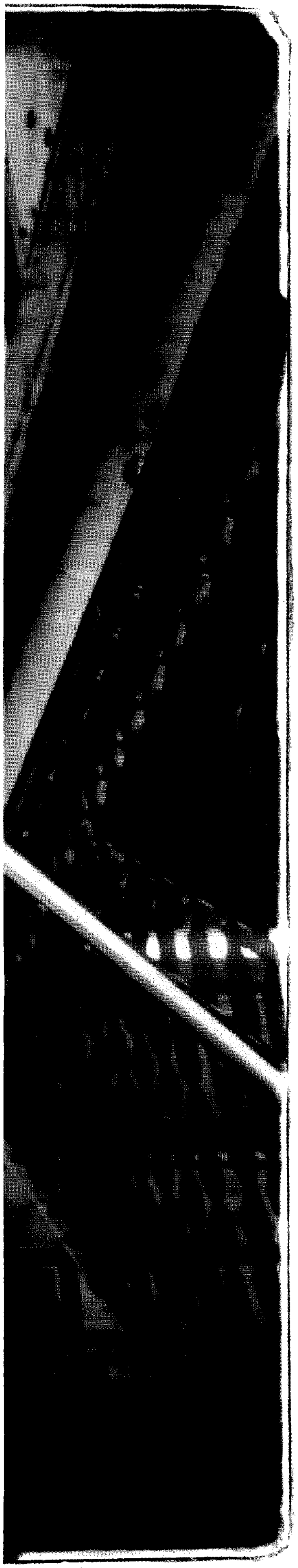
By Stephen Witt

Photographed by Danny Clinch

Personnel: Gulnora, 32 (trumpet), and her children Kristina, 11 (bass), and Glenn, 9 (drums). **Style:** Russian Gypsy R&B-jazz instrumentals. **Influences:** Gypsy music, Muddy Waters, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Marley. **Career highlight:** Gulnora played with Dizzy Gillespie in his only Russian concert. **Gulnora says:** "Gypsies wake up in the morning with music and go to sleep at night with music. It's like food. Generation after generation practice by improvising." **Where to find them:** Tunnel between *Port Authority and Times Square,* weekday afternoons.

Ji Shen

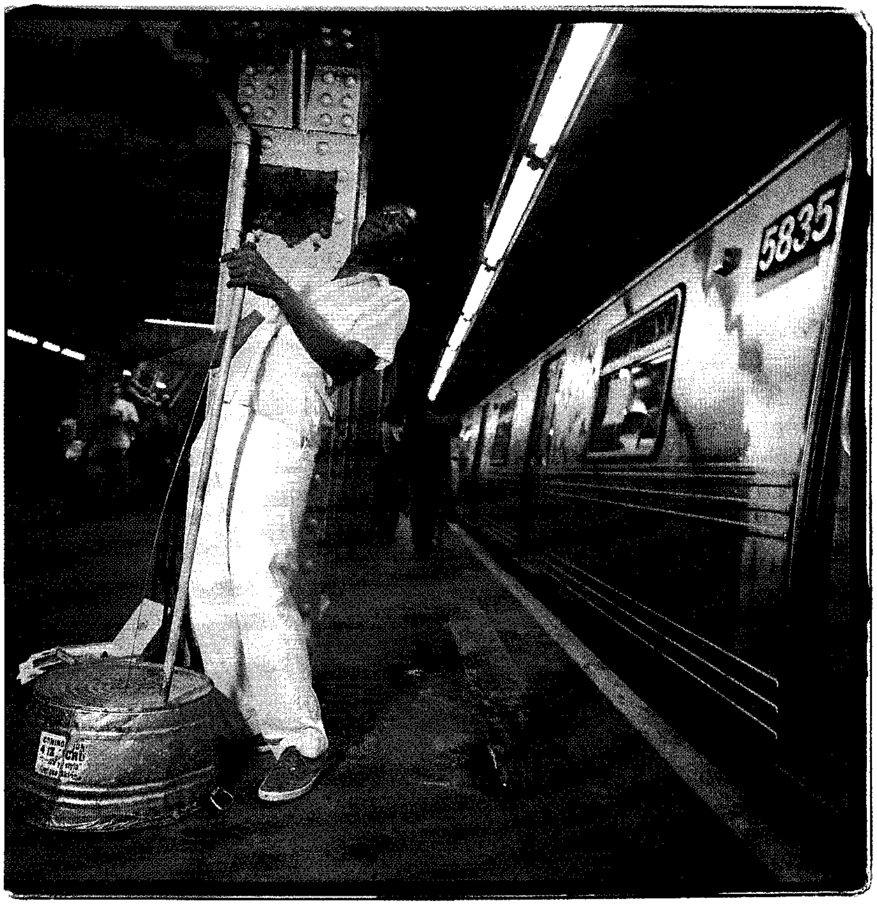
Age: 40. **Style:** Chromatic-harmonica instrumentals in genres from popular to classical; likes to play in the key of D minor. **Influences:** Bach, Mozart. **Abandoned career:** "When I first came here from Shanghai, I worked at a Chinese restaurant, but the hours were too long and I didn't have enough time to play." **Where to find him:** Times Square platforms or 72nd Street 1, 2, 3, and 9 platforms, evenings.



Bill Gould

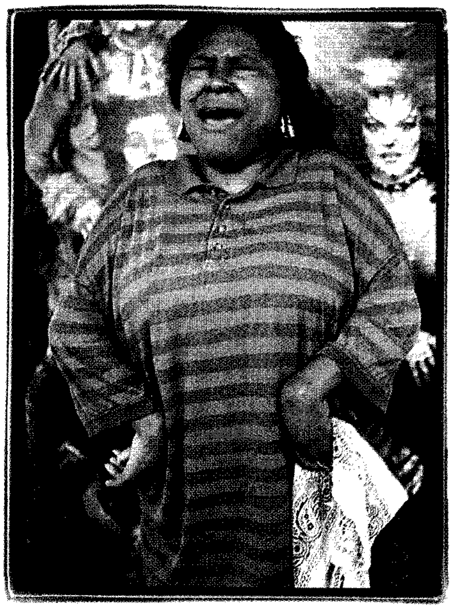
Age: 36. **Style:** Traditional Scottish bagpipe music. **Odd experience:** "One time while I was playing the E-and-F platform at Roosevelt Avenue in Queens, this little guy from Thailand said he could make me all this money. He proceeded to do this incredible dance, which soon drew a big crowd. Then for some reason he began taking off his clothes. He was down to his underwear by the time two plainclothes cops took him away in handcuffs." **Where to find him:** Uptown on 1, 2, 3, and 9 platforms, evening rush hours.

The ambience is more Lincoln Tunnel than Lincoln Center, but when it comes to, well, *vibrant* music, New York's subway platforms and passageways sometimes actually rival the city's most happening clubs and venerable concert halls. The performers on these pages—among the finest you'll see in any setting—are not part of the MTA's Music Under New York program, which issues a limited number of permits to select acts (100 or so now, with auditions for new spots in May). They are independents, and though their unsanctioned performances are perfectly legal, the Transit Police don't always treat them accordingly. So finding them when and where you expect to is even less of a sure thing than, say, counting on Jerry Lee Lewis to show up for a scheduled concert. But for $1.50, who's complaining?



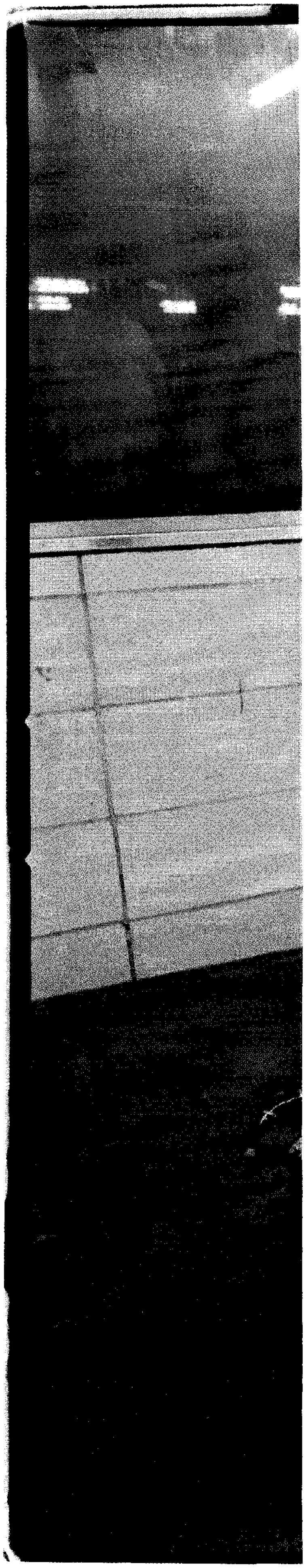
Jay Bailey

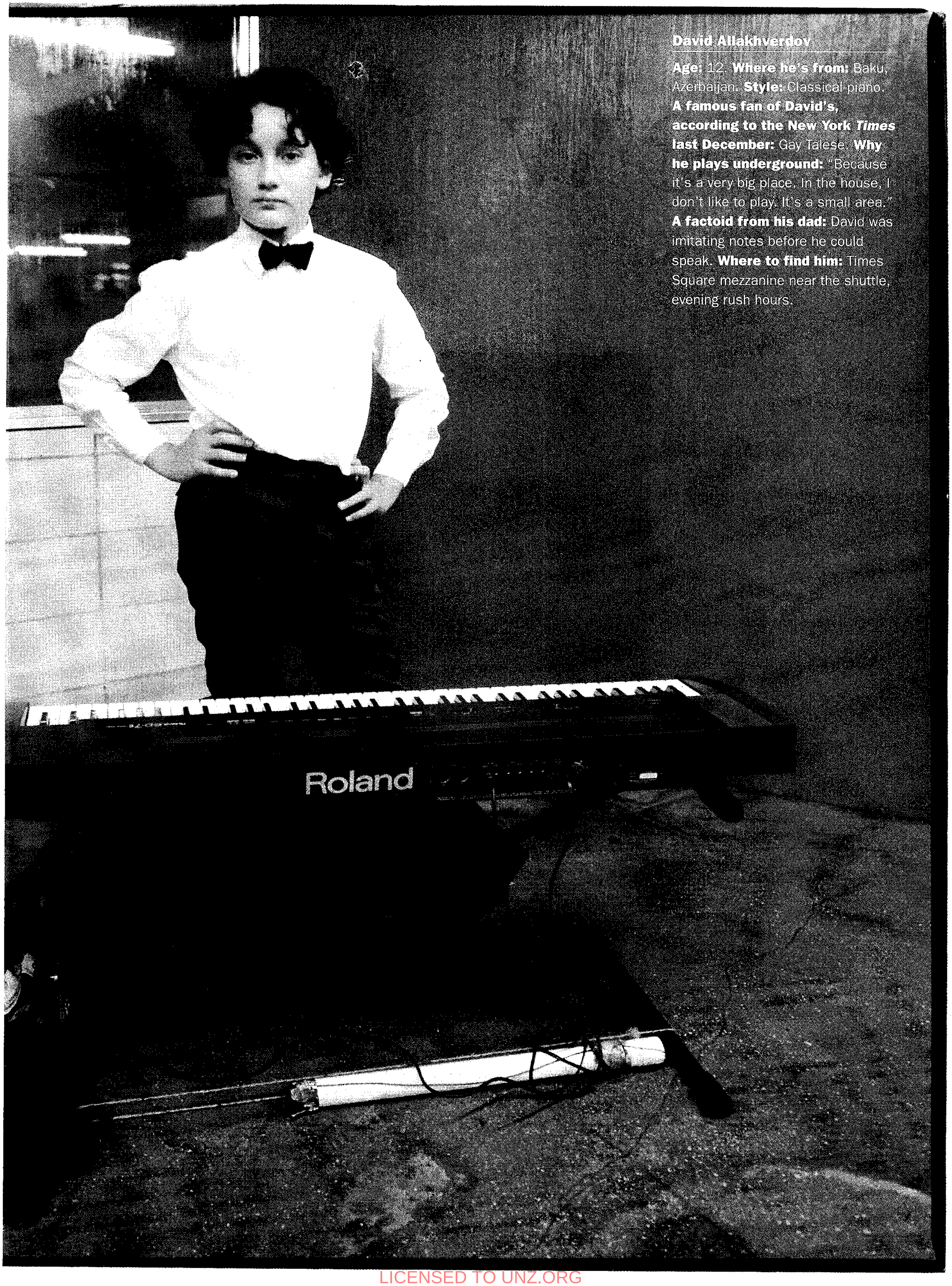
Age: Wouldn't say. **Style:** Crooning jazz vocals, à la Nat King Cole, with washtub-bass self-accompaniment. **Influence:** Carmen McRae. **How long he's been playing subways:** 30 years. **History lesson:** "The washtub bass is part of African-American history. Slaves originally were not given instruments, so they made their own. It was a pioneering instrument." **Where to find him:** Downtown 1-and-9 platform, Sheridan Square, late nights.



Lucille Ashley

Age: 29. **Style:** Soul-gospel vocals. **Influences:** Aretha Franklin, Diana Ross. **Lesson she's learned:** "The subways have taught me how to take criticism. Some people are rude, but one bad apple . . ." **Movie credit:** *She-Devil,* starring Roseanne Barr. **Where to find her:** Tunnel between the shuttle and the other subway lines under Grand Central, late Friday afternoons. (N.B. Ashley is on sabbatical till April.)





David Allakhverdov

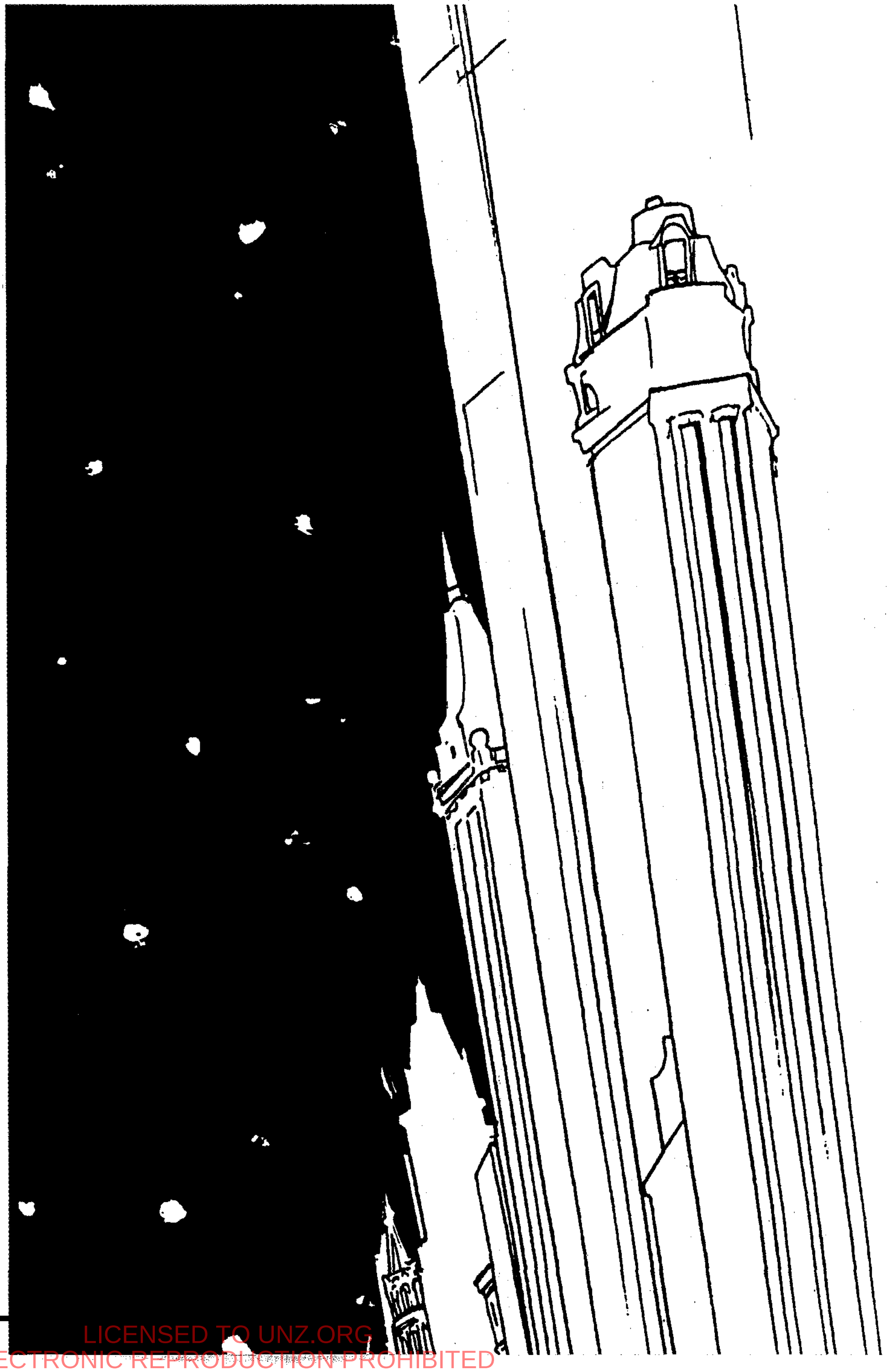
Age: 12. **Where he's from:** Baku, Azerbaijan. **Style:** Classical piano. **A famous fan of David's, according to the New York *Times* last December:** Gay Talese. **Why he plays underground:** "Because it's a very big place. In the house, I don't like to play. It's a small area." **A factoid from his dad:** David was imitating notes before he could speak. **Where to find him:** Times Square mezzanine near the shuttle, evening rush hours.

New York

A fantastic voyage throug

New Yor

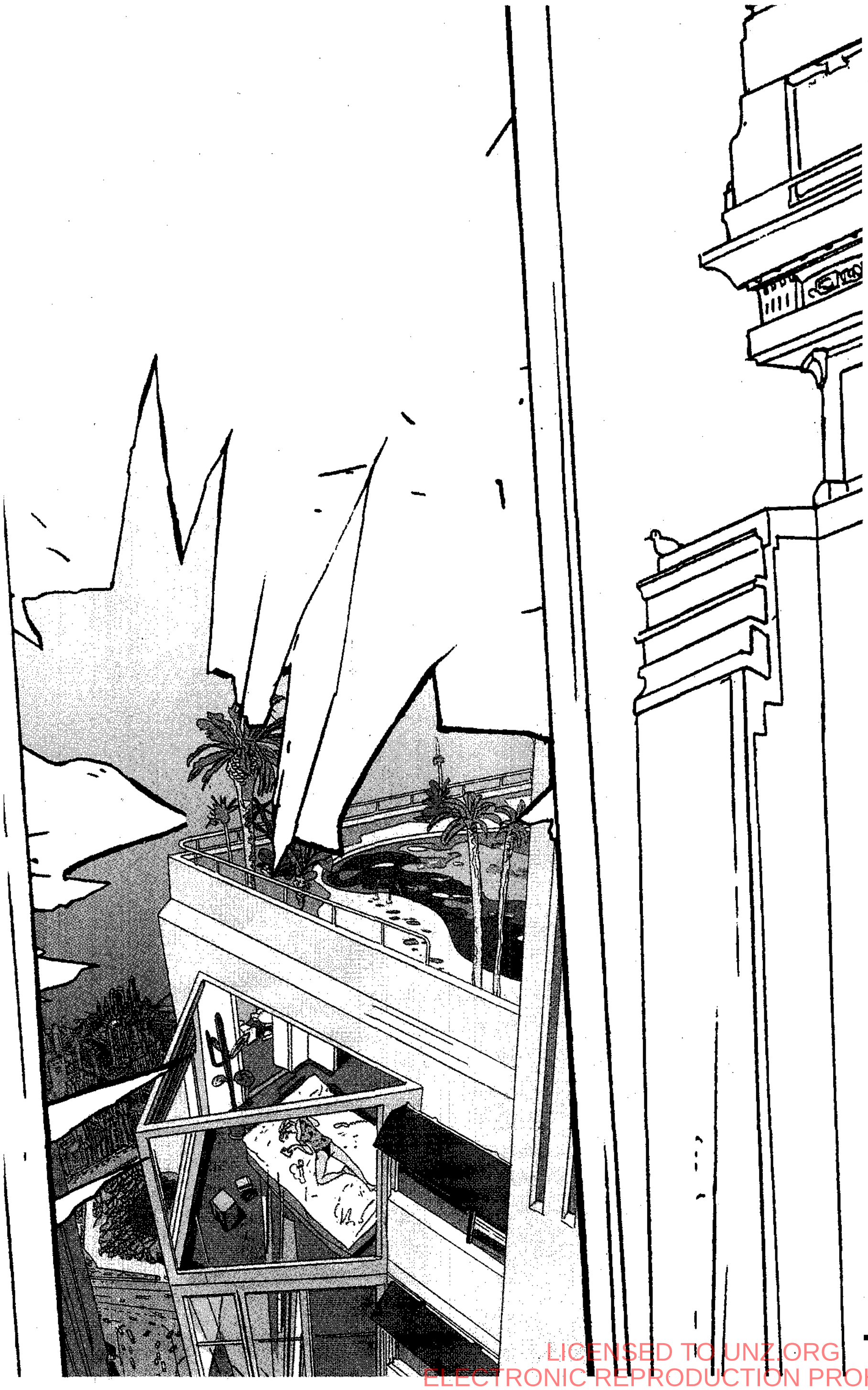
In this extraordinary sequence of twenty illustrations, as in New York City itself, nothing is quite what it seems. Scenes and scale shift constantly; wretched decay exists alongside luscious beauty; privacy is perpetually invaded; depending on the viewer and the mood, New York can seem ghastly or glorious or both; and yet somehow, love and intimacy thrive. As surreal as these drawings are, there's something perfectly real at their core: Viewed from a great height, the



Zoom

e city of today and tomorrow—a here nothing is as it seems

By Istvan Banyai

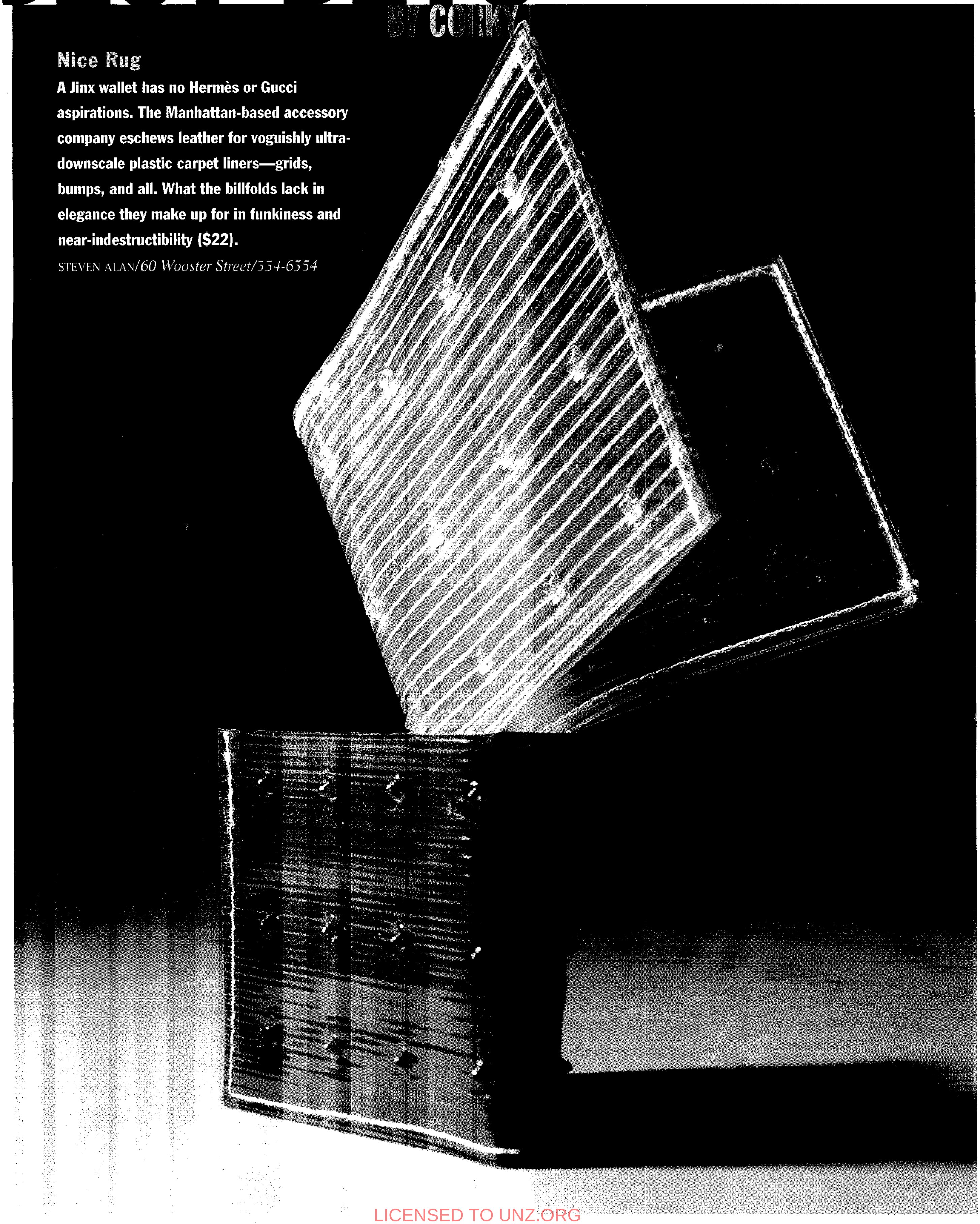


city is not literally composed of stalagmites, for example—but then again, *of course* it is. Is "Zoom New York" a glimpse ahead into a ghostly twenty-first-century Manhattan? Or is it merely some time-killing 1996 office guy's feverish split-second digression as he attempts to amuse his Valentine? Istvan Banyai's wordless short story makes it clear that we live in the most exciting, most electric, most overwhelming, most romantic, and—above all—*weirdest* city on earth.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY



Nice Rug

A Jinx wallet has no Hermès or Gucci aspirations. The Manhattan-based accessory company eschews leather for voguishly ultra-downscale plastic carpet liners—grids, bumps, and all. What the billfolds lack in elegance they make up for in funkiness and near-indestructibility ($22).

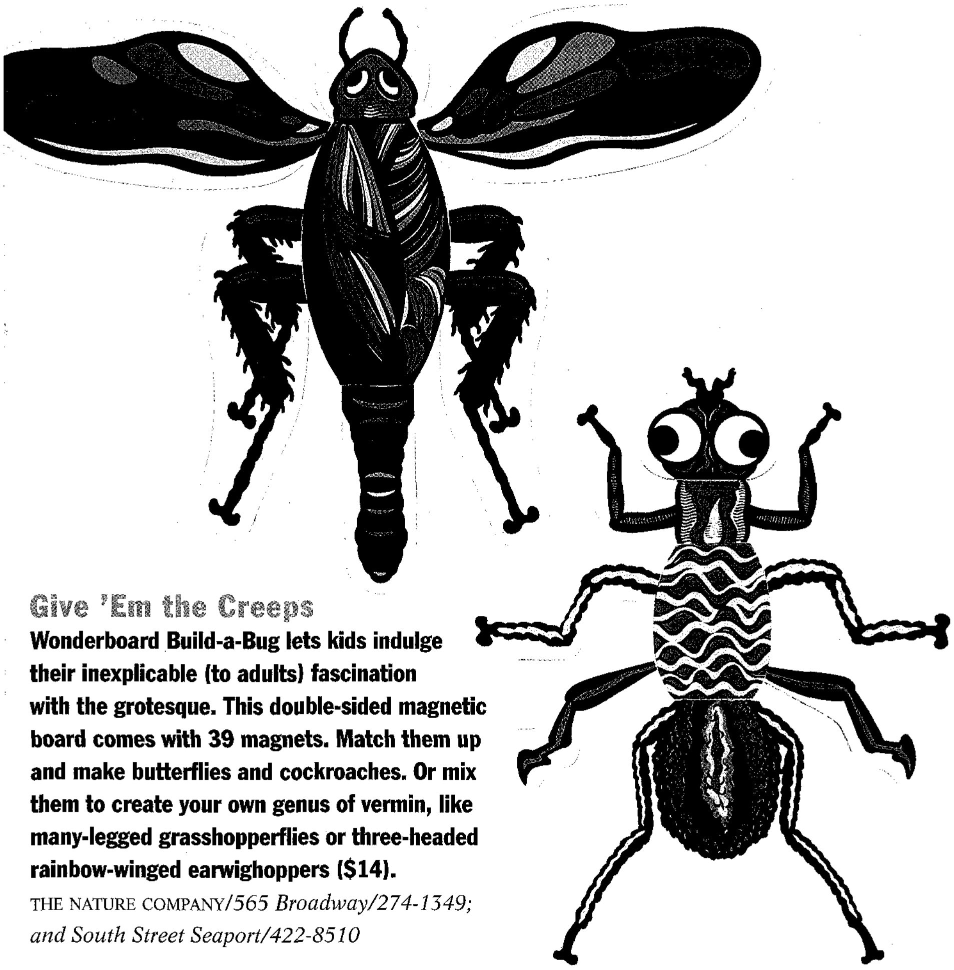
STEVEN ALAN/*60 Wooster Street/334-6334*

MARIA CALLAS
Gounod
Faust
LEGATO CLASSICS
Carlo Bergonzi

Opera Buffa

At their cubbyhole of a store, Live Opera Heaven, two practicing doctors with freewheeling interests, Roger Smyth and Stephen Carter, have wedded a fervor for vintage comic books to an obsession with opera. Originally the store was devoted solely to classic non-opera-centric comics, but recently the doctors added a clutter of opera CDs, LPs, 78s, and cassettes—all live, limited releases. The stock is vast and includes performances by Fyodor Chaliapin, Maria Callas, Nellie Melba, and Carlo Bergonzi. Equally as remarkable is the selection of opera videos ($4.95 to $21).

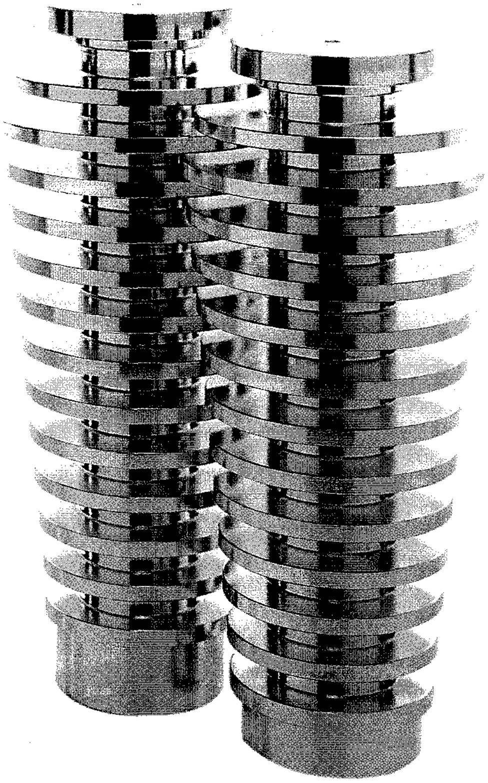
LIVE OPERA HEAVEN, LTD./*660B Amsterdam Avenue, near 92nd Street/501-8196*



Give 'Em the Creeps

Wonderboard Build-a-Bug lets kids indulge their inexplicable (to adults) fascination with the grotesque. This double-sided magnetic board comes with 39 magnets. Match them up and make butterflies and cockroaches. Or mix them to create your own genus of vermin, like many-legged grasshopperflies or three-headed rainbow-winged earwighoppers ($14).

THE NATURE COMPANY/*565 Broadway/274-1349; and South Street Seaport/422-8510*



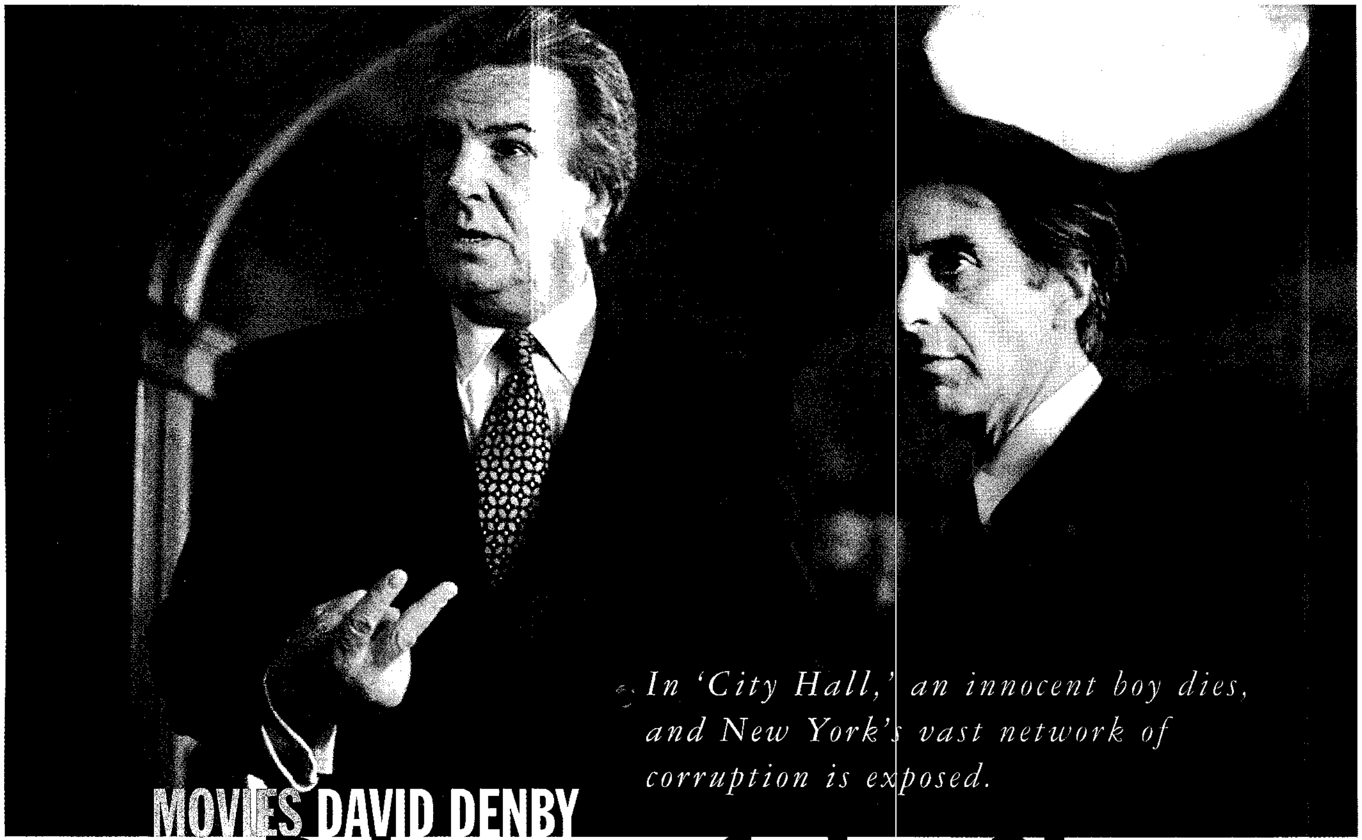
A Change of Seasons

When we think of salt and pepper shakers, we think sterling silver or ceramic. But Avedis Baghsarian is an industrial designer, and he thinks differently. His shakers are made of hand-cut anodized aluminum discs, so unlike those made of more common materials, they won't tarnish, corrode, or break (around $75).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Both locations*

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM STORE/*1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street/423-3615; and 575 Broadway, at Prince Street/423-3875*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.



In 'City Hall,' an innocent boy dies, and New York's vast network of corruption is exposed.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Princes of the City

Danny Aiello, left, and Al Pacino do some off-hours power-brokering in *City Hall.*

BEFORE IT POOPS OUT AT THE END, **City Hall,** A big new movie about power and greed in New York, is fascinating and revealing, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. *City Hall* was directed by Harold Becker (*Sea of Love*) and concocted by a thieves' den of smart guys: Ken Lipper, a deputy mayor under Ed Koch (and now a money manager and film producer), wrote the first draft; Paul Schrader and Nicholas Pileggi did a rewrite; and when Al Pacino signed on as star, Bo Goldman, who wrote *Scent of a Woman*, came in for still another rewrite. The quartet of urban scribes never managed to lick some of the story's structural problems, but this is still a movie that lives and breathes. *City Hall* has layers (perhaps because of its many architects), and some mysterious corners as well, and you have to stay alert to keep up with it. The movie is worth the trouble. *City Hall* takes us through a crisis in the popular mayorship of John Pappas (Al Pacino), an eloquent and shrewd politician, half Mario Cuomo, half Fiorello La Guardia. On a rainy, miserable day, under the el in Brooklyn, a small black boy is accidentally killed in a deadly shoot-out between a cop and a minor mafioso. Pappas's deputy mayor, Kevin Calhoun (John Cusack), a young Louisianan with strong political instincts, runs through the city bureaus and agencies trying to figure out what went wrong. That mafioso, it turns out, shouldn't have been on the street. After a conviction, a normally tough-minded judge (Martin Landau) had let him out on probation instead of sending him to prison. The scandal deepens: The thug was a nephew of a Mafia kingpin (Anthony Franciosa) who hangs out with city pols, and the judge in question is a longtime friend and ally of the mayor's. As young Calhoun puts the story together, the normal political business of the city grinds along. It takes us a while to get the movie's bitter point: This accidental shooting grows out of everyday corrupt politics, out of the normal bargaining and deal-making that we've been watching.

City Hall is a political detective story with a rueful philosophical edge, and I admire its knowing eye—and its lack of cynicism. The filmmakers introduce us to a fallen world, but they haven't given up on it. Instead, they entertain us with the juice and grit of big-city politics, giving us a charged, panoramic view of the workings of power—scene after scene between mayor and deputy, mayor and district leader, chief of staff and bureaucrat, criminal and politician. Each of these men knows what the other has done or has failed to do for him; each is owed, and owes, so their greetings are rich in both familiarity and threat.

As the mayor, Pacino wears a big crown of hair, like an opera singer, and he's florid and emotional in manner, speaking in his hoarse voice with elongated vowels (at times, he sounds uncannily like Mel Brooks). The mayor has a talent for the big public moment; at the point of crisis, he summons up the common purpose, the common desires, of the city as embodied in himself. By any normal standard, he's a cornball—at the grief-struck Harlem funeral of the dead boy, for instance, he makes a grandstanding speech over the coffin. I hated the speech myself, but the movie plays it as a masterstroke, and perhaps I'm being squeamish: At a moment like that, the community may need defiance and emotional resurrection more than taste. By contrast, Danny Aiello's Brooklyn clubhouse boss is cordial and accommodating in the old-fashioned, spoilsman style of Mario Biaggi, Donald Manes, and other fallen heroes of the New York political pantheon. He listens to his constituencies beautifully;

Photograph by Andy Schwartz/Castle Rock Entertainment.

sometimes he listens too beautifully and to the wrong people. Aiello has the massive, sad dignity of a corrupt man who knows how important he is to his friends. It's a marvelous performance—subtly acid, quiet, and melancholy.

The two powerful men meet in the mezzanine lobby of a Broadway theater during a performance of *Carousel.* Harold Becker keeps the dialogue at a monotone; Pacino and Aiello almost whisper, but they grab at each other like gladiators fighting for their lives. A complicated business is at hand; a new office building, a proposed new subway stop. Each man has something the other wants. After a few feints and threats, as well as sweet talk and general schmoozing, the deal is done. Some people in the city will get rich, and no doubt some others will get screwed. As we're watching it, we know the scene is a classic.

The texture of *City Hall* is as intricate as baroque fretwork and highly entertaining in a somber sort of way. Becker and his cinematographer, Michael Seresin, ignore the gleaming, thrusting energy of New York the financial and artistic capital; instead, they emphasize the age of the city, the shabby gray cavernousness of the ancient municipal buildings, the dowdy political clubs and dark-paneled Brooklyn restaurants. And the politicians, whether Jewish or not, all use the old language, Yiddish, when they get serious. They use it for emphasis; they use it because it's the language that recognizes human weakness. Bridget Fonda plays a lawyer who attaches herself to Cusack's Kevin Calhoun; the lawyer doesn't get much to do, but at least she straightens out Kevin's Yiddish. The dialogue has passages of sententious wisdom and many literary references; it's overrich (some of Pacino's bombast almost invites parody), but I find the ornate flamboyance (Bo Goldman's contribution, probably) far preferable to the usual dull cursing of big-city films. These fraudulent old pols still love the sound of words.

The emotional heart of the movie is the relationship between the mayor and his young deputy. It is, of course, a father-son story. The mayor loves his brilliant assistant; he directs Kevin, advises him, but also performs for him, for he sees his younger self in Kevin, and he may think that as long as he can please Kevin—who idolizes him as a populist prince—he hasn't completely sold out his earlier ideals. Kevin is a wonderful role for John Cusack, who has filled out (he used to be just tall; now he's big). He has authority now, and his Kevin, political to his fingertips, has real drive and intelligence, so his good opinion is worth having. And his disillusion is worth grieving over.

City Hall tries to say something serious. In a democratic society, it suggests, even a popular big-city mayor cannot simply do what he wants, or what he thinks is right, without making deals and arrangements of dubious propriety with a great many powerful people. Corruption is almost endemic to the system. The politicians in this movie all talk about something they call *menschkeit.* The actual Yiddish word is *menschlichkeit* (is *menschkeit* an error or an accurate report of the corrupted use of the word? I can't tell), and it means humanness, decency, responsibility. What the pols in City Hall mean, however, is something closer to manly cronyism—the willingness to do business (i.e., return favors). It's the practice of *menschkeit*—normal business—that leads to the little boy's getting shot in the rain under the el. This is a stunning accusation, but the movie doesn't know what to do with it. The filmmakers seem almost appalled by their insight, and they retreat, ending the movie conventionally, with a burst of upbeat sentiment that seems both willed and halfhearted. I sympathize with their dilemma. The people who made *City Hall* understand a thing or two about how the city works, but they don't want to get caught in the trap of overvaluing their sophistication. Keep hope alive, as someone used to say. If only the thought didn't seem so desperate and wan.

AND NOW FOR CORRUPTION ON THE OTHER coast: Nick Broomfield's documentary **Heidi Fleiss Hollywood Madam,** which should be playing at a more comfortable bordello than the Quad, kept me on the edge of my seat. Broomfield, an experienced British documentarian, has a slightly obnoxious way of making a movie, which in this case paid off. When he got to L.A., the mysterious Heidi was in drug rehab and couldn't see him. So Broomfield, eager to understand how this well-brought-up girl could wind up in jail, went about with his tiny crew and interviewed Heidi's former sponsors (who became rivals)—Madam Alex, who operated a Hollywood brothel for years, and the incomparable low dog Ivan Nagy, pimp and "movie director," who introduced Heidi to Madam Alex while he was Heidi's lover. Broomfield turns to one and then the other, going back and forth, asking wickedly bland questions, provoking his subjects to exasperated response, and what he builds up is a web of self-serving testimony (most of it lies). I don't want to give away the denouement, but I can tell you that by the time Broomfield interviews Heidi herself—who is smart, pleasant, and screwed up—we really do understand what happened to her. These people may be liars, but they are also exhibitionists who can't help revealing themselves. In Broomfield's hands, the documentary becomes a novel that is written as you are watching it. First-rate. ■

LE PESCADOU
Amour Amour
Valentine's Day
Reservations 212.924.3434
18 King Street at 6th Ave.
(1 block So. of Houston St)
New York City

246 Columbus Avenue (Bet. 71-72 Street)
212•580•1516
China Fun
"I've been sending friends to China Fun..."
— GAEL GREENE
N.Y. MAGAZINE
"...A terrific experience."
— RUTH REICHL
N.Y. TIMES
1239 2nd Avenue (Corner of 65th Street)
212•752•0810

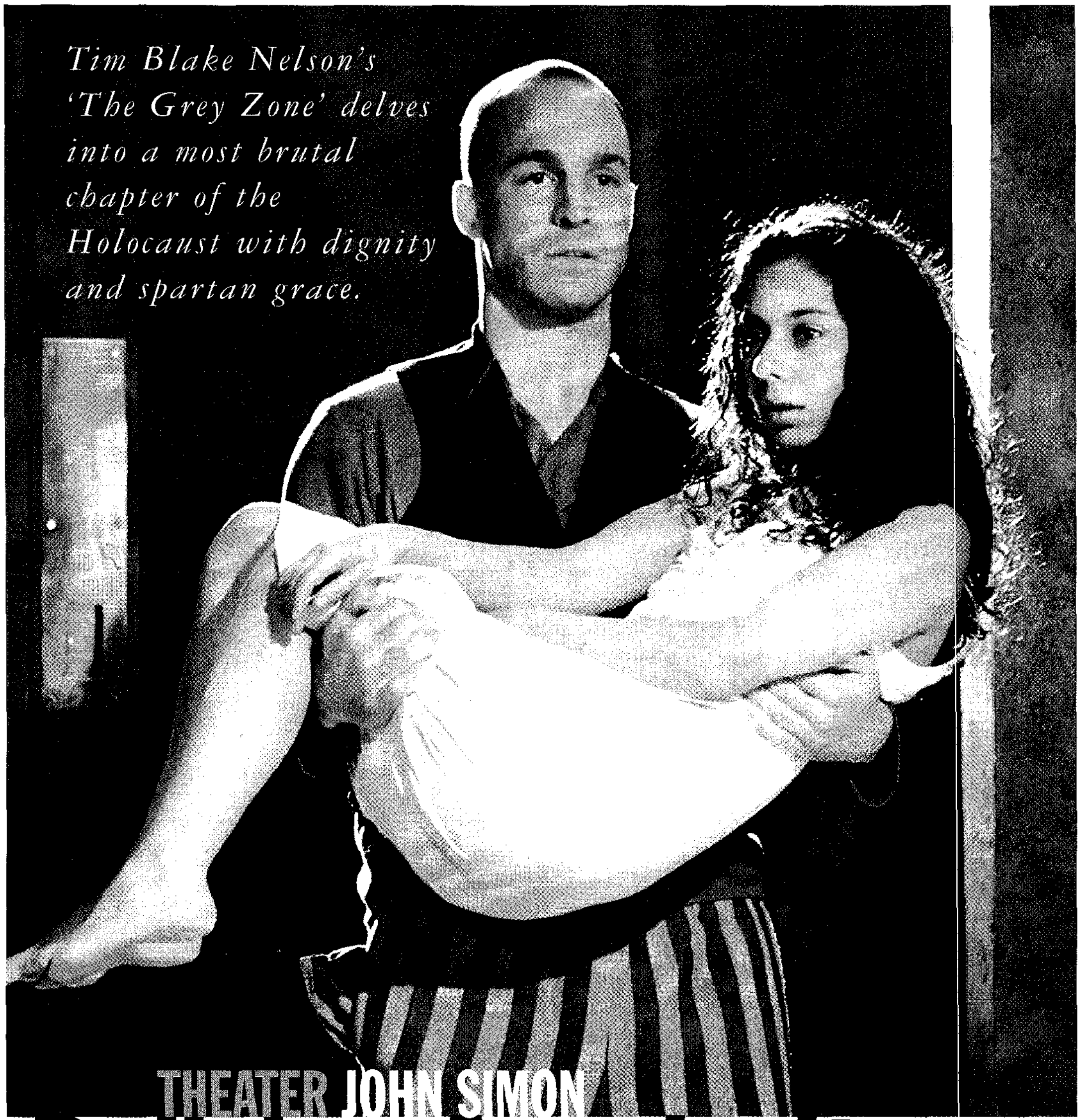
Gigino
TRATTORIA
AND TAKE AWAY
323 Greenwich St. • 431-1112

Il Palazzo
Ristorante Italiano
Dining in Backyard with Waterfalls
The Newest & Finest Restaurant in Little Italy
151 Mulberry St. (bet. Hester & Grand) • 343-7000

PATRIA
"Nuevo Latino"
250 PARK AVENUE SOUTH 777-6211

Vong
INNOVATIVE
THAI
CUISINE
200 EAST 54TH STREET, NYC
CORNER OF 3RD AVENUE (212) 486-9592

Les Pyrenees
distinctive French specialties
Lunch • Cocktails • Dinner
PRIVATE PARTY FACILITIES
251 W. 51st St. (opp. Gershwin Theatre)
Res: 246-0044 / 246-0373
Jean Claude Pujol, Owner - Open 7 Days
(Across from SHOWBOAT)



Tim Blake Nelson's 'The Grey Zone' delves into a most brutal chapter of the Holocaust with dignity and spartan grace.

The kindness of strangers: Gus Rogerson and Abigail Revasch in *The Grey Zone.* Opposite, Terri Klausner, Jason Workman, and Michael Martin in *Bed and Sofa.*

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Reliving Auschwitz

I NEVER HELD WITH THEODOR ADORNO'S INFLUENTIAL, albeit eventually recanted, assertion that after Auschwitz, there could be no more poetry. As the poet-critic Hans Magnus Enzenberger has noted, the idea that literature about the Holocaust inevitably trivializes it needed to be refuted. And it has been, most searingly by Paul Celan's great 36-line poem *Todesfuge* ("Death Fugue"). But it still takes courage to write poetry, fiction, or drama about this hardest of subjects, not to mention judiciousness and taste. It is to Tim Blake Nelson's considerable credit that his terse, spartan play, **The Grey Zone,** comes very close to total success.

Based on accounts of eyewitnesses and survivors, Nelson's work confronts the worst head-on. It deals with the *Sonderkommando,* the Jewish squad that had to escort fellow Jews to the gas chambers. Its members, too, were periodically liquidated, until one group, at the cost of their lives, blew up one of the crematoriums. Nelson has wisely kept his cast down to eight, playing nine roles: one German officer, one subaltern, six male camp inmates, and a girl who miraculously survives the gas.

The action and dialogue adhere to bare-bones simplicity and directness. There is the story, essentially true, and very little contrived plotting. The talk is starkly unadorned. The horror is there, but so is the urge to make us think as well as feel, to understand all but the innermost kernel of the unconscionable. There is no sensationalism, but no soft-pedaling either. You learn a lot, but it never feels like a lecture; you are at Auschwitz, not in a classroom. You suffer with these characters, but you feel your humanity expanding. You come as near as possible to that shattering Resnais documentary *Night and Fog,* yet reportage has been transcended into fusion with actual people.

I can't tell you more: Criticizing Holocaust works is almost as hard as writing them. I can say, however, that Neil Patel's set, Catherine Zuber's costumes, Michael Chybowski's lighting, and especially David Van Tieghem's sound add their hallucinatory voices to the unspeakable. Also that Douglas Hughes's staging is flawless. Impeccable, too, are the men in the cast: Gus Rogerson, Matthew Sussman, Michael Stuhlbarg, David Chandler, Christopher McCann, Henry Stram, and Edward Dougherty. Abigail Revasch is also fine as a naked near-corpse, later a bewildered survivor sunk into mutism. Only when she speaks at last does she become distressingly actressy, but there the author also makes his one misstep. He tries to wax poetic, but his poetry, unlike his drama, lets him and his subject down.

Bed and Sofa, SUBTITLED "A SILENT MOVIE OPERA," IS SOMEwhat unsure about what it is spoofing. Is it making fun of silent movies, notably Abram Room's famous 1926 silent *Tretya Meshchanskaya,* a.k.a. *Bed and Sofa,* which it adapts and musicalizes? Or is it joining its Russian source (Room is credited in the program, but not the gifted scenarist Victor Shklovsky) in a satire on the housing shortage and general chaos of the early days of Bolshevism? Or is it feministically ridiculing Kolya, the husband, and Volodya, the lover, between whom the repressed Ludmilla shuttles until, impregnated by one of

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

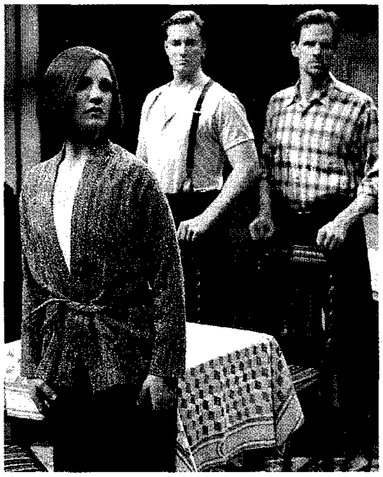
these callous men, she shucks both of them and goes off to have her baby on her own?

Finally, though, none of this matters, because the show—with jaunty music by Polly Pen and jazzy text by Laurence Klavan—makes up for its discursiveness by being fresh in both senses of the word. It's a cheeky farce that is as original as it is impudent. The three characters play an existential game of musical chairs—or musical bed and sofa—in the cramped one-room apartment into which the married Kolya has taken his old army buddy, the unhoused Volodya, to sleep on the undesirable sofa. Whoever gets the hotly contested bed also gets Ludmilla, the wife and drudge, in what turns out to be a sexual carousel.

When the frenziedly single-minded lyrics do not dwell on bed and sofa—or, later, on bread and soda—they exude an even grander insouciance, as in: "Here's to our men,/ Be they peasant or czar;/ They're all just the same/ In the USSR." And when the singing takes a breather, in comes the static-laden radio, disbursing such wisdom as "In Russia, it is a commonly held belief that drinking vodka stretches the vocal cords."

The whimsy is relentless but somehow skirts boredom. All praise to Polly Pen's music, bravely written for piano quartet, and to Andre Ernotte's direction, with its tireless resourcefulness and infectious gusto; only a final hat toss strikes me as misjudged. G. W. Mercier has designed a children's-picture-book room inside a Constructivist Moscow and rightly ratty costumes; Phil Monat's lighting is a wonder unto itself. Terri Klausner, Michael X. Martin, and Jason Workman could not act and sing better, and look exactly like fraught Bolshies. Even a toy train gives a valiant supporting performance. The ultimate message of *Bed and Sofa* may be "So far, so bad!" But it manages to turn bedraggledness and benightedness into an endearing sofa-and-bed-time story.

IF THE WORD "SMART-ASS" HAD NOT BEEN invented, it would have to be for Craig Lucas's 1984 **Blue Window,** now revived at the Manhattan Theatre Club, inasmuch as a corpse can be. It assembles seven random New Yorkers before, during, and after a party. We get a bare minimum of information about each, and nothing to elevate anyone above a scale ranging from the spuriously sophisticated to the genuinely sophomoric. The characters sport chic neuroses, spout self-conscious witticisms, and commit cutesy faux pas; and one of them, for a forthcoming trip, ostentatiously studies Italian. About such a lot, a damn may be more than you care to give.



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Does the playwright? He seems trapped in ambivalence, wanting his seven dwarfs to beguile us with their so us-like flailings, while also inviting us to feel as superior to them as he lip-smackingly does. This despite the fact that two of them are apparently modeled on himself and his now-deceased lover. The problems of these two couples (one homosexual, the other heterosexual) and one quasi triangle focusing on a woman—though one of her swains has manifestly gay characteristics—erupt arbitrarily and are resolved glibly. Lucas may think he is tendering aperçus and archetypes; but the archetypes are more like clichés, and the aperçus more like cocktail-party epiphanies.

There are the lesbian writer and her family-therapist lover subtly tormenting each other until, in the end, they nuzzle bittersweetly into reconciliation. There is the studio musician, struggling to compose a hit song, and his stolid office-worker girlfriend, who find serenity in watching TV with the sound turned off. And there is the insecure hostess, traumatized by a horrible accident in her past and a comic one in her present, who does not get satisfaction from a supportive but soft friend from her therapy group, then thaws out under the sensual gaze of a strong, silent type—a parachute-jump instructor, no less. Littering the stage are symbols: some three or four different kinds of blue windows; two different falls, one partly free, one fatal; and two portentous songs, one that never gets finished, and one that externalizes an interior monologue.

Joe Mantello, a canny director, has found ways of making a play that in previous productions has seemed klutzily static, spectacularly fluid—almost too much so—thanks in part to borrowings from Alan Ayckbourne. And he certainly manages to gloss over several of the shortcomings. He is greatly helped by the slickly efficient design team and an accomplished cast. Among the skillful David Aaron Baker, John Benjamin Hickey, Allison Janney, Ellen McLaughlin, J. Smith-Cameron, and David Warshofsky, only the untalented and unappealing Johanna Day sticks out like a sore thumb, or ten. ▬

The Card for Your Corner of the World

Midtown

"★ ★ ★"

– The New York Times
September 29, 1995

AQUAVIT
Restaurant Aquavit of New York.
13 West 54th Street, New York
212-307-7311

Aquavit is a cool, crisp Scandinavian classic with both formal and casual dining. Guests can savor exquisitely prepared seafood and game. And remember, we warmly welcome the American Express® Card, the Card for your corner of the world.

For Life. For Living.

© 1996 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

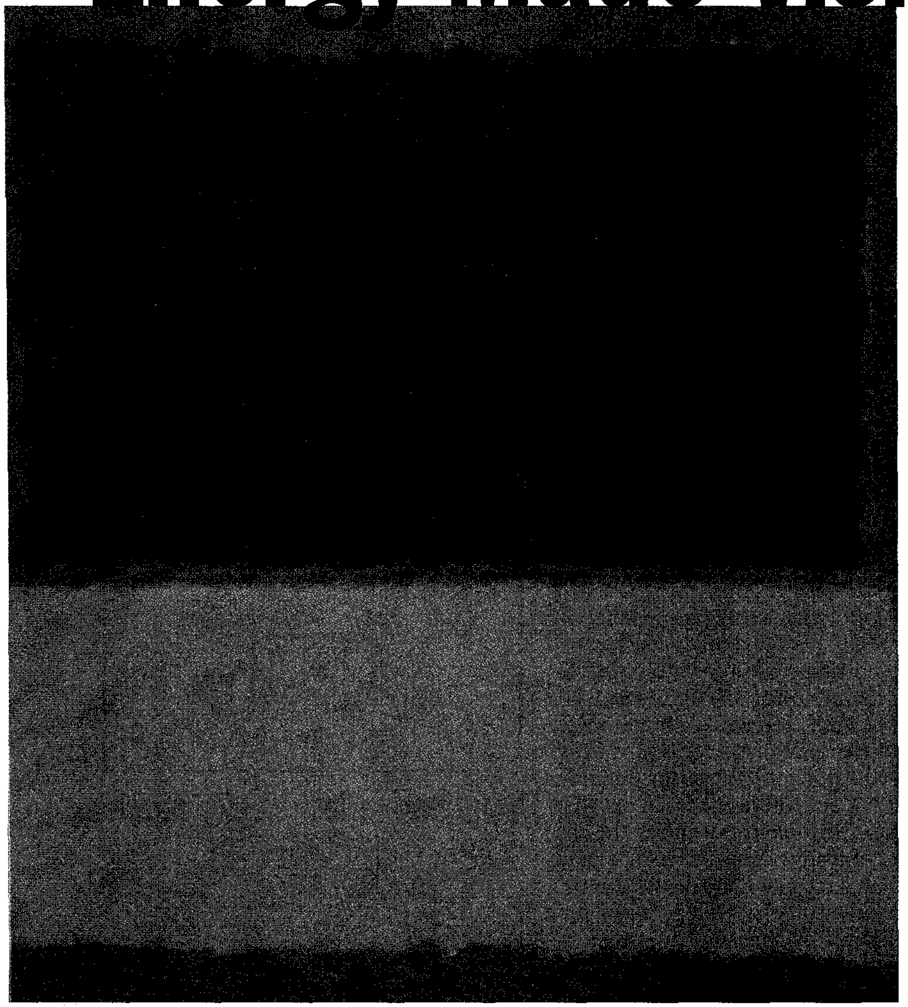
I	N	D	I	G	O			G	O	O	D	M	A	N
N		I		I		J		O		F		E		A
F	I	Z	Z	L	E	O	U	T		F	I	G	H	T
E		Z		L		P		O		E		A		U
R	H	Y	M	E		L	I	B	E	R	A	T	O	R
N				S		I		E				O		E
O	U	T	S	P	A	N		D	O	M	I	N	O	
		O		I						O		N		
	T	W	E	E	D	S		B	R	U	B	E	C	K
W		N				H		I		L				A
A	R	M	S	T	R	O	N	G		S	C	O	T	T
L		O		A		O		B		F		R		I
L	O	U	I	S		T	H	E	L	O	N	I	U	S
E		S		T		E		N		R		O		H
R	O	E	D	E	E	R			A	D	O	N	I	A

P	O	T	A	T	O			C	A	M	E	L	S		D	I	S	M	A	L
A	S	H	C	A	N	S		A	M	E	L	I	A		I	N	H	A	L	E
S	K	Y	T	R	O	T		S	U	S	A	N	D	O	N	S	A	R	A	N
T	A	M	S			A	D	S		A	T	E		P	E	A	R	L	E	T
E	R	E		B	E	L	I	E	S		E	A	V	E		N	E	E		
			A	R	T	L	E	T	T	E	R	L	I	N	K		S	N	A	G
O	O	M	P	A	H		S	T	U	D	S		B	U	Y	S		E	L	A
T	R	I	S	T	A	N		E	N	D		D	E	P	O	T		R	E	T
H	A	L	O		N	E	D	S		I	S	A			T	O	R	I	N	O
E	L	L		D	E	M	A		L	E	W	I	S	R	O	L	L	C	A	R
		A	S	A		E	M	E	U		A	S	E	A		I	S	H		
A	A	R	O	N	L	A	N	D	C	O	P		M	I	L	D		D	A	B
I	N	D	U	C	E			G	E	L		S	I	L	O		W	I	N	E
D	I	M		E	V	E	R	Y		D	I	P		S	A	P	I	E	N	T
E	T	O		R	E	D	O		D	E	M	O	S		D	A	N	T	E	S
S	A	R	I		E	I	L	E	E	N	A	R	T	H	E	C	K			
		E	S	O		T	E	A	L		S	T	E	E	D	S		E	A	U
A	L	F	O	N	S	O		R	U	T		S	P	A			A	R	I	S
N	E	I	L	S	T	R	O	N	G	A	R	M		D	I	E	R	U	S	H
T	I	L	D	E	N		P	E	E	W	E	E		S	T	E	E	P	L	E
I	S	L	E	T	S		A	D	D	S	O	N			S	K	A	T	E	R

ART MARK STEVENS

Energy Made Visible

In a large and varied tribute to abstract art, the Guggenheim sets out to ravish the eye



The many faces of abstraction: Mark Rothko's *Blue Over Orange* (above), Richard Serra's *Belts* (above right). Vladimir Tatlin's *Model for 'The Monument to the Third International'* (below).

HISTORIANS WILL EVENTUALLY TREAT "ABSTRACT art" as the most distinctive contribution of the twentieth century to painting and sculpture. Not necessarily the greatest contribution—you would have to exclude Picasso, Matisse, and too many others to argue that—but certainly the signature style of our time. Yet there has never been a full-scale exhibition of abstraction in the twentieth century. The reasons are not hard to find. Wouldn't a show with such a vast and varied subject be as superficial as an "If this is Tuesday, it must be Belgium" tour? As witlessly pedantic as an encyclopedia? Think of the enemies to be made with your selection!

Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline, which opened last week at the Guggenheim Museum (uptown), is an easy exhibition to fault. But the criticisms that came to my mind—concerning omissions, the depth of the presentation, the familiarity of many works, the elusive meaning of the word *abstract* itself—seemed quibbling when compared with the serious pleasure provided by this show. I emphasize "pleasure" because that is what's unusual, even original here, and what enables the exhibit to escape the obvious problems. The curator, Mark Rosenthal, while not immune to the responsibility to educate, has deliberately set out to *ravish* the eye.

In the United States, the approach of museums to art is often medicinal and academic. (A show must instruct, educate, and improve the tone of society; the crowd is advised to wear headphones, with Philippe de Montebello to inform and uplift.) I don't dislike education, self-improvement, or scholarship, but I have always preferred art; and I suspect Rosenthal of the same crime. Rosenthal, now the curator of twentieth-century art at the National Gallery in Washington, has "told the story" of abstraction in this exhibition by including 49 artists, a burdensome number. While many artists are represented by a single work, however, the force of the show lies in the twenty or so he has highlighted with selections of three, four, five works.

The pleasure comes in several forms. To begin with, certain abstract works look spectacular in this setting. The Guggenheim of Frank Lloyd Wright is a visionary building; it has no right-angle grip; it conveys a whirling weightlessness. The dramatic opening of the show contains works by Kandinsky, Tatlin, and Malevich, each of whom aspired to leave behind the heavy world of tradition and give a liberating lift to form. The utopian thrust of these three artists seems more powerful in Wright's spiral than in conventional museums. Malevich, in particular, appears released from jail. He looks better here than I have ever seen him.

With just four or five works from a particular artist, Rosenthal cannot show that artist in detail. He therefore invites the charge of presenting a superficial skate across history. But his strategy has some serious advantages. How wearying it has become, in our retrospective-clotted culture, constantly to see a hundred works by one person! Again and again to be invited to bow and scrape before the juvenilia and lesser achievements! If your passion is for art rather than for scholarship, do you really want to see dozens of Rothkos at a time? Perhaps once in a generation.

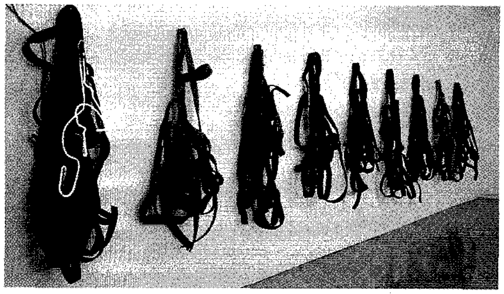
The recent Mondrian retrospective merited a trip once a week for the rest of one's life, but few abstract artists can sustain the lengthy gaze that a retrospective calls for. Here the works are generally well selected: You may dislike a highlighted artist or disagree with the choice, but each artist usually presents his or her (there are not many hers) best face. In this show, for example, Rothko is beautifully "put," in works that represent his best aspect. Free from the interesting clutter of the secondary, the exhibition yields the brilliant, sometimes overclear light of a severely pruned garden.

That, in turn, encourages one to make connections rarely made. The eye can twirl around the Guggenheim

Photographs courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum.

ramp—and a John Chamberlain sculpture presents an unexpected parallel to a boisterous Frank Stella, while Malevich whispers to Mondrian and Rothko. This relaxes art history, an effect that can—in some instances—serve the deeper fancy of art. Critics and art historians tend to have boxy minds: Jackson Pollock is an Abstract Expressionist and Richard Serra is a post-minimalist. They inhabit different boxes. And, to be sure, those two artists are importantly different if your interest lies in distinguishing the fine shading of art's evolution within the last quarter-century.

If you pull back and take a more distant view of the century, however, what you lose in shading you may gain in the broad, arching outline. Serra and Pollock, for example, draw closer together. (Serra often reminds me of a brooding, inchoate Pollock who has not yet found the release of Pollock's classic "poured" paintings.) Who is to say which perspective, the near- or the farsighted, best reveals the art of the last hundred years? Each can provide sharp insight; each can devolve into the facile and fatuous. Because we are more accustomed today to the close study of art's evolution, this show often seems unexpected, whatever the familiarity of the work.



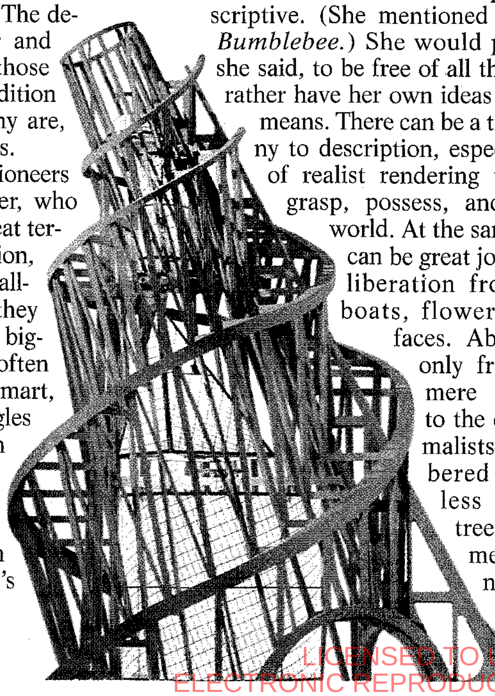
The decay of abstract art also comes into telling focus. Of course, the museum does not intentionally make this downbeat point, emphasizing instead that succeeding generations in this century have found ways to remake and renew abstract art. (The exhibition's title, "Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline," comes from Eva Hesse.) But the end of this century is a good time to begin addressing how the power of abstract art starts to diminish after the Abstract Expressionist artists of the fifties. And why shouldn't abstract art decay? It would be remarkable if it did not. Decay is the natural fate of historical movements, ideas, and styles in art. The decay is nothing to fear and does not mean that those working late in the tradition are without value. Many are, in fact, marvelous artists.

In contrast with the pioneers of abstract art, however, who first laid claim to the great territories of the imagination, the late artists have a smaller purview (although they typically make art much bigger in size). They are often fluent, knowledgeable, smart, adept at working the angles of the abstract style. In an effort to make a place for themselves—when much of the great work has already been done—they inflate art's scale, engage in exquisite effects or hothouse shocks, and establish an offbeat or intellectually precious place for themselves.

Compare Brancusi's *Endless Column* with Carl Andre's sculpture. The Brancusi seems a contribution to the spirit, the Andre a calculated turn on art's wheel. Like Andre, Ellsworth Kelly is a significant artist. But there is an elegance about his work (which is never without visual wit or surprise) that makes his achievement that of a late artist. In New York, many people will be offended that Rosenthal omitted Brice Marden. Whatever the reasons for the exclusion, Marden is also a classic instance of a late artist. He is a synthesizer with a tasty touch, a fine painter who does not seem as necessary as the artists who inspire him.

There remain intelligent people who still attack abstraction for being "inhuman," "mechanical," "the end of art." They especially should make a point of going to this exhibition. The sensation here of humanity is vivid, eccentric, palpable. Not simply because many works are of high quality but because the abstract style when assembled over a century shows itself capable of such enormously varied effects. From the taut delicacy of Kandinsky to the emotional severity of Judd, from the explosiveness of Pollock to the reticence of Martin—and on and on. Each note, major and minor, seems irreducibly individual.

Agnes Martin once voiced impatience with music that insisted upon being descriptive. (She mentioned *Flight of the Bumblebee.*) She would prefer music, she said, to be free of all that; she would rather have her own ideas about what it means. There can be a tiresome tyranny to description, especially the sort of realist rendering that seeks to grasp, possess, and master the world. At the same time, there can be great joy found in the liberation from all those boats, flowers, pots, and faces. Abstraction not only freed art from mere description—to the delight of formalists—it remembered a reality no less real than a tree. A temperament does not need a tree. ▬



Blue Note®
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT • 131 W. 3RD ST. NYC • 475-8592
INTERNET http://www.interjazz.com/ijazz/bluenote.html
PIANO BY Bösendorfer
THE KING OF LATIN JAZZ
TITO PUENTE'S
GOLDEN LATIN JAZZ ALL-STARS FEATURING
MONGO SANTAMARIA, DAVE VALENTIN, CHARLIE SEPULVEDA, MARIO RIVERA, HILTON RUIZ, ANDY GONZALEZ, IGNACIO BERROA & GIOVANNI HIDALGO
TUE FEB 13 - SUN FEB 18 AT 9PM & 11:30PM
DINNER SERVED NIGHTLY 7PM 'TIL 1AM • FRI/SAT 'TIL 2AM
FEB 20 - 25 BETTY CARTER & HER QUARTET
FEB 27 - MAR 3 MICHEL CAMILO TRIO
SUNDAY BRUNCH $14.50 INCLUDES MUSIC • DRINK • BRUNCH

USA Brooklyn™ DINER
THE FINER DINER
212 W 57th St • Manhattan • 212.581.8900

The Restaurant at The Stanhope
Fifth Ave at 81st St. 288-5800

Cal's
RESTAURANT & BAR
55 WEST 21st ST NEW YORK NY 10010•212 929 0740

Complete dinner 24.50 Mon.-Fri.
★★★..."Extraordinary food"... Bob Lape, Crain's
TROPICA
Bar and Seafood House
MetLife Building, 45th/Park, 867-6767

Fresh Basil's
The fresh taste of Italy served in a comfortable atmosphere. Lunch and Dinner - Monday to Saturday.
663 Lexington Avenue. (212) 888-4292
TRATTORIA

SEVILLA
Luncheon Parties
FINEST SPANISH CUISINE
LUNCH•COCKTAILS•DINNER
famed Paella a la Valenciana
62 CHARLES ST. (W. 4 St.) WA9-3189

[illegible] PETER [illegible]

[illegible]cific [illegible]ts

Juilliard's grand tour around the Rim makes beautiful multiculti sense out of a seemingly oddball collection of musical exotica.

Denise Stilwell (left) and Jennifer Kloetzel performing in Jin Hi Kim's *Kee Maek* at this year's Juilliard Focus! festival.

If the Juilliard School's recently completed **Focus! 1996** festival seemed a bit, well, unfocused, the blur was intentional and rather splendidly relevant. The idea behind these annual weeklong events is to get a fix on one significant aspect of recent trends in musical composition, and this year's theme was "Around the Rim: Music of the Pacific Nations"—something of a sprawl, since geographical areas that arguably contain an interacting musical identity come no larger than that. During the course of six concerts, Focus! director Joel Sachs took us on a musical tour from Alaska and Canada down the North American West Coast through Mexico and El Salvador to Peru and Chile; swept us over to Australia and New Zealand, then on up to Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, China, and the Philippines; and ended the journey in Korea and Japan—there would have been a layover in Siberia, but the one submitted score arrived late and turned out to be logistically unfeasible. Even at that, 44 composers from eighteen nations were represented, and culture shock doesn't begin to describe the various musical results.

Suspicious types who always smell rats whenever a thematic event is announced will no doubt snort and label the whole thing a Pacific red herring, or at best a convenient excuse to serve up an oddball miscellany of musical exotica. Sachs had a few answers ready for them, too. First of all, he could point out that Pacific Rimmers are united when it comes to playing cultural politics, and most of them apparently think they share enough common interests and traditions to be active members of the Asian Composers League, a group that has now expanded to take in the whole region and that wields increasing influence. More significantly, despite the dizzying stylistic variety, practically every piece on the four programs I heard had a strong national or regional quality, and demonstrated more than a few signs of cross-fertilization among composers, as they make choices of techniques and materials. Beyond that, there seems to be a conscious urge among many of these composers to divorce themselves from any suggestion of Europeanism as well as the fashionable post-minimalist, postmodern, post-grunge idioms that continue to dominate new mainstream American music, particularly here on the East Coast.

"It's never enough just to know your own musical tradition," Lou Harrison once said, and that grand old man of the California scene (born 1917) has been eagerly exploring other traditions ever since he first turned his gaze toward Asia and began incorporating non-Western techniques into his music some 60 years ago. By the time he wrote his *Piano Concerto With Selected Orchestra* (1983–85), Harrison had arrived at a synthesis that sounds like no other's. Part of the music's surface sheen and harmonic richness is derived from the complex retuning of the piano to replicate the tones of a full Javanese gamelan, but the childlike beauty and playfulness of the music result mainly from the composer's own quirky reimagining of the special sounds he has heard on his travels. Boisterous forearm tone clusters, scampering rhythmic figurations, tolling Eastern bells and gongs, exotic percussive combinations—it all blends into an immensely appealing score of unusual radiance and expressive generosity.

Australian composers began absorbing influences from their Pacific neighbors at least as far back as the sixties, when the country's most famous senior composer, Peter Sculthorpe (born 1929), produced his series of cross-cultural orchestral works drawing on Tasmanian aborigine lore and later the music of Japan and Bali. A more recent piece by Vincent Plush (born 1950), *On Shooting Stars,* for seven instrumentalists, looks across the ocean at Chile. Plush goes further by adding social relevance to the mix and laces his textures with that country's *canto nuevo,* music of protest that developed during the years that led to the overthrow of the Allende government in 1973. The material is mainly derived from the traditional Chilean folk idioms used by Victor Jara, the popular folksinger-poet-playwright who was brutally murdered in a Santiago stadium on the eve of the 1973 coup. This gorgeous score goes far beyond political protest as a shim-

Photographs by Rahav Segev.

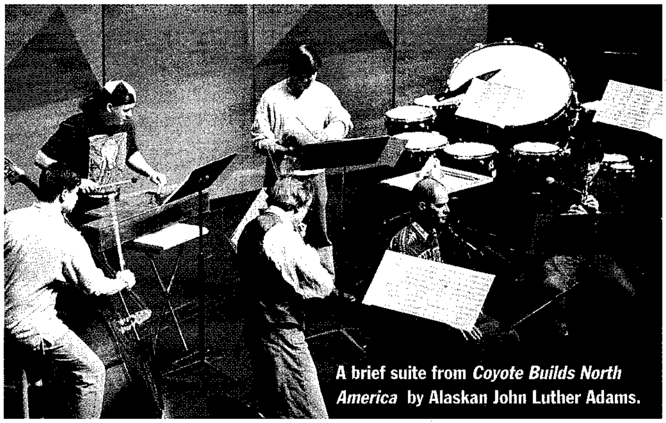
mering assortment of sonic mobiles passes from one instrument to another, grows and gathers strength, and builds to a shattering climax when the accusing voice of Jara himself suddenly pierces the texture "like a jammed radio signal."

Composers from Asian nations also have no qualms about borrowing from other cultures, but they have rich musical traditions of their own to draw on. Indigenous Indonesian music, in fact, is still so flourishing that Sachs had trouble locating a composer whose work could be performed by Juilliard students on Western instruments. He eventually settled on *Dongeng Sebelum Tidur* ("A Tale Before Sleep") by Tony Prabowo (born 1956), a diaphanous concert aria for mezzo-soprano and chamber orchestra based on Indonesian folk tales of human–animal transformation. Su Lian Tan (born 1964) from Malaysia begins *By Leaps and Bounds* for cello and piano in a dissonant Western idiom, but the stern post-Webernisms are gradually softened by the comforting sounds of gamelan music, which eventually take over entirely. As a composer who grew up during the dark years of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, Chen Yi (born 1953) has been encouraged to look even deeper into her musical roots with *Duo Ye* for piano, a piece structured from the traditional songs and dances of the Dong minority of China's Guangxi Zhuangzu region. Jin Hi Kim (born 1958) draws on the more abstract Korean concept of "living tones" for her sinuous violin-cello duo, *Kee Maek* ("Energy and Pulse"), in which, she says, "each tone is alive—has its own shape—and the music exists largely in the transitory moment of each individual sound."

Alaska may be an American state, but it is also something of a state of mind, to judge from the pieces by two composers who live there and take inspiration from their surroundings as much as any Asian musician. Environmental issues are paramount for Philip Munger (born 1946), who believes so strongly that artists can make a difference here that he is busily organizing what seems to be an Alaskan task force devoted to the cause. So far, the project "embraces the Knik Philharmonic as a presenting organization, a database, a newsletter, and a still-unspecified political action tool." Stay tuned. Meanwhile, Munger has put his activism into sound with *Kokinhenik Toccata,* a boisterously sportive piano piece à la Prokofiev that celebrates the Kokinhenik Bar and conjures up sonic images of the wild fluctuations of water levels around this unique swale created by the Copper River as it enters the northern tip of the Gulf of Alaska.

John Luther Adams (born 1953, and not to be confused with the composer of *Nixon in China)* arrived in Alaska from America's suburbia in the seventies. Since then, he says, "through attentive and sustained listening to the resonances of this place, I [have hoped] to make music that belongs here, somewhat like the plants and the birds—music informed by worldwide traditions, but music which can best, perhaps, be made only here." One of the composer's most ambitious steps in that direction so far is an evening-long music-theater piece, *Coyote Builds North America,* built around tales and legends of native Alaskan peoples. Ever resourceful and resilient, Coyote is a familiar folk hero–scamp who suggests his counterparts in other countries. An incorrigible cutup, he takes water from the Frog People, marries his own daughter, and participates in the birth of thunder. Since the brief suite that Adams arranged for Focus! could only hint at the range of Coyote's colorful musical adventures, some enterprising group hereabouts might one day take the hint and stage the full piece.

Part of the pleasure in attending Focus! each year is hearing dozens of talented Juilliard students take on so many diverse musical challenges and perform them with such enthusiasm—a refreshing pause in the routine, one would think, from hours spent hacking out one more Chopin étude. Although he sometimes appears onstage as conductor, Joel Sachs is mostly the invisible hero of these occasions, a new-music impresario who promotes no political agendas but consistently organizes stimulating thematic events that stretch the ears. One can only imagine the time that must have gone into putting the vast panorama into perspective, contacting far-flung composers, poring over scores, choosing workable programs, preparing the performances, and writing the information-packed booklet that guided audiences in this whirlwind tour around the Rim. ■


A brief suite from *Coyote Builds North America* by Alaskan John Luther Adams.

FUMIKO HOSODA WELCOMES YOU!
"Dining at Shinbashi is spending an evening in Japan"
Shinbashi
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
280 Park Avenue on 48th Street,
(between Park and Madison), N.Y.C.
Reservations: 212-661-3915
ALSO VISIT **Shinbashi-an**
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
141 East 48th St., (between Lexington & Third)
New York City • Reservations: ***752-0505***

"T-Bone...is first rate.
And the Prime Rib...is superlative."
- Gael Greene
American Festival Cafe
Rockefeller Plaza, W 50th Street
Lower Concourse Level 332-7620
Free parking after 5pm up to 7 hours with dinner

Dish of Salt
Classic Cantonese cuisine
133 West 47th Street New York City
Reservations: 921-4242

"Dishes that dazzle"
— Ruth Reichl, *NY TIMES*
JUDSON GRILL
LUNCH • DINNER
PRE/POST THEATER
PARTIES • EVENTS
152 W. 52ND ST. • BET 6TH AND 7TH AVE. • 212-582-5252

Complete Pre-theater Dinner $35
From 5 - 7 pm
The Sea Grill
Rockefeller Plaza, W 50th Street
Lower Concourse Level 332-7610

Jo Jo
"Happiness is a thing called JoJo..."
– Gael Greene, NYM
160 East 64th Street • (212) 223-5656
(between 3rd Ave. & Lexington)

LA VERANDA
Theater Goers Haven
Dine In Elegance At Moderate Prices
One Of The Best Italian Restaurants
In New York
FREE PARKING NEXT DOOR 5 PM TO 1 AM
163 W 47th St Res: (212) 391-0905

LEONORE FLEISCHER FEBRUARY 19, 1996

SALES & BARGAINS

Going to the chapel? Just getting married? This shop off Lexington is cutting rental fees on formalwear for bridegrooms and groomsmen.

Magnificent Seven

SHOWROOM SEVEN INTERNATIONAL features the contemporary designs of some 30 designers of women's accessories and clothing; now it's having a sample sale of one- and few-of-a-kind items at wholesale and below: Ann Turk handbags and belts, such as a lizard-embossed bag in black or white with chain strap and cherub clasp, retail $520, here $200. Erickson Beamon jewelry, including a handmade multi-strand pearl-and-crystal necklace with a crystal clasp, retail $600, here $200. Whistles clothing from England, sizes 6 and 8, includes an acid-yellow mock-crocodile vinyl jacket, retail $400, here $171; matching hip-hugger miniskirt, retail $140, here $70. Nancy Severin long and short ivory or black Venetian-lace dresses, retail $700 for long, $430 for short, here $285 and $210, respectively. *Showroom Seven International, 498 Seventh Ave., near 37th St., 24th floor (643-4810); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Tues.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; 2/13–2/23.*

Cross Dressers

THIS MAKER'S WOMEN'S AND MEN'S CLASSIC hand-tailored single- and double-breasted business suits and jackets, manufactured on the premises, are now 40–65 percent off. All are in handsome natural-fiber fabrics including cashmeres and super 100s. For women, in sizes 6–14, skirt suit of Scottish windowpane check, was $695, now $359; jacket of Loro Piana cashmere, was $750, now $299; pleated skirt in Scottish fabric, was $195, now $99; straight flannel skirt, was $195, now $69. For men, in sizes 39–42S and 36–46R, Scottish tweed jacket, was $425, now $99; suits, were $550–$750, now $199–$399. *Saint Laurie, 895 Broadway, near 20th St., third floor (473-0100); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; alterations extra; Thurs. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Fri. till 6:30 p.m., Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Mon. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; 2/15–2/19.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.*

The Wearable Lightness of Beene

THIS EYEWEAR BOUTIQUE, WHICH ALWAYS discounts its famous-maker frames, is now having a sale. Among the children's frames, Fisher-Price bright-colored metal spring-hinge frames, were $95 here, now $65; oval and round spring-hinge metal frames by Geoffrey Beene and others, were $95–$145 here, now $65–$100; very famous Italian-designer metal frames with leather cases, were $165–$225, now $100–$160. Designer sunglasses at half-price include Romeo Gigli, were $165, now $82.50; Reebok, were $150, now $75; lightweight stainless steel, were $110–$165, now $65–$130. *Chelsee Eyes, Inc., 20 W. 20th St., Suite 804 (242-4823); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., evenings and Sats. by appt.; 2/15–3/15.*

Here Comes the Bridegroom

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY, THESE SPECIALISTS IN men's formalwear are offering 25 percent off the rental of your wedding attire and those of your groomsmen. Included are the latest spring fashions by such designers as Perry Ellis, Ralph Lauren Chaps, Christian Dior, and Pierre Cardin, in sizes from 4 (for ring bearers) up to 60 in tuxedos and up to 54 in tails and cutaways. Rentals of morning suits and full-dress outfits, were $150, now $112.50; rentals of complete accessory outfits, including designer French-cuff shirts, matching cummerbunds and bow ties, and so on, were $99–$135, now $74.50–$101.25. *Lexington Formal Wear, 12 E. 46th St., second floor (867-4420); A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 2/17.*

Pretty As a Picture

PICTURE FRAMES OF EVERY SIZE, MATERIAL, and type are on sale for one week only. Everything (other than the antique frames) is at least 10 percent off, and some are as much as 50 percent off. For example (all measurements are for picture sizes, not outer frame sizes): wooden marquetry 5-by-7-in. frames, were $58, now $46; 5-by-7-in. silverplate frames, were $78, now $39; floor samples of 2-by-3-in. sterling-silver frames, were $59, now $18; 8-by-10-in. inlaid wooden frames, were $98, now $34; 8-by-10-in. leather and lizardskin frames, were $98, now $49; hand-painted black and gold frames, were $59, now $30; 8-by-10-in. tapestry-covered photo albums, were $115, now $80. *Framed on Madison, 740 Madison Ave., near 64th St. (734-4680); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m.; through 2/18.*

A *Deux*

THIS MIDTOWN ART GALLERY IS MOVING, and so is having a sale on all its artworks, mostly limited editions of graphics by famous artists; prices have been reduced 20–50 percent (all prices are for unframed works): Picasso's *Deux Femmes* etching, was $8,000, now $6,400; Chagall's lithograph *Celebration,* was $23,000, now $18,400; Matisse's lithograph *Virgin and Child,* was $22,500, now $18,000; David Hockney's etching *Celia,* was $9,000, now $7,200. *Studio 53, 424 Park Ave., near 55th St. (755-6650); A.E., M.C., V., accepted; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 3/15.*

Knockin' on Simon's Door

SIMON'S IS HAVING A SALE ON OMNIA ENtrance, passage, and privacy lock sets, now 40–70 percent off, as well as hardware with special finishes, decorative cabinet hardware, and bathroom accessories. Door sets in polished brass are half-price, such as elegant Waldorf, Tudor, and Regal styles, were $356–$399, now $178–$194.50. Passage and privacy sets are 40 percent off, such as one that was $197, now $118.20; some in polished chrome are 70 percent off, were $107, now $32.10. *Simon's Hardware & Bath, 421 Third Ave., near 29th St. (532-9220); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 2/29.* ■

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

rt 75

ars 85

oncerts 91

ance 91

ids 94

he mix 92

iovies 68

ightlife 83

nline 93

adio 92

estaurants 86

ports 93

heater 79

he written word 92

style for sale

For the next two weekends, the **Triple Pier Expo** *turns three terminals on the Hudson into the world's most impressive flea market* (*page* 93)

movies

Illegal Aliens...The Allure of Death Row

New Films

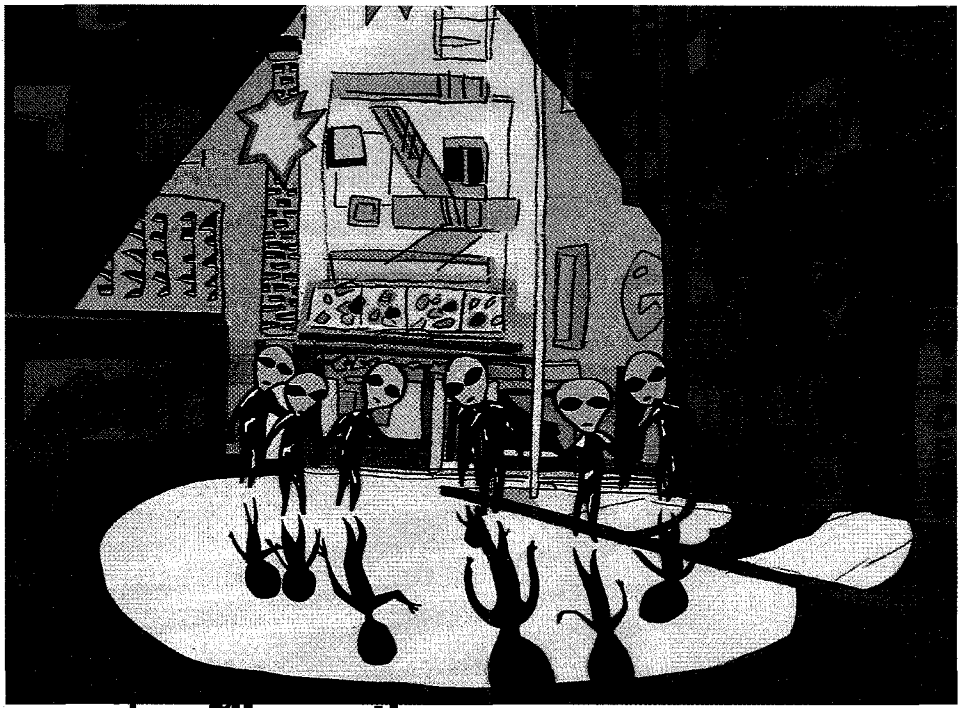
Abductees—A beautifully and lovingly animated short, based on interviews with five Americans who believe they were abducted by aliens. Loopy, haunting, and endearing. Directed by Paul Vester. (11 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The American President—President Andrew Shepherd (Michael Douglas) is a a widower who falls for a liberal environmental lobbyist, Sydney Ellen Wade (Annette Bening). When his principal opponent (Richard Dreyfuss) denounces him as immoral, the suspense builds. Will the president stick with his girl? Will he sell out the environmentalists in order to get his crime bill passed? As the big tuna, Douglas gives an entertaining and self-assured star performance; Bening, however, flutters about like a leaf in a storm. Not only does Shepherd rush her off her feet; director Rob Reiner does too. In fact, Reiner never quite finds the rhythm of his story; he's too paralyzed by the awe of the presidency to liberate the material from self-consciousness. (Denby; 11/20/95) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *59th Street East.*

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. Adamson marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. But Adamson is mesmerized by his wife, who lies in bed, surrounded by white lace; her bed is both a throne and a trap. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. They appear highly expert in matters zoological and erotic, but at first everything feels a bit off: The strangeness of the movie appears to lack humor, but the portentousness pays off in the end. Our initial impatience with Rylance's recessive performance as the hero and with Bernard Zitzermann's cold, grayish cinematography later gives way to admiration for Haas's daring to play his cards so close to the vest. He's got a real secret. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Village East; Tower East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.



Alien-nation

Five years in the making, Paul Vester's *Abductees* is a painstakingly detailed, eleven-minute short based on the recollections of five Americans who believe they were abducted by extraterrestrials. The animation alternates between stark, haunting imagery and lush, enticing color, and the creepy (though sometimes mischievous) alien action is enhanced by a wondrous score. The film opens on February 14 at Film Forum, where it will be shown with the intriguing and hilarious *Sonic Outlaws,* a documentary about artists who appropriate and manipulate existing art (and then are often sued for it).

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Beautiful Girls—A romantic comedy about a group of high-school friends who, nearing 30, are forced to make decisions about the women in their lives. With Timothy Hutton, Uma Thurman, Matt Dillon, Max Perlich, Rosie O'Donnell, and Martha Plimpton. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Bed of Roses—Christian Slater stars as Lewis, a shy botanist who anonymously courts a driven, ambitious investment banker (Mary Stuart Masterson) with his elaborate floral arrangements. Written and directed by Michael Goldenberg. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Black Sheep—A comedy about a gubernatorial hopeful whose candidacy is endangered when his overzealous younger brother (Chris Farley) shows up to help with the campaign. With David Spade. Directed by Penelope Spheeris. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Gemini Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

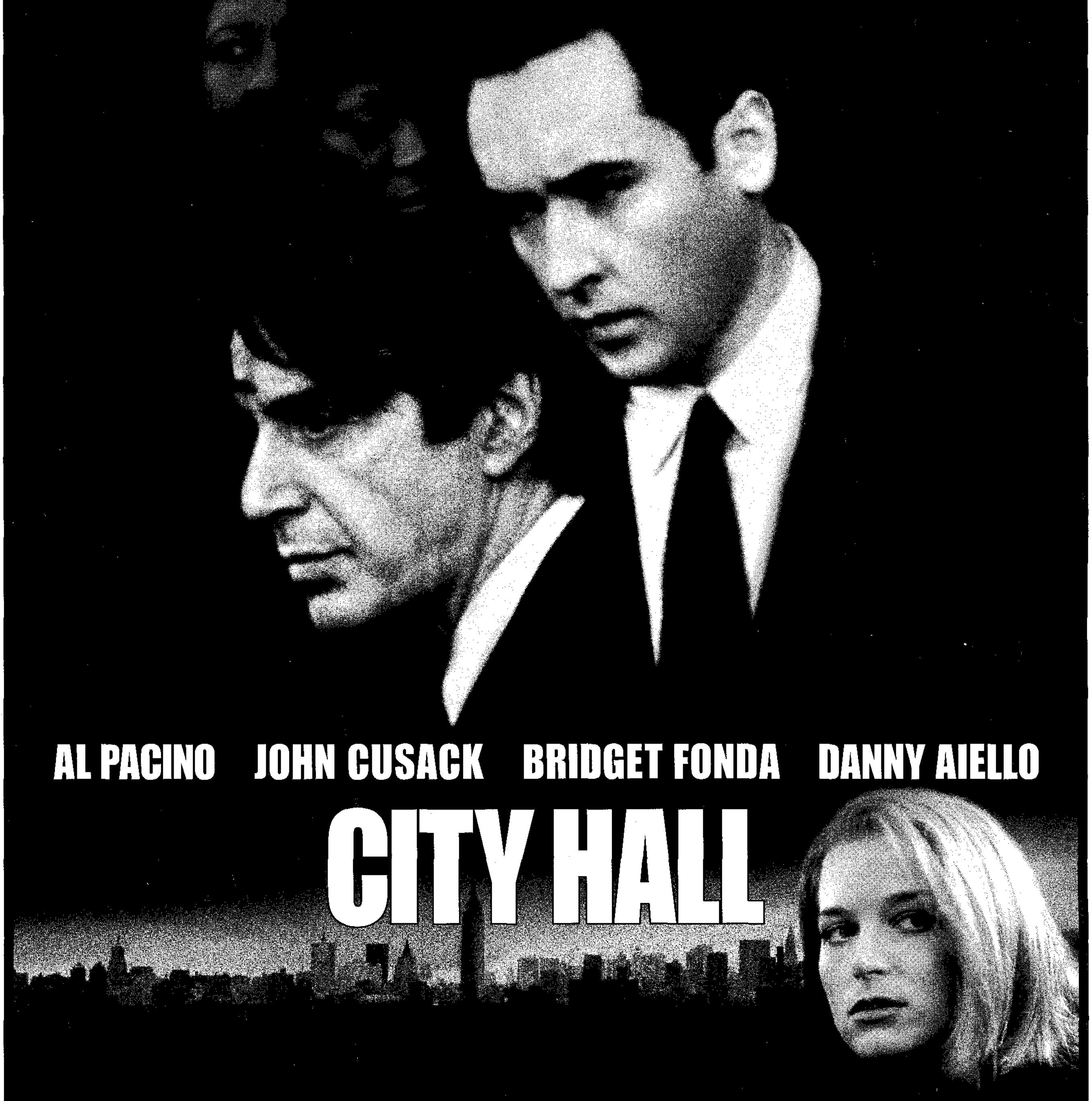
Broken Arrow—John Travolta stars as Vic Deakins, a military pilot who goes AWOL with a nuclear warhead; Christian Slater is the onetime buddy who must defuse the situation, so to speak. Directed by John Woo, who is rightly considered a master of the Hong Kong action film; his first attempt to translate to American audiences (remember Jean-Claude Van Damme in *Hard Target*?) didn't quite work. But if you're a fan, it's probably worth the price of admission. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin; Plaza*

Catwalk—The best thing about this otherwise meandering documentary is that it actually validates every existing cliché about the fashion world. Are models self-centered? Here's supermodel subject Christy Turlington at a photo exhibit, pointing out her favorite picture—of herself, of course. Are models catty? Here are Veronica Webb and Christy sniping over whose media coverage is better. Are models capricious? Listen to Christy asking around for a boyfriend while listlessly killing time with actor Christian Slater. Unfortunately, these unintentionally hilarious moments are too few

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of Wendy Antiques.

"THE FIRST GREAT MOVIE OF 1996!"

John Corcoran, KCAL-TV/LOS ANGELES



AL PACINO   JOHN CUSACK   BRIDGET FONDA   DANNY AIELLO

CITY HALL

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS AN EDWARD R. PRESSMAN / KEN LIPPER PRODUCTION A HAROLD BECKER FILM AL PACINO JOHN CUSACK BRIDGET FONDA DANNY AIELLO "CITY HALL" DAVID PAYMER AND MARTIN LANDAU MUSIC BY JERRY GOLDSMITH EDITED BY ROBERT C. JONES AND DAVID BRETHERTON PRODUCTION DESIGNER JANE MUSKY DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MICHAEL SERESIN WRITTEN BY KEN LIPPER AND PAUL SCHRADER & NICHOLAS PILEGGI AND BO GOLDMAN PRODUCED BY EDWARD R. PRESSMAN, KEN LIPPER, CHARLES MULVEHILL AND HAROLD BECKER DIRECTED BY HAROLD BECKER

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT

© 1996 CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

A TURNER Company

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN ®

SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound IN SELECTED THEATRES

VARÈSE SARABANDE

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON VARÈSE SARABANDE CDs AND CASSETTES

READ THE NOVEL FROM ST. MARTIN'S PAPERBACKS

DOLBY IN SELECTED THEATRES

COLUMBIA PICTURES

© 1996 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

STARTS FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16

Presented in SDDS Sony Dynamic Digital Sound

SONY THEATRES
ORPHEUM
3RD AVENUE AT 86TH STREET
876-2400

SONY THEATRES
84TH STREET
BROADWAY & 84TH STREET
877-3600

SONY THEATRES
19TH STREET EAST
19TH STREET & BROADWAY
260-8000

CINEPLEX ODEON
✓ZIEGFELD
6TH AVENUE & 54TH STREET
505-CINE #602

CINEPLEX ODEON
✓BEEKMAN
65TH STREET AT 2ND AVENUE
505-CINE #606

CITY CINEMAS
✓MURRAY HILL
3RD AVENUE AT 34TH STREET
777-FILM #902

CITY CINEMAS
✓VILLAGE EAST
2ND AVENUE AT 12TH STREET
777-FILM #922

FOR ADVANCE TICKETS AND SHOWTIMES **CALL 777-FILM® OR VISIT** www.777film.com

AND AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU ✓ DOLBY®

Visit the CITY HALL web site at http://city-hall.com and far between. The documentarians have absolutely no point of view, and the result is as painful as watching someone else's home movies. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Sutton.*

City Hall—See David Denby, p. 58. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Don't Be a Menace . . .—A parody of the recent spate of inner-city coming-of-age movies like *Boyz N the Hood* and *Menace II Society.* Directed by Paris Barclay. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42.*

Eye for an Eye—Sally Field turns in yet another distraught-mom performance as a woman seeking revenge against her daughter's killer (Kiefer Sutherland). Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Orpheum; Nova.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. The plot takes a series of twists and turns, exhausting nearly all options for a possible ending. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs. ; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

From Dusk Till Dawn—Directed by Robert Rodrigues and based on an early screenplay by an insufficiently evolved Quentin Tarantino. It begins as a nastily amusing put-on gangster film, starring Tarantino himself and George Clooney as psychopathic murdering brothers on the lam after a bank robbery. It changes into a vampire movie with a lot of naked ladies swinging themselves around. Later, everyone's eyes pop out and their flesh melts into hissing puddles. The movie is vicious in so casual a manner that it's not worth getting upset about. (Denby; 2/5/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Georgia—Sadie Flood (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is a country-rock singer without talent. She is also a heroin addict and an alcoholic, a liar, a user, and a hanger-on, traits not uncommon in rock stars but intolerable in one so inept musically. She's madly jealous of her sister Georgia (Mare Winningham), who has become a big star singing exactly the same repertory; Sadie keeps on singing because of Georgia, but what is it that she wants from her sister? Love? Hatred? Recognition of her suffering, perhaps. This is a remarkable movie, but it's also an outrage, for the heroine of *Georgia* is not the successful sister but the talentless monster Sadie Flood. Leigh's technique is astonishing, but she is doing to us almost the same thing Sadie is doing to people in the movie—daring us to reject her. In her own way, Leigh has become a bullying performer. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Denby; 12/11/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Driven Insane

A fully restored print of Martin Scorsese's hallucinatory masterpiece 'Taxi Driver' (with Harvey Keitel, left, as a brutish pimp, and Robert De Niro as Travis Bickle) will have an exclusive, twentieth-birthday run at Film Forum beginning February 16. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Happy Gilmore—A comedy starring Adam Sandler as a displaced hockey player turned golf-pro. Directed by Dennis Dugan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Headless Body in Topless Bar—A thriller about an ex-con who holds the patrons of a seedy New York City strip joint hostage. Based on the infamous New York *Post* headline. Directed by James Bruce. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a frighteningly determined group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still resourceful LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. But he underdramatizes the meeting, and the double meanings catch up to us slowly. *Heat* is yet another explanation of the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam—See David Denby, p. 59. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**The Juror**—During the trial of a Mafia kingpin, an elusive man called the Teacher (a glamorously effective Alec Baldwin) insinuates himself into the life of one of the jurors, Annie (Demi Moore), a single mother and artist. He follows her, bugs her house, flatters her—and tells her she must persuade the other jurors to acquit the mafioso. If she doesn't, he will kill her 12-year-old son. The story has been contrived so that Annie is almost completely isolated; she has nothing to fall back on but her resourceful single-mother toughness. Moore—who in the past has projected a generalized anger that has seemed to relate more to her drive to be a star than it did to any character she was portraying—pulls herself together, drops her look-at-me attitude, and comes solidly into focus. What's witty about *The Juror* is that the Teacher wants his victim to be not passive but strong and independent. Director Brian Gibson has got hold of a powerful contemporary theme—the power struggle between women and men—and keeps the film moving swiftly and surely. (Denby; 2/12/96) (2 hrs. ; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

La Haine—A multicultural trio of alienated young men—a Jew (Vincent Cassel), an Arab (Said Taghmaoui), and a black (Hubert Kounde)—spend a very long day lounging around, brawling, pulling off minor drug deals, and attempting to see a friend brutalized by police after a riot. The young director, Mathieu Kassovitz, is very talented: He shoots in black-and-white, often with a handheld camera, and the movie captures the moody recklessness, the volatile, offhand brutality and loyalty of the 'hood, French-style. Kassovitz, however, takes cool to the point of meaninglessness, and the movie is powerful but irritatingly vague. One gets the impression that for Kassovitz, hopelessness is somehow more pure and beautiful than ambition or even the desire to survive. (Denby; 2/12/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca

Lindfors. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Angelika 57.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don’t need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she’s touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they’re not coming back. Figgis accepts them with something like awe: The doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It’s the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

A Midwinter’s Tale—A comedy about a struggling actor who attempts to mount a serious production of *Hamlet*. Written and directed by Kenneth Branagh. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Holland’s Opus—Richard Dreyfuss stars as a musician who somewhat unwillingly becomes a teacher—and therein finds his greatest satisfaction. Directed by Stephen Herek. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Mr. Wrong—A comedy about a thirty-ish single gal named Martha Alston (Ellen DeGeneres), who is swept off her feet by a man who initially seems way too good to be true—which, of course, is the case. Directed by Nick Castle. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

Muppet Treasure Island—A live-action send-up of the Robert Louis Stevenson book. With Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Gonzo, and Fozzy Bear. Directed by Brian Henson. (1 hr. 39 mins.; G) *Guild 50th Street.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career, have affairs with quite a few artists, seriously pursue music, and get her son hooked on heroin. Suzanne Ofteringer’s documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. But for all Ofteringer’s digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Trend

Death Becomes Them

Now that audiences have gorged themselves on the recent spate of genteel, bloodless Jane Austen adaptations (*Clueless, Persuasion, Sense & Sensibility,* the BBC’s *Pride & Prejudice*—with *Emma* still forthcoming), the pendulum is swinging toward the grittiest (though potentially most campy) of genres—the death-row movie. The current trend began gestating in 1992, with Robert Altman’s *The Player,* in which Tim Robbins plays a murderous Hollywood exec who happens to be producing a thriller starring Julia Roberts as a damp-eyed executionee and Bruce Willis as her wisecracking savior. More recently, Robbins wrote and directed the incredibly well-received *Dead Man Walking,* with Sean Penn as the remorseless murderer and Susan Sarandon as his spiritual adviser. This spring will see the release of *Last Dance,* with Sharon Stone as a super-realistically sexy killer slated to die, and *The Chamber,* in which Gene Hackman has a court-appointed date with the Grim Reaper. But whether *Last Dance* (which is more of a love story) and *The Chamber* (which is more of a thriller) will benefit from let-’em-fry fever remains to be seen. After all, the last time death row had any kind of cinematic cachet was back in 1958, when Susan Hayward won an Oscar for her performance in *I Want to Live!* That film was mimicked by the less successful—and less insistently named—*Why Must I Die?* starring a histrionic Terry Moore (pictured). But *Chamber* producer Brian Grazer believes that any death-row story will work “as long as you have completely authentic direction.” And, of course, execution.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

★**Nixon**—The most surprising thing about Oliver Stone’s fascinating new movie is how much warmth the director extends to Richard Milhous Nixon (Anthony Hopkins), who we are asked to see as tough but infinitely troubled—a typical Stone character caught in perpetual anguish. There’s a generous soulfulness here, particularly in the scenes between Dick and Pat (Joan Allen, who is a revelation). Drawing on archival and biographical materials, Stone and his screenwriters combine, condense, and recast, and rewrite. Is this falsification? Can there be drama without something like it? As Nixon, Hopkins gets some things dead right, but he responds emotionally to everything—a man this vulnerable could not have made it to the White House. The fault is Stone’s, perhaps, more than Hopkins’s. If we had seen more of Nixon the executive, the masterful strategist, his fall into bathos would have been more striking. But this oddly tender movie is a step in a new direction. (Denby; 1/8/96) (3 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Sutton.*

Nueba Yol—The tragicomic story of an aspiring immigrant from the Dominican Republic who will do anything to remain in New York. Directed by Angel Muniz. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Embassy 2–4.*

Othello—In this production, everyone is very young and inexperienced. Othello and Desdemona are freshly in love and so little known to each other that their sexual passion seems unconnected to anything else in their natures. Iago’s subtlety and cruelty, we feel, are not even needed to destroy their love; almost anything, even ordinary life, would have brought it down from this daring, height. Iago has been made almost superfluous, yet Kenneth Branagh’s performance is the best thing in the movie—as always, he speaks the verse as if he and Shakespeare had just spent some time together at a local tavern. Laurence Fishburne, however, pronounces his part rather than acting it, and director Oliver Parker has simplified the play in ways that reduce it, and has eliminated almost every trace of excitement. (Denby; 1/15/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi’s Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario’s awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**Richard III**—Director Richard Loncraine and actor Ian McKellan have cut and rearranged the text of Shakespeare’s potboiler, and moved the power struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York from the fifteenth century to the England of the mid-1930s. Indeed, there is something in the play that illuminates the despair of between-the-wars Europe—the sense that affairs of state are slipping out of control, the nauseating realization that the most energetic and decisive person in the country is also the most evil. Richard takes over because the good people are too tired to stop him. Ian McKellan is the most supremely conscious of Richards, an adventurer playing the cards that have been dealt him—physical deformity, intellectual superiority—without illusions. Generally, director Loncraine works in a rapid-tableau style; he uses realistic settings in a theatrical manner, pushing beyond realism, but not too far. This *Richard III* is not serious or essential, but it’s thoroughly alive. (Denby; 1/15/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Screamers—Based on the short story by Philip K. Dick in which a handful of surviving soldiers on the war-ravaged planet Sirius B must defeat their own creation: self-replicating machines bent on obliterating all human life. Directed by Christian Duguay. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; Movieplex 42; National Twin.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen’s novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, property gets passed along through the male line, and women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the dinners, teas, and balls very directly; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and

Photograph by Photofest.

Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Ju Dou, Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must faithfully and attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shopping—A moody drama about a young criminal (Jude Law) and his punk, sort-of girlfriemd (Sadie Frost). It's supposed to be nihilistic in a *Kids* way, but it doesn't quite work—we don't know enough about these characters to truly care what happens to them. Directed by Paul Anderson . (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Sonic Outlaws—A highly intriguing documentary about a new wave of artists who appropriate and manipulate existing art (music, films, and even advertisements) and are often sued for it. Though the film lags now and then, it's amusing in the most unexpected of ways—as when a bootleg tape of D.J. Casey Kasem screaming obscenities is played back, to the delight of all. Directed by Craig Baldwin. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Toy Story**—In Disney's new animated feature, a group of plastic toys fear that they will no longer be useful; life as a plaything is not all play. Their 6-year-old master, Andy, is having a birthday, and disaster strikes: Woody, an old-fashioned pull-string cowboy, gets replaced as Andy's favorite by a smugly confident space action figure, Buzz Lightyear. Anguish and tumult tear apart the toy world. As in many of Disney's other cartoons, there's an underlay of anxiety and fear—but this time, the "parent" figure is himself a child, Andy, and the villain is another child, Sid, who mutilates toys. The movie has gravity, in both senses of the word. Disney and the specialists as a computer-animation company called Pixar have developed new techniques that give the figures a three-dimensional look, and the postmodernist jokes give the movie a spark.Directed by John Lasseter. (Denby; 12/4/95) (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th Street; 84th Street Six.*

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist/love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon are four single women who bond over the sorry state of their love affairs. A disjointed narrative is weakened by the incessant blaring of the soundtrack throughout the entire film; the overall effect is quite jarring. Based on Terry McMillan's novel. Directed by Forest Whitaker. (2 hrs. ; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Regency.*

. . . When We Were Colored—Based on the book by Clifton Taulbert, which chronicled his coming-of-age in forties Mississippi. (Interestingly, Taulbert's book was one of the first requested by Nelson Mandela upon his release.) Starring Al Freeman Jr., Phylicia Rashad, and Richard Roundtree. Directed by Tim Reid. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG) *Manhattan Twin.*

The White Balloon—Seven-year-old Razieh has a singular goal: to buy a goldfish. She has only a few hours before the city shuts down for New Year's Day, she has lost the money her mother has given her, and none of the street vendors seem to grasp the enormity of her problem. Winner of the Camera d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival. Directed by Jafar Panahi. (1 hr. 25 mins.) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

White Squall—This sailing-adventure movie, directed by Ridley Scott and starring Jeff Bridges, is an old-fashioned fable that we know all too well. As the captain of a school ship, Bridges is in charge of a bunch of spoiled 15-year-olds. A hard man, the captain nevertheless has the boys' interests at heart, and in a few weeks at sea he molds this bunch of callow, brawling individualists into a disciplined crew. The movie's many banalities might not have mattered if the various characters had come into focus in the storm that eventually capsizes the ship, but Scott shoots himself in the foot by making the storm so overwhelming that we can't tell who did what or why—or what effect it had on the eventual sinking of the ship. (Denby; 2/12/96) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

Opening

Head Hunter

Inspired by the infamous New York 'Post' headline, 'Headless Body in Topless Bar' (opening February 16 at the Quad) stars Raymond J. Barry (left) as an ex-con who torments the patrons of a seedy strip joint. It was directed by James Bruce, best known for his work on TV's 'America's Most Wanted.'

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Beautiful Girls; From Dusk Till Dawn; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children; Things to Do in Denver.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Broken Arrow; Twelve Monkeys.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Abductees; Nico-Icon; Sonic Outlaws.*(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *French Twist; Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam; Shopping.* Opening 2/14: *Nueba Yol.* Opening 2/16: *Headless Body in Topless Bar.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *A Midwinter's Tale; Angels & Insects; The Bridges of Madison County; Georgia; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Postman; Richard III; Screamers.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bed of Roses; Dead Man Walking; Heat; La Haine; Sense and Sensibility; The Juror; White Squall.* Opening 2/16: *City Hall.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Black Sheep; Restoration.* Opening 2/16: *Happy Gilmore.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Bed of Roses; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; White Squall.* Opening 2/16: *City Hall.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Black Sheep; The Bridges of Madison County; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 2/16: *Happy Gilmore.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Black Sheep; Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Beautiful Girls; Broken Arrow; From Dusk Till Dawn; Leaving Las Vegas; Richard III; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 2/16: *Happy Gilmore.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Bed of Roses; Broken Arrow; Mr. Holland's Opus; White Squall.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Jumanji; The American President.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Black Sheep.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Sense and Sensibility; Richard III.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; Restoration.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Persuasion.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Antonia's Line; Beautiful Girls; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bed of Roses; Broken Arrow; Eye For An Eye; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; The Juror; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Bed of Roses.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Beautiful Girls.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; White Squall.* Opening 2/14: *Nueba Yol.* Opening 2/16: *Mr. Wrong; Toy Story.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Toy Story.* Opening 2/16: *Muppet Treasure Island.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) . . . *When We Were Colored; Twelve Monkeys.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Broken Arrow; Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Screamers; The Juror.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; Screamers.* Opening 2/16: *Happy Gilmore.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Nixon; White Squall.* Opening 2/16: *Catwalk.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe; Balto; Frankie Starlight; Jade; Seven; The Usual Suspects; To Die For; When Night Is Falling.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 2/16: *City Hall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Broken Arrow; Twelve Monkeys.* Opening 2/16: *Happy Gilmore.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *White Squall; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Juror.* Opening 2/16: *City Hall.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Leaving Las Vegas.* Opening 2/16: *Happy Gilmore.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Black Sheep; The Bridges of Madison County.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Sabrina ; Heat.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Beautiful Girls; Bed of Roses; The Bridges of Madison County; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; The Juror.* Opening 2/16: *City Hall.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Angels & Insects.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Black Sheep.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Get Shorty.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Beautiful Girls; Black Sheep; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; White Squall.* Opening 2/16: *City Hall.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; French Twist; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad; The White Balloon.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Midwinter's Tale; Across the Sea of Time; Bed of Roses; The Bridges of Madison County; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Into the Deep; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Richard III; The Juror; Things to Do in Denver; Wings of Courage.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Heat; Leaving Las Vegas.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Broken Arrow; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Broken Arrow; The Juror.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Waiting to Exhale.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Screamers; The Juror; Waiting to Exhale; White Squall.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Screamers; The Juror.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *The Juror; Broken Arrow.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Beautiful Girls; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Screamers; The Juror; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys; White Squall.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Beautiful Girls; Bed of Roses; Black Sheep; Dead Man Walking; From Dusk Till Dawn; Mr. Holland's Opus; White Squall.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dead Man Walking; Broken Arrow.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; The Juror.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Beautiful Girls; From Dusk Till Dawn; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *The Bridges of Madison County; Broken Arrow; Eye For An Eye; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; The Juror.*

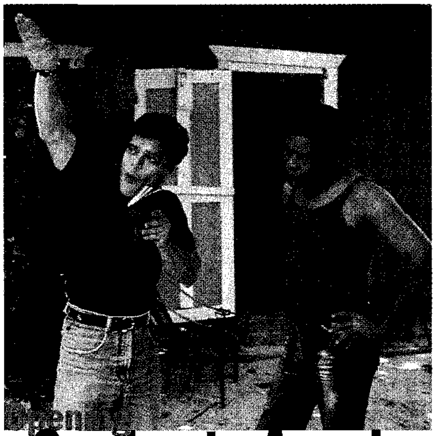
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Broken Arrow; Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Broken Arrow; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Juror.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Broken Arrow; Don't Be A Menace . . .; From Dusk Till Dawn; The Juror; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Beautiful Girls; Eye For An Eye; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Twelve Monkeys; White Squall.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bed of Roses; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; White Squall.*



Coming to America

Nueba Yol **(Dominican slang for New York) is the tragicomic story of an aspiring immigrant (Luisito Marti, right) who is only a bit skeptical when told that money, in Manhattan, rains down from the sky. The film, which opens on February 14, was such a smash in the Dominican Republic that movie tickets were actually sold on the black market.**

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Broken Arrow; Don't Be A Menace . . .; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Broken Arrow; Bullet in the Head; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Bridges of Madison County; Broken Arrow; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Black Sheep; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; White Squall.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Bed of Roses; Black Sheep; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Leaving Las Vegas; White Squall.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Black Sheep; White Squall.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bed of Roses; The Bridges of Madison County; Broken Arrow; Twelve Monkeys.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Don't Be A Menace . . .; Leaving Las Vegas; The Juror.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale; White Squall.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Black Sheep; Eye For An Eye; Toy Story; White Squall.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Leaving Las Vegas; Sense and Sensibility.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Beautiful Girls; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Jumanji; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; Twelve Monkeys.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Eye For An Eye.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Black Sheep; Dunston Checks In; Eye For An Eye; Heat; Waiting to Exhale.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Beautiful Girls; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; The Juror.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Beautiful Girls; Bed of Roses; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Juror; White Squall.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Persuasion; The Postman; Sabrina .*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Broken Arrow; Heat.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Black Sheep; From Dusk Till Dawn; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Twelve Monkeys.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Broken Arrow; Toy Story; Twelve Monkeys.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Bed of Roses; Broken Arrow; Sense and Sensibility; The Juror.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Black Sheep; Broken Arrow;*

HOW COME YOU NEVER SAY YOU LOVE ME FIRST? HOW COME YOU NEVER SAY YOU LOVE ME FIRST? HOW COME YOU NEVER SAY YOU LOVE ME FIRST? HOW COME YOU NEVER SAY YOU LOVE ME FIRST? **MASTERPIECE THEATRE.** HOW COME YOU NEVER SAY YOU LOVE ME FIRST? HOW COME YOU NEVER SAY YOU LOVE ME FIRST?

CHANNEL THIRTEEN

It takes your mind off the dumb stuff.

This ad is made possible by New York Magazine

HI LIFE

BAR & GRILL
Good Chow
♦
Quality
Cocktails
83rd/Amsterdam
212-249-3600

REST. & LOUNGE
Steaks
♦
Chops
♦
Sushi
72nd/First
212-787-7199

CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION!

"YEAR OF THE RAT — 4694"

14 DAYS - FEB. 16th-29th

7 COURSE BANQUET DINNER
incl. PEKING DUCK & a glass of WINE

LUNCH $20⁰⁰ DINNER $25⁰⁰ per person

FEB. 20, 21, 22 - LION DANCE - 1 PM
also CHINESE FOLK MUSIC & SINGER

JIMMY SUNG'S
RESTAURANT

Early Res: 212 682-5678
219 E. 44TH ST. (Bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves.)

EL CHARRO ESPANOL

" The Classic Cuisine of Spain"
COMPLETE DINNER $15.95 Sun-Thurs
"The Best Paella in N.Y. Good Service and Reasonable Rates"—Zagat Survey 1995
Lunch & Dinner 7 Days • Credit Cards
4 Charles St. in The Village • 242-9547/243-5413
Simply the Best for Over 60 Years

"...a splendid way to end the day."
Bob Lape, Crain's

THE SOUL OF PARIS
...IN THE HEART
OF NEW YORK.

CAFÉ CENTRO

METLIFE BUILDING • EAST 45TH ST. AND VANDERBILT
212 818-1222 • 4 HOURS FREE PARKING AFTER 4:30 PM

LA PRIMAVERA

"NORTHERN ITALIAN CUISINE" ZAGAT- "95"
PRIX-FIXE LUNCH $17.95 - Dinner $28.95
50% DISCOUNT PKG.- 6pm - till midnight
234 W. 48th.St.(Bway.&8th.Ave.) 586-2797

PIG 'N' WHISTLE
IRISH PUB

Renowned for fresh salmon with horse radish crust, steaks, pasta and daily fresh seafood.

CASUAL DINING • LUNCH • DINNER
SNACKS • COCTAILS
OPEN 11:30am - 4:00am

PIG 'N' WHISTLE • ORIGINALITY AT ITS VERY BEST!
165 W 47th St. (6th & 7th Aves.) • NY 10036 • (212) 302-0112

La Mediterranee

ENJOY OUR $21.00 PRIX FIXE
An intimate relaxed Atmosphere with Enchanting Mediterranean Paintings
•Piano Music Nitely•
947 Second Ave. at 50th St. 755-4155

Dunston Checks In; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Juror; Toy Story. Opening 2/16: *City Hall; Happy Gilmore.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Black Sheep; The Bridges of Madison County; Broken Arrow; Mr. Holland's Opus; The Juror.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Beautiful Girls; Bed of Roses; Black Sheep; Broken Arrow; Dead Man Walking; Eye For An Eye; From Dusk Till Dawn; Heat; Jumanji; Leaving Las Vegas; Mr. Holland's Opus; Sense and Sensibility; The Juror; Twelve Monkeys; White Squall.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—2/18: Diana Ross in *Mahogany* (1975). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—2/17–2/25: "Martin Scorsese." 2/18: *Mean Streets* (1973), *It's Not Just You, Murray!* (1964), and *Goodfellas* (1990). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Brooklyn Museum—2/17 and 2/18: *The Life and Work of Audre Lorde* (1994). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Donnell Media Center—2/13: *Telephone Girl and the Lady* (1913) and *The Golden Chase* (1915). 2/15: "That's Blaxploitation!" *Superfly T.N.T.* (1973). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 2/15: "Douglas Fairbanks: King of Hollywood." 2/12: *The Three Musketeers* (1921) and *The Iron Mask* (1929). 2/13: *Wild and Wooly* (1917), *The Half Breed* (1916) and *Reggie Mixes In* (1916). 2/14 and 2/15: *Don Q, Son of Zorro* (1925) and *The Private Life of Don Juan* (1934). Beginning 2/16: *Taxi Driver* (1976). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Revelation & Camouflage: Polish Cinema from 1930 to the Present." 2/12: *How to Be Loved* (1965) and *Identification Marks: None* (1965). 2/13 and 2/14: *Man of Marble* (1977). 2/13–2/15: *The Maids of Wilko* (1979). 2/16 and 2/17: *Pharoah* (1966), *Family Life* (1971), and *The Life of Matthew* (1968). 2/18: *The Saragossa Manuscript* (1964). 2/17 and 2/18: "Movies for Kids." *Stanley and Livingstone* (1939). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—2/13: *Eyes Without a Face* (1959). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—2/16: *Killers on Parade* (1961). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 3/15: "Asta: The Tenth Muse." 2/16: *The Guinea Pig* (1916), *The Eskimo Baby* (1916), *The Great Moment* (1911), and *The Strange Bird/The Course of True Love* (1911). 2/17: *The Film Prima Donna* (1913), *The Little Angel* (1913), *Zapata's Band* (1914), *The Abyss* (1910), *The Black Dream* (1911), and *The Ballet Dancer* (1911). 2/18: *The ABC of Love* (1916), *Dora Brandes* (1916), and *Downfall* (1922). Through 2/20: "Louis Malle." 2/13: *Murmur of the Heart* (1971). 2/13 and 2/14: *Elevator to the Gallows/Frantic* (1957). 2/16: *Atlantic City* (1980) and *Zazie* (1960). Through 2/18: "Friz Freleng." 2/12: A program of four shorts. 2/13: *Freleng Frame by Frame* (1994). 2/17: *The Fundamental Friz.* 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television Work." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Symphony Space—2/13: *Casablanca* (1942) and *La Ronde* (1950). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

art

Dennis Kardon...Ubu's *The Gun*...Fabergé

Openings

Whether you call it AIPAD (pronounced *a-pad* and the initials for the Association of International Photography Art Dealers), as dealers do, or **The Photography Show 96** (its proper title), it's the biggest and best fine-art-photography fair in the world and it takes place at the New York Hilton Hotel, 53rd Street and Avenue of the Americas, February 23–25 (Fri. and Sat. 12–8, Sun. 11–6). The admission is $10 daily or $20 for a three-day pass.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Watercolors and drawings ranging in date from 1891 to 1945, including, among other works, studies for commercial posters, designs for four folding screens, designs for sheet covers for the music of his brother-in-law, and a project for an illustrated alphabet for children; 2/14–3/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (517-4715).

András Böröcz—Sculptures of elongated figures carved from pencils; through 3/9. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Richmond Burton—Nine new oil paintings and a group of drawings and prints in which the artist's allover shapes have a greater variety of scale than in previous works; through 3/2. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Joseph Cornell—Box constructions and collages by the reclusive New York artist (1903–1972); through 3/2. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Emily Evelth/Elizabeth King—Recent paintings/New sculptures; through 3/2. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Sidney Goodman—Recent figurative paintings and drawings by this artist whose work is the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art through March 30; through 3/2. Terry Dintenfass in Association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstract paintings from his "Burst" and "Imaginary Landscape" series that were executed between 1956 and 1964; through 3/9. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

John Lees—New paintings from which the images of a pond, a saxophone, a mountain, and a figure emerge, plus related drawings and sketchbooks; 2/17–3/23. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Reuben Nakian—A survey of the artist's works from 1915 to 1985, including his 1915 conte crayon drawings, terra-cottas of the fifties and sixties, and the bronzes of the seventies amd eighties; through 3/9. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Carol Anthony—Romantic landscape paintings inspired by the artist's summer in the English countryside; through 3/3. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Carol K. Brown—A group of the artist's "Skins" sculptures—large oceanic forms in patinaed aluminum—and a series of cast-bronze wall reliefs wrapped in rubber frames; through 3/9. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Gretna Campbell—Paintings of Aix-en-Provence and Cranberry Island, Maine, from the early seventies through the early eighties; through 3/2. De Nagy, 41 E. 57th St. (421-3780).

Giorgio Cavallon—The artist's subtle, abstract paintings from the fifties, in which his characteristic oranges and reds are obscured by veils of white; through 3/9. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Dorothy Dehner—Drawings, prints, and sculpture from the forties through the early nineties; 2/15–3/16. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Lois Dodd—The artist's recent paintings are a continuation of a series of studies and studio paintings based on observations of moonlit woods, rural landscapes, and headlight-illuminated roads and roadsides; through 3/2. 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Ruth Duckworth—A survey of ceramic works from the nineties; through 3/2. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2111).

Mary Frank—Recent paintings that continue the artist's interest in the power of universal imagery, such as a woman walking on scorched earth, a lone figure sitting in a tree, or a shipwrecked boat; through 3/9. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Dan Graham—A new full-scale pyramidal sculpture pavilion and four new sculpture–pavilion models; through 3/2. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Andre Masson—Paintings and drawings made by the Surrealist between 1941 and 1945, when he was living in the United States; through 3/2. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Max Weber—An overview of the artist's paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that depict the female figure; through 3/9. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Steve Wheeler—An exhibition that pairs the late artist's library of rare and out-of-prints books with his paintings—colorful, puzzlelike works that drew on, among other sources, Cubism, ethnographic art, and the paintings of Paul Klee; through 3/16. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Chihung Yang—Recent paintings and works on paper that combine passages of abstraction with vegetative forms; through 3/2. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

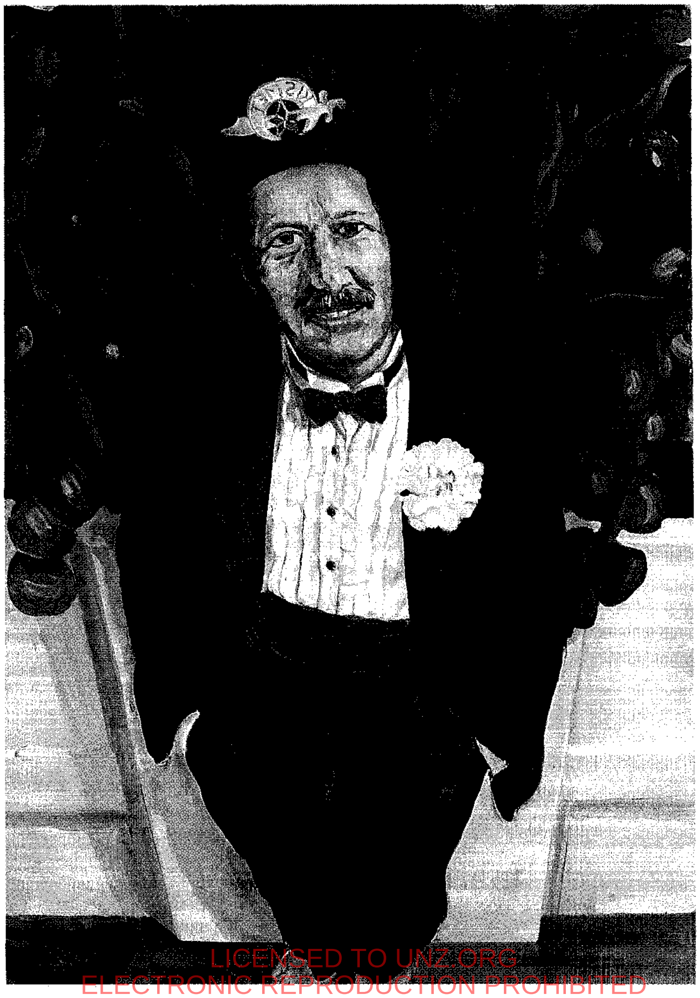
SoHo and TriBeCa

Elaine Anthony—Paintings from the artist's "Milagro" series that

Talent

Roman à Clef

While Dennis Kardon frequently models the figures in his paintings after himself and his family—in 'Kismet' (below), he used his own body but not his face—the psychological narratives they enact are pure invention. At Richard Anderson Fine Arts, 476 Broome Street, second floor; through March 30.



Photograph courtesy of Richard Anderson FIne Arts.

suggest Mexican *retablos*; through 2/27. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Massimo Antonacci—Geometric works constructed from glass and tar; through 3/9. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Doris Bloom/Thomas Bang—Paintings and photographs based on the artist's childhood memories of South Africa/Recent sculptures titled "Future Trophies" that draw on Dada and Surrealism. Through 3/2. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Paul Bowen—Sculptures constructed from wood planks and pieces of fish boxes that are found by the artist on the beaches of Cape Cod; through 3/9. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Helene Brandt—Freestanding and wall-hanging constructions in steel, wood, and rubber whose colors and compositions are derived from Mondrian's *Composition* paintings; through 3/9. Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Mary Carlson—Exaggerated sculptural representations of domestic objects, such as an armchair or a telephone, that portray them as they might be seen by a neurotic; through 3/9. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

William N. Copley—In his recent paintings, the artist's decorative, cartoonlike style is applied to scenes of voluptuous naked nymphs pursued by a satyr dressed in a suit and bowler hat; through 3/9. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

Peter Drake/Tom Butter—Recent figurative paintings/Sculptures whose kinetic elements emphasize the process of metamorphosis; 2/15–3/16. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Chris Finley/David McIntosh—A large-scale assemblage made from domestic objects of the contemporary American home—Tupperware containers, carved pencils, shower curtains, and the like—that "unfolds" into eleven separate works or structural units/Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in Taos, New Mexico. Through 3/9. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Jochen Gerz—Four photo-text works whose juxtapositions of language and image examine the social constructions of art and politics; through 2/28. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

David Goldstein/Bill Walton—Paintings executed on archival artists' materials or brown paper sacks that are abstract but occasionally introduce a recognizable image/A series of works titled "Red Floor/White Floor" made from the flooring of the artist's old studio and other sculptures that employ mundane materials from the artist's environment. Through 2/24. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Robert Grosvenor—A selection of the sculptor's drawings from 1969 to 1994, in pencil, colored pen, and masking tape and strips of metal, on paper; through 3/23. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Paul Ramirez Jonas/Ricci Albenda—Sculptures in which small objects encased in bottle-like glass vacuums move when exposed to light/Seven paintings that appear to be identical but in fact represent a variety of optical distortions. Through 3/9. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Dennis Kardon—Recent figurative paintings; through 3/30. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Alex Katz—A show that pairs two of the artist's recent, large-scale landscapes of Maine with his small 1959 painting, *Provincetown*; through 3/16. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Alix Stewart Lambert—A trailer for her upcoming *Platipussy* movie, which was shot on location in New York, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and Washington, D.C., and follows the exploits of three women musicians; through 3/2. Freire, 580 Broadway (941-8611).

Gary Lang—A painting installation titled "The Hague Project" which includes, among other works, a large-scale mural woven directly on the wall with multicolored tape; through 3/2. Crosby Street Project, 113 Crosby St. (925-8289).

Lani Maestro—Three installations that question preconceived notions about immigration, exile, origin, and identity, by an artist who lives in Montreal; through 4/13. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Peter Mayer/Roman Scott—Sculptures of dogs in sparkle-covered papier mâché and satirical paintings of nudes/Paintings of nocturnal cityscapes. Through 3/9. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Dennis Pinette—Paintings of mysterious, brooding landscapes; through 3/9. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Joseph Raffael—New paintings and works on paper that depict the flowers in the artist's garden and the sky reflected in the surface of a pond; through 2/28. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Caroline Sykora/Steed Taylor—An installation that invites viewers to identify an object through a telescope and to participate in a survey pertaining to the object/The artist, who is infected with the HIV virus, has created an installation called "War Room" that displays his medical files and treatment history and advice from health experts; the room will also be used as a place for the artist to develop a plan of action. Through 3/9. Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. (925-4671).

Robert Yasuda—New multi-panel minimal paintings; through 3/9. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Other

Daniele Galliano—Photo-realist-style paintings that depict people at their most debauched moments; through 3/13. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Roni Horn—Five new installations that utilize a wide range of materials and media, among them gold, rubber, plastic, and photography; through 4/14. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Jutta Koether—New works on paper; through 3/10. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Scott Lyall—A sculpture installation based on the social space of a warehouse dance scene; through 3/10. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Andy Yoder—A sculpture installation titled *House Beautiful* that features 32 place settings suspended from the ceiling, sidechairs of burnished brass, and other domestic conventions gone awry; through 3/16. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, Jackson Heights, Queens (718-899-0700); Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10–4.

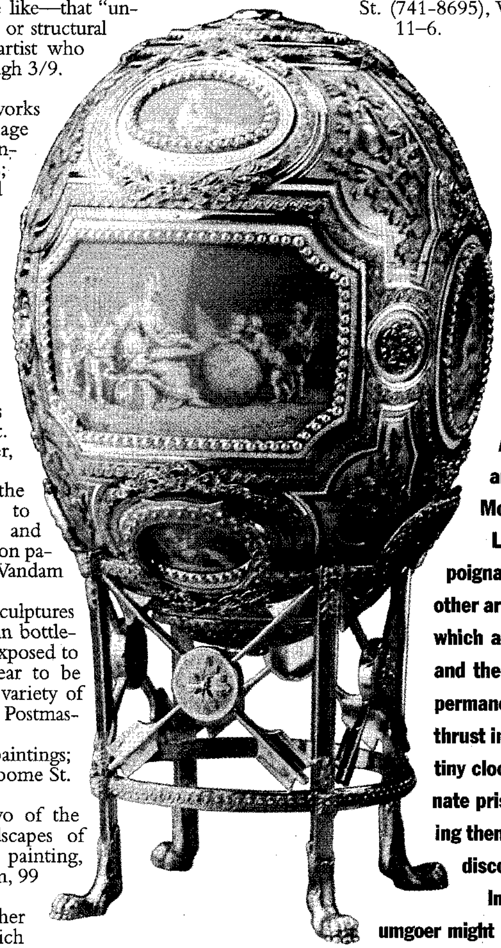
Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Cadé—1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670). Works from the fifties by Roger Bissiere, Jean Dubuffet, Hans Hartung, Serge Poliakoff, Nicolas de Staël, and other European artists; through 3/16.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). Calligraphic works selected from among the winners of the biennial Jill Sackler Calligraphic Competition in China; through 3/9.

Gagosian—980 Madison Ave. (744-2313). "The Human Body in Contemporary American Sculpture," with sculptures by twenty artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Joseph Cornell, Eric Fischl, Robert Gober, Jeff Koons, Bruce Nauman, Charles Ray, and Kiki Smith; through 3/2.



Retrospective Gilt Complex

Imagine an egg, its pure shape elaborated with an overlay of gold, diamonds, pearls, and miniature painting in enamel, held in eternal balance in a cunningly fashioned stand. This is not your ordinary package of protein or incipient chicken but one of the sumptuously elegant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by a Russian czar from the goldsmith and jeweler Peter Carl Fabergé (1846–1920). It will be on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art through April 28—along with more than 400 House of Fabergé works amassed by well-heeled American collectors fascinated by Mother Russia in her aristocratic mode.

Like the eggs, some of which feature moving parts and poignant portraits of the clan the 1917 revolution snuffed out, the other artifacts in "Fabergé in America" demonstrate the extremes to which artifice can be carried. Nearly always, the natural, the fluid, and the ephemeral are provocatively juxtaposed with the idea of a permanence decreed through lavishness and pomp. Jewel flowers are thrust into rock-crystal vases carved to look as if they contain water; tiny clocks are given housings that seem to cage fleeting time in ornate prisons. It's impossible to look at these objects without endowing them with pathos; it's also impossible to examine them without a discomfort that's both social and aesthetic.

In the not-so-distant past, your average, comfortably off museumgoer might ogle the Fabergé creations with admiration and a pleasurable degree of acquisitive lust. But today, with the growing disparity between the extravagantly rich and a foundering middle class, these manifestations of ingenious imagination, spare-no-expense raw materials, and highly wrought craftsmanship can produce a peculiar tension in the ordinary viewer. Dazzling and rarefied though they may be, are these sublime tchotchkes not just a little absurd? **Tobi Tobias**

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Anima Mundi," an exhibition exploring the diverse ways in which contemporary artists use animals in their work, with paintings, photographs, drawings, prints, and sculpture by 28 artists, among them Joe Andoe, Elizabeth Butterworth, Judith Cotton, Duncan Hannah, Alexis Rockman, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 3/2.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Paintings and photographs of New York City by Thomas Hart Benton, David Johnson, Ernest Lawson, John Marin, George L. K. Morris, Jerome Myers, Charles Sheeler, Alfred Stieglitz, and others; through 3/2.

Hunter College—68th St. and Lexington Ave. (772-4991). "Handmade Readymades," an exhibition of works by artists who reverse the practice of exhibiting mass-produced objects as art, including works by Richard Artschwager, Peter Fischli & David Weiss, Robert Gober, Haim Steinbach, Rachel Whiteread, and others; through 3/16.

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). "Jewish Tradition in the Russian Avant-Garde, 1915–1935," with works on paper, photographs, and rare illustrated books by Max Alpert, Ilya Chasnick, El Lissitzky, Arcady Shaikhet, and others; through 3/2.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Objects, collages, assemblages, paintings, prints, and photographs that use the gun as a central image and/or theme, by Berenice Abbott, Arman, Jonathan Borofsky, Al Hansen, Robert Mapplethorpe, Tom Sachs, Andy Warhol, and others; through 3/9.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Paintings that take a nontraditional approach to the still-life genre, by Patricia Bellan-Gillen, Phyllis Bramson, Patrick LoCicero, and Liliana Porter; through 3/16.

Baldacci—41 E. 57th St. (826-4210). Paintings, sculptures, monotypes, and other works in other media on the theme of the vehicle, by Giacomo Balla, Chris Burden, Peter Cain, Mark Dion, Richard Prince, others; through 3/2.

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Works that incorporate animal imagery by Curtis Anderson, Donald Baechler, Joseph Beuys, Michael Byron, Ingrid Dinter, Malcolm Morley, Pablo Picasso, and others; through 3/23.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Works on paper made between 1943 and 1995 by 29 artists, among them Frank Auerbach, Lucian Freud, Red Grooms, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Catherine Murphy, Ed Ruscha, and Terry Winters; 2/14–3/9.

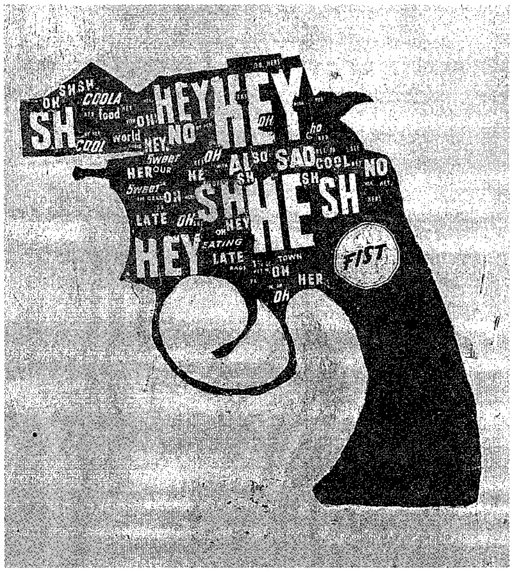
Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs that take the house as their subject, by Siah Armajani, Richard Artschwager, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Tony Berlant, James Casebere, Guillermo Kuitca, Gordon Matta-Clark, Joel Shapiro, and others; through 3/2.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885), Mon.–Fri 8–6. "Six Bridges: The Making of the New York Megalopolis." An exhibit that was organized in collaboration with the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum and is the first to examine the impact of six major bridges erected between 1927 and 1964 that radically reshaped the relationship of New York City to its surrounding region; through 4/19.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). This gallery's third survey of twentieth-century African-American art includes works by Charles Alston, Beauford Delaney, Augusta Savage, Bob Thompson, Hale Woodruff, and others; through 4/6.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Folk paintings by Lawrence Lebduska, Abraham Levin, and Israel Litwak, New York artists who were discovered in the thirties and forties when the folk-art field was first coalescing; through 3/16.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "In Praise of Women: Images of Leisure and Independence in American Art, 1860–1940," with paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Mary Cassatt, William Merritt Chase, William Glackens, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others; through 3/30.



On View **Ubu Gallery's latest survey, "The Gun: Icon of Twentieth Century Art," takes a look at the emblematic power of that weapon in painting, sculpture, drawing, and photography and finds that its image hasn't lost favor—artistically speaking, anyway. For those who find any display of guns troublesome, even in a Berenice Abbott photograph or an Al Hansen painting (above), the gallery is accepting contributions on behalf of the Coalition to Stop Gun Violence and New Yorkers Against Gun Violence during the run of the show. 16 East 78th Street; through March 9.**

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Unnaturally Yours," with works that use the natural elements (air, earth, fire, and water) as a point of departure, by Alejandro Berlin, Nicole Carstens, Daniel O. Georges, Wendy Lewis, Ben Jones, and Peter Whitney, selected by Willie Cole; "Exhibit A: Design/Writing/Research," a design installation by J. Abbott Miller and Design/Writing/Research; through 3/16.

Black + Herron—79 Grand St. (431-1670). Recent sculpture by Niki Logis, Sam Korsak, Jennifer Croson, Barrie Schwartz, and Wendy Hirschberg; through 3/9.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). Paintings by the Haitian artists Etienne Chavannes, Edger Jean-Baptiste, and Ernst Prophète from the collection of Jonathan Demme; through 3/9.

Center for Book Arts—626 Broadway (460-9768). "Geometry & New Math," an exhibition of artists' books on the subject of sex by 26 artists; through 3/30.

Clocktower—108 Leonard St. (233-1096); Thurs. and Fri. 4–10, Sat. and Sun. 1–7. "Model Home," an exhibit that explores issues of style, taste, design, and aesthetics in the domestic environment, with works in various media by more than 60 artists, among them Angela Bulloch, Sarah Charlesworth, Robert Gober, Frank Moore, Elaine Reichek, Haim Steinbach, and Lawrence Weiner; through 3/31.

Eighth Floor—473 Broadway (718-387-2714). An invitational exhibition of valentines by 40 contemporary artists and a wall installation of mailed "artist-valentines" in memory of the late Ray Johnson, the foremost figure of mail art; 2/14–24.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). Curated by Brian Wallis, "Counterculture: Alternative Information from the Underground Press to the Internet" examines the role of the alternative media in fostering social, cultural, and political change in America from 1965 to the present; 2/17–4/13.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). "White" features works that, though diverse in style, are predominantly white—by Ton Frenken, Ed Kerns, Grace Knowlton, Robin Rose, and others; through 3/2.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). Three installations by Dawn Dedeaux, a New Orleans–based artist who explores the origins of man's violent behavior; a two-person show of paintings by Douglas Argue and Brett Cook-Dizney; through 3/16.

Other

Columbia University—Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288); Wed.–Sat. 1–5. "Building the Collective: Soviet Graphic Design, 1917–1937, Selections From the Collection of Merrill C. Berman" features more than 100 posters by such artists as Gustav Klutsis, El Lissitzky, and Alexander Rodchenko; through 3/30.

St. Marks Position—20 St. Marks Place (475-1644). The gallery's inaugural exhibition features new installations by Sol LeWitt, Lisa Hein, and Elana Herzog; through 4/6.

Photography

Robert Adams—Recent photographs that depict the shore where the Columbia River meets the Pacific Ocean; 2/16–3/23. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Lola Alvarez Bravo—Two exhibits of the work of the Mexican photographer (1907–1993) who was a pioneer of the modernist aesthetic in Mexico, was a staunch supporter of Mexican artists (she gave Frida Kahlo her first one-person show), and served as head of the photography department at the Instituto Nacional de Bellas Artes in Mexico City for three decades. At the Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950), Tues.–Sun. 12–6, through 2/25, and Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059), through 3/9.

Bruce Cratsley—A retrospective of work from 1976 through 1995, including portraits of friends and images of tabletop arrangements of curious objects, mannequins in street windows, museum interiors, and Gay Parade participants in drag; 2/15–3/23. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View"; 2/16–3/22.

Bill Jacobson—Black-and-white images of landscapes and figures that continue his themes of love, elusiveness, and loss; through 3/23. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Michael Johnson—Photographs of midwestern landscapes taken with a large-format camera; through 3/2. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Recent photographs and videos by Juan Downey, Angela Grauerholz, Gary Hill, Alfredo Jaar, and Annette Messager; through 3/9.

Tim Maul—A new series of Cibachrome photographs that document the interior of the National Library of Ireland in Dublin; through 3/16. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

New York Transit Museum—Photographs documenting the last days of the Third Avenue El, by Ann Shanks; through 3/24. 130 Livingston St. (718-330-5839); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–4, Wed. 10–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Thomas Ruff—The artist's series of midsize *Andere Portrats*, straight-on headshots of men and women that were pirated from his own *Portrait* series and re-photographed, and a group of stereoscopic images; through 3/9. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Elliot Schwartz—Photographs from 1980 to the present; through 3/6. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Bianca Sforni—"Oyster Portraits," a series of black-and-white platinum prints made in 1993 that de-

Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery.

pict close-ups views of oysters, and a more recent series of color carbon prints that show the effects of changing light; through 3/9. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by seven contemporary Swiss photographers; 2/16–3/30.

Museums

Alternative Museum—“Mei-Ling Hom: Offering.” A mixed-media installation that reflects on the ancient Chinese ritual of grave sweeping, which is part of Chinese ancestor worship; 2/20–4/6. . . . “Saiman Li: Photography.” Self-portraits inscribed with digitally manipulated text and graphics appropriated from immigration and other identification documents; 2/20–4/6. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; $3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—“White House Collection of American Crafts.” Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . “Craft in the Machine Age 1920–1945.” A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—“Amber: Window to the Past.” A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2 . . . . “Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection”; through 2/18. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—“Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection”; 2/14–5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12–5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—“A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival.” The artist, who is best known as the designer of the interiors of the Houses of Parliament, also made books, ceramics, stained glass, jewelry, and metalwork before he died at the age of 40, all of which constitute this exhibition; through 2/25. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000); Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30); $2; $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum—“Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum.” The museum’s own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . “Alison Saar: The Woods Within.” A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. . . . “Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum”; through 3/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—“Cupids: Flights of Fancy, Love, and Mischief.” Images of Cupid in nineteenth-century paintings, sculpture, drawings, and prints by Friedrich Bouterwerk, Joseph Guichard, Fèlix Lucas, Henry Picou, and others; through 6/8. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—“Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume”; through 6/23. . . . “European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin”; through 6/23 . . . . “Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web”; through 6/23. . . . “Gerhard Richter: Atlas”; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—“Leandro Katz: Two Projects/A Decade.” Two photographic installation works by the writer, filmmaker, and visual artist; through 5/5. . . . “Portrait: A Site-Specific installation by Carla Preiss”; through 4/7. . . . “Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection”; through 5/6. . . . “Historia de la Isla: Graphic Works by Puerto Rican Artists, 1968–1980”; through 4/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—“Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline.” The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Japan Society—“Rainbows and Shimmering Bridges: Contemporary Japanese Lacquerware”; 2/15–4/7. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—“Fabergé in America.” All of the 400 objects in this exhibition were collected by Americans, including 15 of the 44 extant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by the last Russian czars; 2/16–4/28. . . . “Poussin: Works on Paper, Drawings From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II”; through 3/31. . . . “French Seventeenth-Century Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art”; through 3/31. . . . “Klee in Munich.” One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist’s stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . “Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze From the Great Altar.” Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; through 4/14. . . . “Haute Couture”; through 3/30. . . . “Textiles of Late Antiquity”; through 4/30. . . . “American Schoolgirl Needlework.” Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures and samplers from the museum’s collection; through 2/18. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—“Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History.” An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:3440–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—“Expressions of Trust: Recent Gifts to the Museum of American Folk Art”; through 2/25. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—“Brancusi: Selected Masterworks from the Musée National d’Art Moderne and the Museum of Modern Art, New York”; through 4/23. . . . “Roy DeCarava.” A survey of the photographer’s works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil-rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; through 5/7. . . . “Projects: Olivver Herring/Leonilson.” Ethereal, elegiac knitted and embroidered works that commemorate loss and mortality in the era of AIDS by Herring, an artist who lives in New York, and Leonilsen, a Brazilian artist who died of AIDS in 1993; through 3/12. . . . “Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995.” More than 200 of the artist’s prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . “Michael Schmidt: U-NI-TY.” Black-and-white photographs by the German photographer that are a meditation on national identity and history; through 3/26. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—“The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*.” Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker*’s first art director, from the museum’s own collection; through 5/5. . . . ”Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig.” Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. . . . “Cookie’s Harlem.” A celebration of the life and times of the legendary dance master Charles “Cookie” Cook; through 2/25. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—“The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity.” Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early twentieth-century modernism through the works of eighty figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; 2/15–5/5. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11: 30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—“A Labor of Love.” Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk- or craft-oriented processes to create their work; through 4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—“The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters.” This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection’s holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Pierpont Morgan Library—“The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts.” Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; through 4/14. . . . “A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings From Chatsworth”; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—“City Speculations.” Projects, proposals, architectural and conceptual models, videos, and other forms of documentation related to the ideas embodied by the Panorama of the City of New York; through 3/10. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

South Street Seaport Museum—“Sacred Waters.” More than 40 works by contemporary Outsider artists, among them Thorton Dial, Sr., Sam Doyle, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Elijah Pierce, and Alfred Wallis; through 5/1. 207 Front St. (748-8600); Wed.–Mon. 10–5 (closed Tues.); $6, $5 seniors, $4 students, $3 children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—“Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965”; through 6/2. . . . “The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden”; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—“Altered and Irrational.” An exhibit of works from the museum’s permanent collection that examines artists’ use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. . . . “Collection in Context—Joseph Cornell: Cosmic Travels”; through 3/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—“Matthew McCaslin: Harnessing Nature”; through 3/29. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie’s—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 2/14 at 10 and 2: “19th-Century European Paintings, Drawings, Watercolors, and Sculpture.” On view from 2/9. 2/20 at 10 and 2: “Fine Watches and Wristwatches.” On view from 2/15. 2/22 at 10: “Contemporary Art.” On view from 2/17.

Christie’s East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 2/14 at 10 and 2: “European Decorative Arts.” On view from 2/10.

Sotheby’s—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 2/14 at 10:15 and 2: “Arcade Furniture and Decorations.” On view from 2/9.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 2/15 at 10:30: “Modern Press and Illustrated Books.” On view from 2/10.

theater

Venetians, Blind...Musicals in Concert

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bus Stop—After a string of Broadway hits in the fifties including *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,* William Inge saw his carefully drawn portraits of emotionally frustrated, often inarticulate Midwesterners fall out of fashion in the sixties, when they (literally) ceded the stage to flashier sorts of technical experiment. (Back then, playwrights like Lanford Wilson working the same vein of lyrical realism were commonly dismissed by hip theater types as "the Inge fringe.") It's a fate he didn't deserve. This play, one of his best, examines the secret dreams of a saloon singer and a cowboy thrown together in a cafe by a raging snowstorm. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/22 opening at 6:30. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Du Barry Was a Lady—$25–$50. 2/15–2/17 at 8, 2/17 at 2. *City Center, 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Getting Away With Murder—The ads and press for this show take pains to emphasize that it *isn't* a musical—and for what other writer would it be considered necessary to point that out besides Stephen Sondheim? With collaborator George Furth, Broadway's preeminent purveyor of sophisticated dissonances has turned his attention to a straight play in the comedy-thriller vein, in which a crew of neurotic New Yorkers gather on the Upper West Side for a group-therapy session only to learn that their psychologist may have encountered foul play. With John Rubenstein, Terrence Mann, and Christine Ebersole; directed by Jack O'Brien. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 2/20 for a 3/17 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVE-MAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

The Father—Written almost a century before *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* August Strindberg's 1887 tale of marital viciousness is modern theater's founding treatment of mind (and power) games between the sexes. Richard Nelson's new adaptation stars Frank Langella as the Captain. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 2/25. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta (*The Bold and the Beautiful*) as bad boy Danny Zuko and Joe Piscopo (*Saturday Night Live*) as the deejay. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Special Valentine's Day and Presidents Day performances 2/14 at 8, 2/19 at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

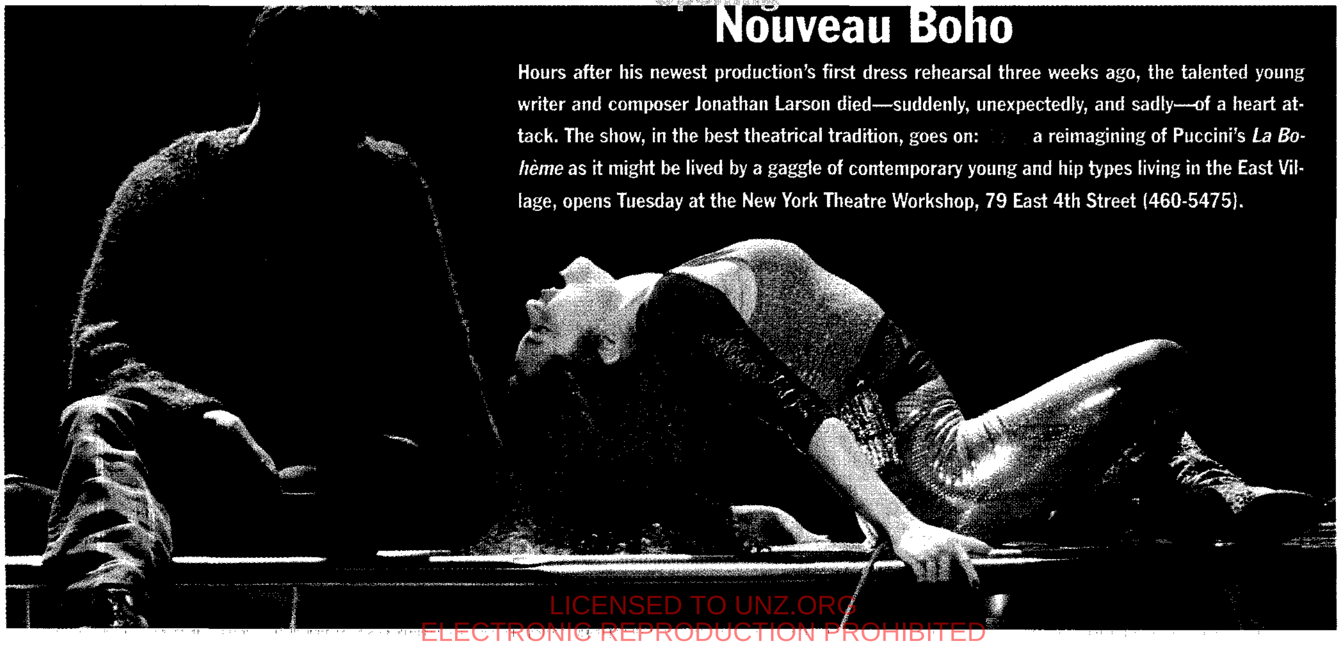
Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by

Opening

Nouveau Boho

Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal three weeks ago, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show, in the best theatrical tradition, goes on: a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village, opens Tuesday at the New York Theatre Workshop, 79 East 4th Street (460-5475).



Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney;* you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $95–$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. There's also a Sunday brunch performance at 1 with a special price of $50 for children twelve and under. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Amazing Metrano: An Accidental Comedy—In 1989, while performing minor house repairs, comic actor Art Metrano (*Police Academy*) suffered a fall from a ladder that left him paralyzed and (according to the doctors) unlikely to walk again. His new one-man show tells the story of how a sense of humor helped him to beat the odds. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Opening 2/15. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Onstage

Keeping It Simple

In eighteenth-century Europe, Lenten sobriety encouraged the oratorio—a substitute for lavish opera that used minimal scenery, costumes, and staging to tell a dramatic story in words and music—to flourish as an artistic genre in its own right. In twentieth-century New York, concert stagings of musical comedy are motivated by more secular concerns: Production costs and the displacement of Broadway shows as a central focus of popular culture are among the chief, er, inspirations. But they bid fair to establish themselves as an equally distinct form these days, thanks in no small part to the efforts of Walter Bobbie, Judith Daykin, and Rob Fisher (left to right). As artistic, executive, and musical director, respectively, they're the guiding spirits behind City Center's "Encores! Great American Musicals in Concert." The critically and popularly acclaimed series, dedicated to reviving neglected examples of this country's unique contribution to the theater, opens its third season this Thursday with Faith Prince and Robert Morse in Cole Porter's *Du Barry Was a Lady.* (*One Touch of Venus* and *Chicago* are scheduled for March 28–30 and May 2–4.)

The process of getting musicals from Broadway's Golden Age in shape for even a limited presentation is more complicated than it might seem. Playwrights such as David Ives and Terrence McNally have done judicious cut-and-paste work on older books, tidying up political incorrectnesses and no-longer-funny topical longueurs; and editing welters of original sheet music into a playable orchestra score can be a musicological detective job of the highest order. On the other hand, with a rehearsal-and-performance commitment limited to a brief two weeks, "Encores!" has been able to attract the enthusiastic participation of stars—Tyne Daly, Patti LuPone, Andrea Martin—who couldn't make time for more extensive runs. As we finish our conversation in City Center's offices, Walter Bobbie walks over to greet Frank Langella, who's called him out of the blue to discuss participating in the series. *"So!"* Langella booms. "*Tell* me about *this*!"

RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionble one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire*, *Three Hotels*, and *The End of the Day*, Baitz has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play, featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do The Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. No matinee 2/3, 7, 10; no performance 2/20. Special Sunday performances 2/4 and 11 at 7:30. Opening 2/19 at 6:45. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wiseass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out *something.* $25 in previews, $35 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 2/16 for a 3/7 opening. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Lion in the Streets—Canadian playwright Judith Thompson's take on the contemporary urban nightmare, as seen from the ghostly/posthumous perspective of a young murder victim. $20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, with an added performance 2/21. Beginning previews 2/15 for a 2/23 opening; through 3/17. *29th St. Repertory Theater, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Overtime—In A.R. Gurney's comic sequel to *The Merchant of Venice*, the author of *Love Letters* and *The Dining Room* leaves his usual subject of dysfunctional northeastern Wasp gentility for something new: a comic fantasia that not only looks in on Shakespeare's Venetians just after the trial scene but transmutes them into a gumbo of contemporary, issue-driven ethnic characters including Jews, blacks, Latinos, and Irish-Americans. $30. Tues.-Sun at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 2/13 for a 3/5 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Rent—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opening 2/13. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Scenes From an Execution—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 2/17 for a 2/27 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Too Many Clothes—$12. 2/15–17 at 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Topper—A workshop presentation of a new musical based on the popular film and its companion TV series about a pair of whimsical ghosts. Or new*ish*, at any rate; Jerry Sterner (*Other People's Money*) has raided the Cole Porter catalog for song standards to complement his original book. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 2/14; through 2/25. *Musical Theatre Works, 440 Lafayette St. (677-0040).*

Wasting Time With Harry Davidowitz—The story, pace its flippant title, of one Jewish man's spiritual journey from disbelief to renewal. $20. Sat. and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opening 2/12. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan and Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller replacing Barbara Barrie and Larry Keith. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Bed and Sofa—The creative team responsible for 1986's *Goblin Market*—Polly Pen and Andre Ernotte—is back on the scene, this time with a musical adaptation of Abram Room's 1926 cult film about the birth of the modern age in 1920s Moscow. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Blue Window—Craig Lucas (*Prelude to a Kiss*) bends language into intricate counterpoint by following the inhabitants of five neighboring Manhattan apartments as they converge for a dinner party. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 West 55th Street (581-1212).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Cynthia Darlow, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 2/25. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dick Gregory Live—Before satirist and political crusader Dick Gregory appeared on America's TV screens in the early sixties, black comedians aspiring to mainstream status had restricted themselves to bland, unchallenging performing styles. After him, the way was cleared for Richard Pryor and (the early) Eddie Murphy. With 'Dick Gregory Live,' this year's Negro Ensemble Company season opener, the comedian returns to the live stage for the first time in twenty years. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St (315-0112).*

An Epidog—Rose, the dog star (forgive us for that) of Lee Breuer's "Animations" series, has shaken off mortal coils in this latest installment to take up residence in the Book of the Dead-described Bardo State. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 2/24. *HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-9684).*

F/Left of the Moon—Two new plays by Laurence Holder and Fred Newman dealing with, respectively, the political history of the activist Lenora Fulani and a group of confued midwesterners struggling through the social changes of the 1960s. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 2/25. *Castillo Cultural Center, 500 Greenwich St. (941-5800).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Frank Pig Says Hello—In Pat McCabe's stage adaptation of his novel *The Butcher Boy*, a young Irish lad's madness, together with his reading habits, causes him to assume the persona of a pig. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Performance

Closet Queen

Naked we come, naked we return, but in the meantime, there's a lot of hassle over finding just the right bustier. Comedian and writer Linda Hill brings her one-woman show 'Too Many Clothes,' an evening of character comedy based on the performer's extensive collection of vintage fashions, to the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street (255-5793), this week for three performances only (see listings).

Photograph by John Sabatini.

Jam on the Groove—A troupe of first-generation hip-hop performers in a stage show that uses street music and dance in the service of dramatic storytelling. $29.50–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).*

King Lear—The story of a fond and foolish old king (F. Murray Abraham) stripped of pride to confront mortality is Number Thirty in the New York Shakespeare Festival's ongoing Shakespeare Marathon. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 2/18. *Anspacher Theater at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Lady from the Sea—The play by Ibsen. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Major Barbara—Ninety years after it was written, George Bernard Shaw's witty and incisive look into the morality of arms production—a subject wherein religion, sociology, and capitalism appear, at least in the playwright's view, to have equally unassailable claims—is still asking the unanswerable-but-provocative questions that need to be asked. $24, $19 seniors, $12 students. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Mata Hari—A revival of the 1967 musical by Edward Thomas, Jerome Coppersmith, and Martin Charnin about World War I's most notorious intelligence officer, vamp division. $30–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/18. *Theatre at St. Peter's, Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Measure for Measure—Theatre for a New Audience, the acclaimed Off Broadway company that's drawn raves for its breathtaking versions of (the relatively straightforward) *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI* over the past several years, has chosen what's perhaps the knottiest of all the Bard's scripts as its season opener. $32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 at 8. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/17. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40-$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sheba—In the Bible, the briefly described meeting of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba probably records a more-or-less straightforward diplomatic meeting between the monarchs of neighboring Ancient Near Eastern principalities. But, hey—if historical precision were the point in musicals, how many big second-act love ballads would make the cut? Perhaps taking their cue from one brief phrase ("She communed with him of all that was in her heart"), Sharleen Cooper Cohen and Gary William Friedman have fashioned a lyrical love story about doomed passion and clashing cultures. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, re-creates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

War Paint

From Diego Rivera's left-leaning murals—ripped out of Rockefeller Center's lobby in the thirties by right-leaning Nelson himself—to Richard Serra's recent *Tilted Arc,* New Yorkers have a long history of experiencing firsthand the conflicts that arise when art begins to rub politics the wrong way. With the story of a fifteenth-century Venetian painter whose evocation of the Republic's warlike past enrages her Establishment patrons, British playwright Howard Barker takes up the issue in *Scenes From an Execution,* the second production of the recently formed Blue Light Theater Company. Previews begin Saturday.

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Through 2/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Waiting For Godot—$24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

The Winter's Tale—The (sort-of) comedy by Shakespeare. $21–$26. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/16. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Place (598-9802).*

Wonderful Time—A new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman (*Sophistry*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Yiddish Trojan Women—What, you thought that Euripides crowd had it rough? Check out Carol Braverman's story of four Jewish women braving personal dilemmas, political crises, and the whole Life thing, *tateleh*. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/18. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Off-Off Broadway

Barbed Wires—$12. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Creative Voices, 750 Eighth Ave. (841-1778).*

Bedroom Farce—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/18. *Theater at West Park Presbyterian Church, 165 W. 86th St. (642-6278).*

The Brooch—A workshop production of a new comedy by Emily Whitesell starring Celeste Holm. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (279-4200).*

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Dance in the Giddy Circle—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/24. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (595-3433).*

Distortion Taco—As the MTV explosion proved in the eighties, rock music—from Duran Duran to Nine Inch Nails—has always had a not-so-secret tendency toward dramatic narrative. Writer-performer Stephen Brantley takes it to the stage at P.S. 122 with the story of a deranged rocker on a drug-induced sojourn involving beatniks, the Bluebird of Happiness, and Janis Joplin. $12/TDF. Thurs.– Sun. at 8. Opening 2/15. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Habeas Corpus—An early play by master British *farceur* Alan Bennett. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave. (924-8699).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St. bet. Church St. and Broadway (967-0400).*

Lysistrata—$12/TDF. Sun.–Tues. at 8. Through 2/27. *Theater 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (243-2805).*

Nora—$6–$8. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/24. *WOW Cafe, 59 E. 4th St. bet. Second Ave. and Bowery (505-3250).*

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap/California Suite—"Couple," Fri. at 8; "Mousetrap," Sat. at 8; "California," Sat. at 10. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Of Mice and Men—Tell me about the rabbits, Geoooorge. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/22. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (439-8148.).*

Radio Free New York—Free. Fri. at 8. Through 3/15. *The Fort at Sidewalk Cafe, 94 Ave. A (718-832-8436).*

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Before *The Twilight Zone,* Rod Serling had quite a succesful career as *Playhouse 90*'s house scriptwriter in the lyrical tough-guy strain; this, arguably, is his best effort in that field. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/18. *Kraine Theater at Cooper Square Workshop, 85 E. 4th St. bet. Second and Third Aves.*

School Belles—$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opening 2/15. *Fool's Company Space, 311 W. 43rd St. (539-7620).*

Spyz—$8. Sat. at 10:30. Through 3/2. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St. bet. Church and Broadway (946-4440).*

Photograph by Ken Cobb.

nightlife

Jacky Terrasson...Dirty Dozen Brass Band

Concerts

Cypress Hill/Fugees—Is it already five years since Cypress Hill's grinding sonics and sleepy-eyed gangsta-isms redefined hip-hop? Now, two albums and a Lollapalooza appearance since, the L.A. rap trio is a firmly entrenched part of the frat-hop firmament, about as menacing and mysterious as The Fres Prince. For late-nineties rap innovation, look to their openers, the Fugees, a phenomenal coed rap trio from New Jersey. Comprised of Haitian-born cousins Wyclef "Clef" Jean and Prakazrel "Pras" Michel and the amazing rapperess-singer Lauryn "L" Hill, the Fugees mix dreamy atmospheres, reggae-tinged melodies, and spellbinding rhymesmanship. Their new sophomore record, *The Score,* is a confident, breathtaking, and deeply musical manifesto of post-gangsta identity. It's also undoubtedly the first rap release to include a cover of "Killing Me Softly With His Song." They play with Jersey homeboys Blahzay, Blahzay and the mighty D.J. kingpin Funkmaster Flex on 2/15 at 8 P.M. *Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. (473–7171). $20.* Cypress Hill plays with L.A.'s Pharcyde on 2/16 at 8 P.M. *Roseland. Sold out.*

Tibet House New York's 4th Annual Benefit Concert—The benefit brings its standard lineup of high-profile well-wishers and spectacular performers, including Laurie Anderson, Allen Ginsberg, Philip Glass, Emmylou Harris, Richie Havens, Natalie Merchant, Patti Smith, Canadian fiddler Ashley MacIsaac, Tibetan singer-composer Dadon, Harrison Ford, and Uma Thurman. 2/19 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $20–$75.*

Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band—Just take those old records off the shelf, he'll sit and listen to them by himself—along with 20,000 or so true believers. If those lines conjure Tom Cruise dancing in his briefs, or if "Like a Rock" means naught but a Chevy commercial, then you've already skipped on to the next entry. Call the gravelly-voiced, gray-bearded Seger Detroit's Springsteen or the seventies' Hootie and the Blowfish. This is rock as working-class balm, which somehow redeems the fact that his band shares its name with a line of Coors beer. 2/21 at 7:30 P.M. *Madison Square Garden Arena, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171). $35 and $25.*

Ray Davies—The charming and witty raconteur (and ex–Kinks singer) recently extended his highly acclaimed one-man show *20th Century Man.* It plays through 2/25. *Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (307-7171). $35 and $40.*

Dirty Dozen Brass Band—New Orleans's greatest mobile export, the parade-ready Dirty Dozen have shared stages with everyone from Miles Davis to the Grateful Dead. Their repertoire is similarly well-traveled, running from the most rootsy funeral marches to boisterous funk jams to Afro-Cuban rhythms to wonderfully imaginative modern jazz. Since any chance to see them should be jumped at, an evening billed as "a special Mardi Gras celebration" should pretty much speak for itself. 2/15 at 8 P.M. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (307-7171). $20.*

Lenny Kravitz—A strange, living simulacrum of rock's "classic" era, Lenny Kravitz channels the sound, look, and ethos of sixties and seventies greats while remaining resolutely unburdened by any of their songwriting abilities. Led Zeppelin is the primary text for his latest, *Circus,* on which he dispenses such wisdom as "God is love/ He makes the rain that makes the flowers/ God is love/ And so amazing are his powers." Still, he looks great saying it, playing with the similarly photogenic young waiflet Poe. 2/13 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247–0200). Sold Out.*

Natalie Merchant.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Dmitri Matheny—2/14 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247–7800). $20/$12.*

Natalie Merchant—Her plaintive alto and beestung lips helped the breezy folk-pop of 10,000 Maniacs gain considerable popularity, which she has, somehow, since eclipsed on her own. The preachy topicality on her solo debut, *Tiger Lily*—not to mention her ode to River Phoenix—has done nothing to dissuade her fans, who know enough to expect all of the above here on 2/20 at 8 P.M. *Tilles Center on the C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, Route 25A, Brookville (516-299-3100). $20.*

"New Sounds at Merkin Hall"—The ten-year-old new-music showcase presents Peter Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra, folk musician Brian Dewan, and Laurie Anderson. 2/15 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $16.*

Red Hot Chili Peppers/Rentals—Ten years into the game, these reconstructed frat-funkers have made quite a spectacular record. One Hot Minute is full of shimmering guitarscapes, hypnotic atmospheres, and ferocious rock jams—more pointed and strange than anything the Lollapaloozites who swayed to "Under the Bridge" two years ago had any right to expect./A charmingly odd little band, the Rentals began as a pet project of Weezer bassist Matt Sharp, whose glum, bespectacled mug—along with a wonderful Moog synthesizer melody—helped propel their video "Friends of P." to "Buzz-Bin" status on MTV. They play with the long-haired, smooth-cheeked grunge-kids of Silverchair. 2/16 at 7:30 p.m. Nassau Coliseum (307-7171). $27.50

Andy Statman Klezmer Orchestra—A program of traditional Eastern European klezmer music with one of the premier artists of the art form's recent revival. 2/17 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (307-7171). $18.*

Marianne Williamson—2/15 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840–2824). $10.*

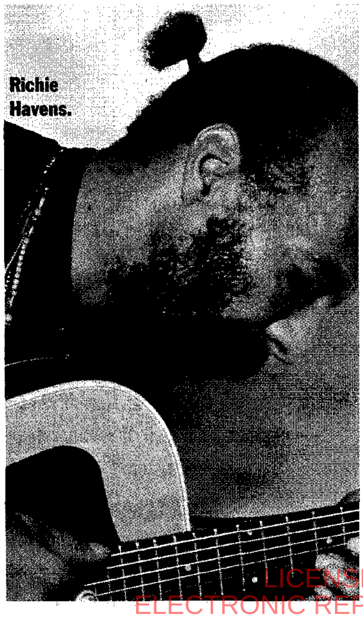
Clubland

Academy—Having invented the art form, eighties metal gods Iron Maiden conjure up evil falsetto better than the rest of them, and do so on 2/16. 2/18: Santa Monica power-pop trio and MTV staple Everclear play with Ruth Ruth and Eve's Plum. Shows at 8 P.M. *243 W. 43rd St. (249-8870).*

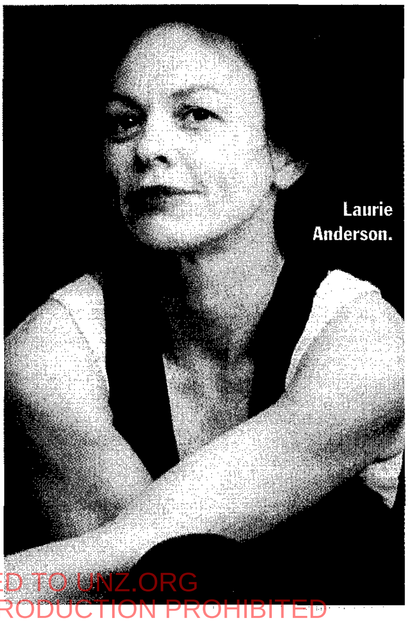
Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good

Performance
Beautiful People For Tibet

Laurie Anderson, Allen Ginsberg, Philip Glass, Emmylou Harris, Richie Havens, Natalie Merchant, Patti Smith, Uma Thurman, and Harrison Ford lend their talents and essences to Tibet House New York's Fourth Annual Benefit Concert at Carnegie Hall on February 19.



Richie Havens.



Laurie Anderson.

Photographs: top, Michael Halsband; bottom right, Annie Leibovitz.

sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 2/17: Jazz Passengers with special guest Deborah Harry. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. (Punk-rock credibility points for ID-ing its acronym.) Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere, with higher-end tap beers and quieter, if no less impassioned, acoustic acts. 2/15: Patti Rothberg. 2/16: Railroad Jerk; Skeleton Key. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 2/21–2/22: Big Jack Johnson. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 2/16: Thurston Moore. 2/17: Reggae giant Sugar Minot and special guests. 2/19: Amiri Baraka; Cyro Batista. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night, though the trek's particularly worth it on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 2/16–2/17: Ex–Psychedelic Furs keyboardist Joe McGinty continues the grand tradition of the Loser's Lounge tribute series by toasting that giant of quirky seventies thought-rock, Harry Nilsson. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 2/17: Rake's Progress; Nancy Boy; Felonius Punk. 2/20: Loup Garou's Third Annual Mardi Gras Party, featuring Chris Franz, Tina Weymouth, Jerry Harrison, and Debbie Harry. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 2/16: Inviolate; William Hooker Orchestra Project. 2/17: Tim Berne's Bloodcount. 2/19: David Murray Big Band; Christina Wheeler's Gris Gris Grio. (219-3055).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 2/15: Mr. T Experience. 2/21: Cucumbers. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 2/15: The moody and transporting neo-surf guitar trio, the Mermen; Heavy Into Jeff. 2/19: Frances Dunnery. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 2/16–2/18: Brazilian Carnival Celebration featuring Brazilian Energy, Star Samba, and Samba Nova. 2/19: Rey Ruiz, Prince of Salsa. 2/20: Sax Explosion featuring Walter Beasley, Everett Harp, George Howard, and Gerald Albright. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling, challenging acoustics, and an appropriately romantic setting for Valentine's Day. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangments strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 2/17: John Hammond; Duke Robillard Band; Ronnie Earl. 2/19–2/20: Tribute to Danny Gatton featuring James Burton, Tracy Nelson, Uptown Horns, and others. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 2/16: A night of ska madness with the Toasters. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 2/16–2/17: John Hicks Quintet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. Through 2/18: Tito Puente's Golden Jazz All-Stars, which include the amazing flutist Dave Valentin, trumpeter Charlie Sepulveda, pianist Hilton Ruiz, and the mighty conga legend, Mongo Santamaria. 2/20–2/25: Betty Carter and Her Trio. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 2/17: Victor Lewis Trio feautring Stephen Scott. 2/18: Victor Lewis Quartet. 2/19–2/24: Donald Brown, Javon Jackson, and Ira Coleman. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 2/13: Lina Koutrakos. *7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday night, jazz musician and guitar innovator Les Paul leads a trio, relocated from the now defunct Fat Tuesdays. Through 2/18: Dorothy Donegan Trio. 2/20–2/25: Terence Blanchard Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 2/21–2/24: Pianist Cyrus Chestnut and bassist Steve Kirby. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 2/13: Ilhan Ersahin Quintet. 2/14–2/17: Kevin Mahogany Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 2/18: The transcendent torch-song balladeer Jimmy Scott. 2/20–3/3: Illinois Jacquet Big Band. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 2/18: Flugelhornist extraordinaire Art Farmer. 2/20–2/25: Jacky Terrasson. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Not only has George Mraz spent ten years as bassist for the super-demanding pi-

Talent Terrasson Firma

He looks a bit like Keith Jarrett and plays a bit like Bud Powell, but make no mistake: Jacky Terrasson (Village Vanguard, February 20–25) is—spectacularly—his own pianist. Soon he may be everyone else's as well. Newly 30, this French-born comer displays an absolutely stunning technique, keyboard acrobatics that can turn even the most shopworn Cole Porter tune into a breathtaking ballet. His galloping treatment of "I Love Paris" opens last year's self-titled debut like a pianistic Gene Kelly, with tempos that race thrillingly, then halt on a dime, staggering *faux* pratfalls that end in graceful pirouettes. Of course, blazing chops alone aren't enough to distinguish Terrasson in a field of young monsters like Cyrus Chestnut and Eric Reed. What may, though, is his precise touch and almost perverse sense of harmonic reinvention. Like Jarrett and Bill Evans, Terrasson graduated from a classical-music school, but he did so only *after* logging time with his American mom's record collection. Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk "hooked" him early and, more important, trained ears and hands to shuffle chord changes like a tarot deck—with surprise, portent, and revelation. That kind of magic is even more apparent on his new *Reach* (Blue Note), where the telegraphic title tune bookends a gorgeous meditation on "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." "I try to think of things that will go with a melody or against it," Terrasson says in lightly accented English. "Be creative with a melody without destroying it. But then, sometimes that's all right, too." Accent or no, Monk himself couldn't have said it better.

Chris Norris

Photograph by Jimmy Katz.

anist Tommy Flanagan; he's also clocked time with a list of jazz heavies that would probably terrify lesser talents: Joe Henderson, Bill Evans, Elvin Jones, Stan Getz, and Hank Jones, who bestowed the superlative "There is no greater jazz bassist in the world today than George Mraz." So when he steps to the foreground as a leader, which he does here through 2/17, the world should take notice. 2/20: Jaye Clayton. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 2/14: Valentine's Day Dinner Show with James Stephens III. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 2/19–2/25: Jeff Ross; Larry Amoros; Kevin Brennen; Gregg Rogell; William Stephenson. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 Macdougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's "Stand Up Stand Up." *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 2/16–2/18: Dave Attel; Kevin Brennan; Jerry Red Wilson; Louis Black. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 3/2: John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, doing the *chanteuse* thing in her trademark catlike purr through 2/21. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer-pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.–Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).*

Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Rosemary Clooney is back in town for her eighth annual engagement here. The theme of the singer's show—complete with a fourteen-piece big band this time around—is her mid-fifties collaboration with the great Nelson Riddle. Through 3/2. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer-trombonist Pete McGuinness performs a salute to Cole Porter. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor" is the theme—which the space was quite recently—and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

THE Dirty Dozen Brass Band

Performance

Cue the Saints!

Nobody—but nobody—does Mardi Gras like the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the funkiest parade outfit on the planet. The New Orleans powerhouse kick-starts the party at Florence Gould Hall on February 15.

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Rick Oliver.

restaurants

Nuevas Tierras...Aja'n Lamb...Beer Bars

Manhattan

Lower New York

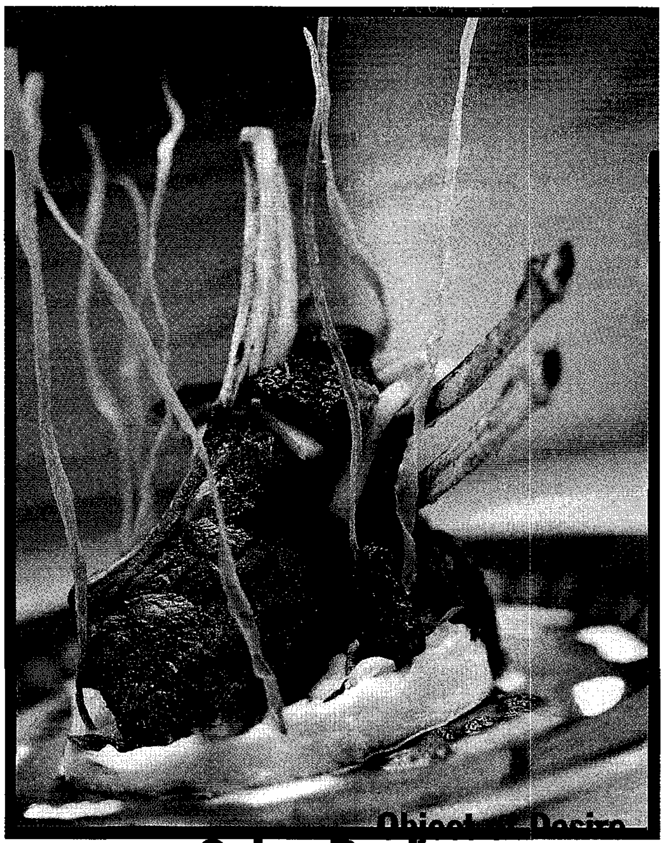
Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Object of Desire

Spice Rack

Gary Robins's East-West pas de deux at Aja is best expressed in his rack of lamb, prepared with a creamy parsnip-hazelnut purée, turmeric- and cayenne-fired mango slivers, and a scattering of delicately flavored Indian morels stuffed with port-drenched foie gras. (937 Broadway, at 22nd Street.)

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. *151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nacho Mama's Brewery—A lofty new brewery in SoHo serving microbrewed beer and the kind of food, from chicken wings to gourmet burritos, that goes with it. The scene is as young and lively as would be expected. *40–42 Thompson St., at Broome St. (925-8966). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Openings

Tap Dance

It might be heaven—although in heaven there is rumored to be no beer, and here the taps stretch into the horizon: almost 70, bearing names like Sierra Nevada, Rogue, Rodenbach, and Hoegaarden. When The Ginger Man (11 East 36th Street) opened two weeks ago, beer nuts all but tumbled through the doors to reach that long, tantalizing bar. The place is not related to the defunct Lincoln Center establishment. It's the Yankee cousin of a small chain in Texas, and it feels like a vast Edwardian hunting lodge—clubby, airy (when the air is not filled with expensive-cigar smoke), its back room strewn with sofas on which you may sprawl and be served by a staff weaned on English beer bard Michael Jackson's guidebooks. Sample a Boon (pronounced "Bone") Kriek, a Belgian, cherry lambic that's sourball-sweet and yet profoundly winey; a heady, Falstaffian Rogue Shakespeare Stout; a crispy-rye Roggen; a Stoudt's Abbey Triple, with a tutti-frutti body and a blazing, alcoholic finish.

After years of drought, New York has gone . . . draught. Even the site of the city's unluckiest brewpub, the Manhattan Brewing Company, has sprung back to life—as Nacho Mama's (40–42 Thompson Street). The brewer, Joshua ("Don't call me Josh") Mandel, a disarming mixture of the laid-back and obsessive, works wonders with notoriously backward equipment. True, there is a waterlogged Wheat and a dumb Blonde, but the Pale explodes with hop resins, and the British-style ales, served at cellar temperature on hand pumps, can be superb. The Bitter has gentle pear and floral notes; the Porter is dry, roasty, elegant. These are subtle suds—bizarrely so for a place where post-frat finance types gobble hippopotamic burritos. Heaven this surely must be. DAVID EDELSTEIN

LASTBEEF SANDWICH $5.50
WEST TURKEY SANDWICH $5.50
BLACK FOREST HAM SANDWICH $5.50
FRESH MOZZARELLA SANDWICH $5.50

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare, from crab cakes to Maine lobsters to Sunday brunch, is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Celebrate the Chinese New Year from February 16 through the 29 with a seven-course banquet dinner and live music. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (355-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ristorante De Grezia—A midtown spot, popular among the neighborhood's businessmen, serving gourmet Northern Italian cuisine. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

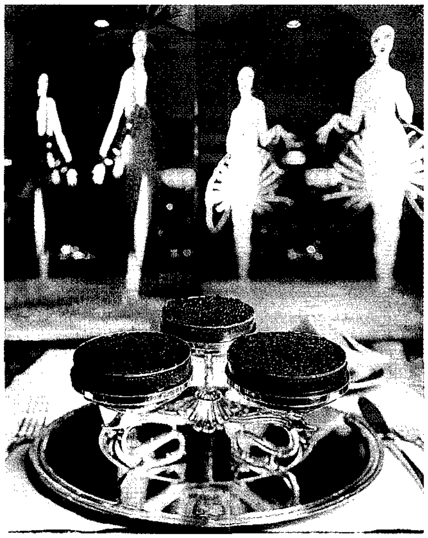
Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tastings
Champagne Wishes And Caviar Bars

Like fine cigars, caviar is a time-weathered luxury now being celebrated as if it were a new discovery. Be it the opulent ritual of pearl spoons and fetishistically minced accoutrements, the rich taste and textural play of bubbles in silky brine, or merely recycled circa-1979 haute-bourgeois pretension, caviar is back in a big way. The Russian Tea Room may be closed for now, but caviar consumption continues at elegant restaurants like Petrossian, as well as in more prosaic settings like the Vinegar Factory, where an in-store tasting of Beluga, Osetra, and Sevruga, complete with warm silver-dollar-size buckwheat blinis and cool crème fraîche, is a mere $60 for two. At their new caviar-and-champagne bar at Caviarteria, where owner Eric Sobol claims that caviar sales were up 33 percent this past year, a ¾-oz. mini-sampler is available for a frugal $24. Some Madison Avenue hair salons, such as Henri Elfassi, periodically serve complimentary caviar to clients as an additional lure, and by next month, two new caviar emporiums will be open—the Bubble Room (228 West Broadway), which will offer caviar along with more than 200 types of champagne and sparkling wine, and Pravda (281 Lafayette), which will serve it with a wide selection of chilled vodkas.

Beth Landman



Photograph by Bernd Auers.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner or tea. The contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sophia and Petros Antonakos.

Restaurant

El Greco

It's been two decades since the Antonakoses gave their floundering Jackson Heights pizzeria new life as an authentic Colombian cantina. Now they've opened a second, fancified Tierras Colombianas at 33-01 Broadway in Astoria, and it serves the same heaping platters of chicharrones and plantains. (Broadway stop on the N line.)

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Chris Casaburi.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This cavernous dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Closed Monday. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

in concert

Grace Bumbry...Parsons Premiere...More Ma

Perfor

Take a Bow

Celebrate musical affinity, not romantic love, this February 14 with a performance of Schubert's Trout Quintet by Emanuel Ax, Yo-Yo Ma, and Friends. Companions include violinist Pamela Frank, violist Rebecca Young, soprano Barbara Hendricks, and double bassist Edgar Meyer. The concert of Hausmusik *(music at home) can literally be enjoyed couch-bound, thanks to a WNET simulcast of the Alice Tully Hall performance.*

Classical Music

Tuesday, February 13

Wolfgang Holzmair, Baritone—Performs Schubert's *Winterreise. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Albéniz, Rodrigo, and De Falla; Charles Dutoit, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Wednesday, February 14

Brandenburg Ensemble—Performs romantic classics from Vivaldi, Mozart, and Bach. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$35.*

Emanuel Ax, Yo-Yo Ma, and Friends—A concert of *Hausmusik. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $40.*

Musical Valentines—Flutist Carol Wincenc performs five new works by Foss, Torke, Schickele, and others. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (721-6500), at 8; $16.*

Schubertiade 1996—The Vermeer Quartet performs Schubert's *Quartettsatz in C minor. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $27.50, $125 for series.*

Thursday, February 15

Bargemusic—Works by Bach, Mozart, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Mahler's Fifth Symphony; Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Tokyo String Quartet—Featuring Pinchas Zukerman, premiering Neikrug's *Viola Quintet. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

Friday, February 16

Emerson String Quartet—Performs the Schubert *Quartet in A minor. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $20.*

Grace Bumbry Black Music Heritage Ensemble—Performs sacred music and dance. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$50.*

MSM Symphony—Works by Husa and Rachmaninoff; Zdenek Macal, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Concert Royal—French Baroque music. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/15.

Saturday, February 17

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Perform Respighi's *The Birds. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $15.*

Schubertiade 1996—With baritone Hermann Prey and pianist David Golub. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $27.50, $125 for series.*

New York Philharmonic—See 2/15.

Sunday, February 18

Joshua Bell, Violinist—Performs works by Schumann, Corigliano, and Bach with pianist Andrew Degrado. *Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing (718-793-8080), at 2; $24.*

New York Youth Symphony—Featuring pianist Alex Slobodyanik performing Rachmaninoff. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; free.*

Kim Kashkashian, Violist—First artist in a four-concert tribute to Paul Hindemith. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 3; $15.*

Peter Serkin, Pianist—Performs works by Wolpe, Beethoven, and Brahms. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $18–$38.*

Bargemusic—See 2/15, at 4.

American Symphony Orchestra Chamber Players—Performs "Jewish Musical Life under the Third Reich"; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (721-6500), at 7; $20.*

Schubertiade 1996—With the Schubertiade Vocal Quartet, Hermann Prey, and others. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $27.50, $125 for series.*

Monday, February 19

Atlas Camerata Orchestra—Performs Avni, Vivaldi, and Shemer. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 8; $20.*

Music of Our Time—Chamber works by MacBride, Schoenfeld, and Maw. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (721-6500), at 8; $23.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 2/12 at 8, 2/15 at 8; Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, 2/13 at 7:30, 2/17 at 8; Puccini's *Turandot*, 2/14 at 8, 2/17 at 1:30; Verdi's *Aïda*, 2/16 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$175.*

Dance

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—2/14–2/17 at 8, 2/13 and 2/18 at 7:30, 2/17 and 2/18 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

New York City Ballet—World premiere of David Parson's *Touch* on 2/15. 2/13–2/17 at 8, 2/17 at 2, and 2/18 at 3. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$70.*

Juilliard Dance Division—Performs José Limón's *The Winged.* 2/15–2/17 at 8, 2/18 at 3. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406); $15.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Karen Kuehn.

the mix

Hattie Carnegie...Triple Pier Expo...*Infinite* Reading

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—2/13: Bach's Violin Concerto in E, BWV 1042, and Borodin's Symphony No.2 in b. 2/14: Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde:* Prelude and Libestod, and Hanson's Symphony No. 2, Opus 30, *Romantic.* 2/15: Rosetti's Symphony in E flat and Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in b flat, Opus 23. 2/16: Fasch's Orchestral Suite No. 1 in D and Corigliano's Clarinet Concerto. 2/19: Boccherini's Symphony in C, Opus 10, No. 4, and Schumann's Cello Concerto in a, Opus 129. 2/20: Bach's Four Keyboard Concerto in a, BMV 1065, Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini,* Opus 32, and Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture,* Opus 80. 2/21: Rodrigo's *Fantasia para un gentilhombre* and Delibes's *Coppelia:* Act II, Scene 2. Weeknights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco–Metropolitan Opera—2/17 at 1:30 P.M.: Puccini's *Turandot.* With Ghana Dimitrova, Angela Gheorghiu, Lando Bartolini, and Dimitri Kavrakos. Nello Santi conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—2/13: Jules Feiffer offers *A Barrel of Laughs, a Vale of Tears;* Illene Beckerman discusses her book *Love, Loss, and What I Wore;* Dodie Kazanjan on *Icons* and the absolutes of style; actor Eric Stoltz; Terry Gilliam on his new film *Twelve Monkeys.* 2/14: Journalist John Hess talks about what's wrong with the world at large; internationally acclaimed diva Grace Bumbry; grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper "on the many ways to troth your love." 2/15: Seymour Martin Lipset on *American Exceptionalism;* Michael Pye on his new novel *The Drowning Room;* Elayne Rapping on making sense of the self-help movement in women's lives in *The Culture of Recovery;* Margaret Morton on her book *The Tunnel,* which captures the lives of the homeless living in the subway. 2/16: Historian James Thomas Flexner on his autobiography *Maverick's Progress;* Carolina Garcia-Aguilera on *Bloody Waters.* 2/19: Louise De Salvo on *Conceived With Malice;* Jim Cullen on *The Art of Democracy.* 2/20: Soheir Khashoggi's talks about her fiction debut *Mirage,* about women of modern-day harems; Denis Woychuk discusses a lawyer's life with the criminally insane in his book *Attorney of the Damned.* 2/21: R&B star Ruth Brown on her life in music; Lyall Watson discusses *Dark Nature,* a natural history of evil. WNYC, 820 AM.

Sunday Night Opera House—2/18 at 8: Puccini's *La Rondine.* With Anna Moffo, Daniele Barioni, Mario Sereni, Graziella Sciutti, and RCA Italian Opera Chorus. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Mario Vargas Llosa—2/12 at 7:30: A dramatic reading from his new novel *Death in the Andes.* Writers in Performance/City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

The Poetry of Rimbaud and Verlaine—2/12: Call for time. An evening of poetry and music, with songs by Debussy, Fauré, and Hahn. 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $20.

Denise Duhamel and Nick Carbo—2/13 at 7: Botanica (formerly The Old Knitting Factory), 47 E. Houston (343-7251); $3.

Dani Shapiro—2/13 at 8: Barnes & Noble West, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St.; free.

Bette Bao Lord—2/13 at 6:30: The author of *Spring Moon* and *Legacies* reads from her new novel, *The Middle Heart,* about love and friendship among three young people, set amidst the turmoil of thirties China. Asia Society, 725 Park Avenue, at 70th St. (517-6397); $10, $7 members.

Valentine's Day Reading—2/14 at 7: The Poetry Project presents its special reading with poets, musicians, dancers, and artists performing and reading love-related works. Includes: Bernadette Mayer, Elena Alexander, Hal Sirowitz, Ted Greenwald, and Linda Yablonsky. The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $10, $7 for Poetry Project members.

Selected Shorts: A Chance For Romance—2/14 at 6:30: Audra McDonald, Toru Ohno, and John Rothman read stories by Rita Dove, Sharon Pomerantz, Banana Yoshimoto, and Thomas Beller. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-1414); $16, $11 members.

Joyce Carol Oates, Mary Higgins Clark, and Carol Higgins Clark—2/14 at 6: All contributors to *Murder for Love.* Barnes & Noble West, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St.; free.

John Updike—2/16 at 7: Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0688): $6, $4 members, seniors, and students.

David Foster Wallace—2/18 at 7: KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (799-1044); free. 2/19 at 7: Tower Books, 383 Lafayette St.; free.

Lectures and Panels

Seymour Martin Lipset—2/14 at 6: Speaking on "American Exceptionalism" in the Celeste Bartos Forum (room 80) of the New York Public Library's Center for the Humanities. Fifth Avenue and 42nd St. (930-0571); $7.

How to Get the Client-Server Architecture You Really Need—2/13 at 9 A.M.: "Good, Bad, and Plain Rotten Architectures." Speaker, Mr. Philip Teplitzky, vice-president at Citibank. Polytechnic University, Westchester Graduate Center, 36 Mill River Rd., Hawthorne, N.Y. (718-260-3050); $10.

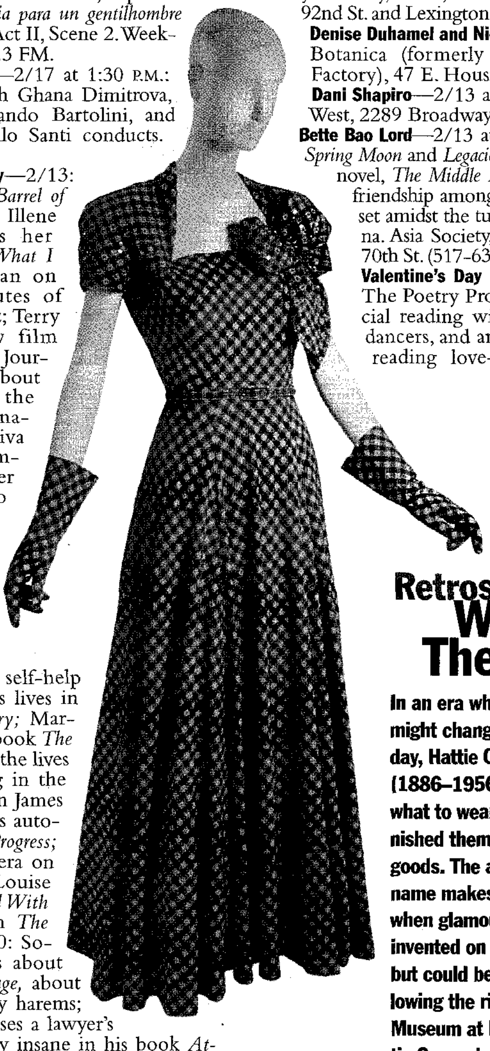
Baudelaire and Whitman: A Missed Opportunity—2/12 at 8:15: Richard Howard, poet, translator, and essayist, will lecture (in English) on this subject at La Maison Française, 16 Washington Mews (998-8750); free.

Twice in a Lifetime: Playwrights Re-view Their Early Works—2/15 at 6:30: This season, several established dramatists will have a chance to see new productions of their early plays. Tina Howe, David Ives, and Linda Winer will discuss how they feel about their youthful creations from the vantage of a mature stage of their careers, whether they have revised their plays to address the passage of time, and whether their previous successes haunt or fuel their subsequent work. The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Bruno Walter Auditorium, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1671); $5 if purchased in advance, $7 at the door.

Camille Paglia—2/15 at 6:30: Camille Paglia considers herself the "academic Joan Rivers." Camille and Joy Behar will discuss comedy in our culture. 92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Gertrude Himmelfarb—2/20 at 6: The historian speaks on Victorian virtues and modern values in the Celeste Bartos Forum (room 80) of the New York Public Library's Center for the Humanities. Fifth Avenue and 42nd St. (930-0571); $7.

Death in the Family—2/17 at 1: *Vanity Fair* reporter Marie Brenner compares the editorial detachment of her O. J. Simpson reporting with the agony of personal involvement in the murder of a relative; it's the subject of her upcoming book *On the Border.* New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, at 77th St. (873-3400); free with museum admission.



Retrospective

Woman of The Cloth

In an era when a lady's costume might change several times a day, Hattie Carnegie (1886–1956) told other women what to wear—and then furnished them with the swanky goods. The aura surrounding her name makes you long for a time when glamour didn't have to be invented on an individual basis but could be approached by following the right authority. The Museum at F.I.T. celebrates Hattie Carnegie—the woman and her fashion empire—with an exhibition that opens February 16.

Photograph courtesy of the Fashion Institute of Technology.

Happening Before readings were opportunities to make writing seem as anonymous and banal as life itself, they were occasions for uncomplicated stargazing: Think of Anne Sexton and Her Kind, Anaïs Nin, e.e. cummings. But since David Foster Wallace has about him the whiff of celebrity, his reading this week at KGB should be, in spite of itself, a thoroughly old-fashioned affair. (See listings.)

Tours

Chinese New Year in Chinatown—2/18 at 1:Celebrate the coming of the New Year in the largest "Chinatown" in the Western Hemisphere. The tour includes stops at Quong Yeun Shing, the Kimlau Memorial, and the Hip Song Tong. Call 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

The 'New' D&D Building—2/19 at 10 A.M.: See the interior-design elements of the nineties in this fantastic building that has been completely renovated. Call the 92nd Street Y at 996-1100 for further information and reservations; $18.

The Historical Bronx—2/20 at 9:30 A.M.: Explore the Bronx's impressive collection of Art Deco residences. Call the 92nd Street Y at 996-1100 for further information and reservations; $55 (includes admissions and bus transportation).

Tower Art—2/21 at 10 A.M.: Visit one of JFK's most exciting terminals, Tower Air. Recently expanded, Tower Air has developed a creative new image in conjunction with art dealer Jeffrey Deitch and features the works of some of New York's hottest and most famous artists throughout the terminal. Call 996-1100 for further information and reservations; $35 (includes admission and bus transportation).

Events

Triple Pier Expo—2/17 and 2/18: 600 dealers fill the piers. **Pier 88** (open 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Sat., till 7 P.M. Sun.) is the place to find the best in twentieth-century collectibles, offering a wide array of Art Deco, Art Moderne, and fifties furniture and accessories, radios, appliances, cookie jars, Bakelite, chrome, Lucite, vintage fashions, textiles, costume jewelry, and more. **Pier 90** (open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Sat., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Sun.) is the "American" pier, featuring furniture; folk art; garden furniture; architectural artifacts; rustic and Arts & Crafts-era items; quilts and textiles; Native American, cowboy, and western artifacts; toys, games, dolls; books, advertising, paper, and more. **Pier 92** (open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Sat., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Sun.) is home to the finest in European, Oriental and traditional furnishings, formal furniture, art and decorative accessories, as well as paintings, porcelains, china, glass, bronzes, silver, fine jewelry, tapestries, and timepieces. Piers 88, 90, and 92 are located on Twelfth Ave. bet. 48th and 55th Sts. (255-0020); $10 for all three piers.

Sports

Hawaii Blue—The second half begins: Ever get the feeling during those coach's cross examinations on MSG that Nellie is wishing he had built that dream house in Hawaii? Since Pat Riley resurrected basketball in this city, every season has had a mantra: The first season's was *Winning attitude, defense, and intensity.* The second, *Beat the Bulls and the championship is ours.* The third ("Jordan Retires"), *It's our turn.* The fourth, *The Rockets were a fluke; it's our turn (again)* or *This is our last chance.* This season, it's *We don't have a prayer.* (Nobody ever accused Riley of being stupid for bailing.) Let's assume that the Knicks don't have a chance to "win it all": Yes, they aren't blessed with the No. 2 star to complement Patrick Ewing. But should Ernie Grunfeld and Don Nelson completely dismantle a team that has won 50-plus games four years and counting? There's this sports-world logic that mandates razing a house with a hole in the roof. Are Knick fans going to accept 50 *losses* in a season? The very models of consistency in the league are the Utah Jazz, whose two superstars, Karl Malone and John Stockton, have grown old together gracefully. Yet they haven't won jack. No one has suggested breaking up the duo for whatever interchangeable parts the Jazz seem to be lacking in a particular year. And there never seemed to be a dire urgency for Houston, the two-time champs, to win it all. The best trade they ever made was one they didn't: Robert Horry to Detroit for Sean Elliott. It's not a stretch to say if that trade had gone through, maybe the Rockets wouldn't have won either of their championships. Let's face it, the Rockets won through attrition, as the Knicks would have done had they beaten Houston; it *was* their turn, only they blew it. So maybe the Knicks don't need a Scottie Pippen. Maybe they're a P. J. Brown or Jayson Williams away. Or maybe a team that wins 60 percent of the time isn't such a terrible thing. 2/14 at Charlotte at 8. 2/16 vs. Philadelphia at 7:30. 2/17 at New Jersey at 7:30.

Michael, Rowe This Boat Ashore—Michael Rowe, who has emerged from the Nets' politburo as president and managing partner, has concluded (no *duh*) that trying to replicate other teams' recipe for success in East Rutherford hasn't worked thus far—D.C. and Kenny never did become the "next Karl Malone and John Stockton"; hiring Chuck Daly didn't make them the Detroit Pistons East, despite Rick Mahorn's ample presence; and rebuilding via the college draft has hardly been their forte (instead of Shaquille O'Neal and Penny Hardaway in consecutive years, there have been Pearl Washington and Dennis Hopson). And so Rowe has been making noises about remolding the team in *New Jersey's* image (insert joke here). What the hey, nothing else has worked. The Meadowlands' other tenants, the Giants and the Devils, both won championships with a similar hard-working, defensive-minded, no-flash approach. And it'll certainly be a lot easier to build a fan base around a team not characterized by selfish, egocentric players. Think about how popular the Knicks would have been if they'd played in New Jersey. 2/13 at Indiana at 7:30. 2/14 at home vs. Indiana at 7:30. 2/17 vs. the Knicks at 7:30.

Maybe Their Skates Got Caught in the Ice—It's correct to blame the Denver altitude and excessive snowmobiling for the Rangers' blowout loss to the Avalanche. Especially when dwelling on those excuses keeps you from thinking about one of the Rangers' scariest shortcomings: slow defensemen. Games three days apart against the Canadiens and the Penguins, both loaded with speedy forwards, should show just how well Brian Leetch and company will fare come playoff time. Rangers vs. Montreal, 2/15 at 7:30; at Ottawa, 2/17 at 8; at Pittsburgh, 2/18 at 8. Just one more month of Pat LaFontaine trade rumors for the Devils to endure! Look for especially creative tabloid insinuations when New Jersey visits Buffalo, 2/16 at 7:30; vs. Washington, 2/18 at 1. Call yourself an admirably devoted fan if you tune in on Monday night for the titanic (in both senses) Islanders-Senators clash; if you're still home on Saturday catching the Isles-Sharks, call a support group for counseling. Islanders vs. Ottawa, 2/12 at 7:30; vs. Calgary, 2/15 at 7:30; vs. San Jose, 2/17 at 1.

Online

Thinking about Eye Surgery?—Dr. Howard Straub, a specialist in refractive surgery and laser reshaping of the eye, will answer your questions on America Online: 2/12 at 7 P.M.

Tony Bennett—Swinging hipster with a new look and another new album, *Here's to the Ladies*—a tribute to some of music's most influential vocalists—to flog. Chat with him on Prodigy: 2/13 at 8 P.M.

Mike Figgis—*Leaving Las Vegas* writer-director-composer, who started his career in experimental theater and music. Chat with this potential Oscar contender on Prodigy: 2/13 at 9 P.M.

Carl Lewis—Net Noir hosts the Olympic gold-medalist for a talk about his incredible life (in heels) as a part of the Black History Month celebration on America Online: 2/13 at 9 P.M.

B. B. King—Legendary blues musician discusses his long career and his new album on CompuServe: 2/14 at 9 P.M.

Tony Danza—Dial in and chat it up with everyone's fantasy boxer boy–taxi driver about his recent brush with death and his upcoming variety show. On Prodigy: 2/14 at 9 P.M.

***Money* Magazine's Michael Sivy**—*Money*'s senior editor (and author of *Michael Sivy's Rules of Investing*) discusses investment strategies. On CompuServe: 2/14 at 9 P.M.

Virtual Love—Psychiatrist Dr. Avodah Offit, author of a cyber love story written as e-mail, talks to her fans and those interested in the inspiration for her novel on Prodigy: 2/14 at 10 P.M.

Jonathan Littman—The investigative reporter and author of *The Fugitive Game: Online with Kevin Mitnick* will chat about his insights into the mind of the most infamous hacker in recent history. On CompuServe, *go* NYTALK: 2/15 at 9 P.M.

P.M. Dawn—Psychedelic hip-hop rapper Prince Be and his group will be chatting away in Sonic Net's Prodigy site: 2/19 at 8 P.M.

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans
DOUBLE R BAR RANCH

Shopping
Trip to Bountiful

Never mind that no one champions retro designs as fiercely as does the avant-garde: The zealous pursuit of antiques still conjures up for plenty of us images of faded sachets (smelling improbably of moth balls), estate sales, Miss Havisham herself. The fact that "antiques" does not appear in the title of Stella Show Management's Triple Pier Expo (February 17–18 and 24–25) is not an attempt to deceive. There *are* antiques to be found on all three (glass-enclosed, climate-controlled) piers, and yet the word is defined so broadly that it encompasses not only traditional European and Oriental furnishings but cowboy "artifacts," twentieth-century American metal furniture, vintage sand pails, and collectible advertising paperweights. With more than 600 dealers, it's a marketplace for anyone whose apartment is a hobby—or an albatross. (See listings.)

Photograph: top, Bob Mahoney; bottom, courtesy of Wendy Antiques.

kids

School's out...Drums...*Aladdin*

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

The Harlem Globetrotters—The clown princes of basketball are back in town (see photo and essay). **Madison Square Garden** 2/17 at 1, **Nassau Coliseum** 2/18 at 1, **Continental Airlines Arena** (formerly Brendan Byrne Arena) 2/19 at 1. Tickets $12–$18. Seniors, children 12 and under, and groups of twenty or more get $2 off. Call 307-7171.●

Aladdin—An enterprising street urchin hooks up with a princess, by way of a genie, in an on-ice re-interpretation of an ageless fable via a blockbuster movie. Robin Williams's voice and Alan Menken's songs provide the soundtrack for world-class skating and special effects. *Walt Disney's World On Ice—Aladdin* is at **Radio City Music Hall** Feb. 16 to 25. 1260 Ave. of the Americas (307-7171); $17.50 to $35.

Be In—For this parent-challenging cold-weather school vacation it's worth remembering museums that double as heated playgrounds. **The Children's Museum of Manhattan**'s "SoundsFun" has slides and crawl-through tunnels; "The World of Pooh" sports a bridge, a playhouse, and even a sandbox. CMOM extends its hours, from 2/17 to 2/25, to 11 to 5; call for a schedule of activities. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234); admission is $5. A vast run-through maze is at the **New York Hall of Science,** where "AMAZEin Build-In" activities focus on making and building in both the human and the animal world. 2/17 to 2/27 from 10 to 5. 47-01 111th St. (intersection of 46th Ave.), Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005); general admission $4.50, $3 children and seniors. Free Wed. and Thurs. from 2 to 5.

Once Upon a Time—Just when you thought you weren't half bad at reading bedtime stories to your children, Jim Weiss comes to town and blows the rest of us away. His storytelling (Aesop's fables, Greek myths, Arthurian legends) kicks off a series of weekly "Family Fun" events at **My Favorite Place,** a new "children's emporium." 2/16 at 7. 265 W. 87th St. (362-5320); $5. Reserve.●

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Kate O'Hara
Deputy Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Brooklyn Lore—Three days, three terrific storytellers, each followed by crafts, games, and gallery treasure hunts: Benora Winfield tells fantastic yarns, then shows children how to craft Native American–style dream catchers to net their own, 2/20 at 1. Ben Jacobs tells stories of African migration, 2/21 at 1. Georga Accola brings the audience back to the days of the Brooklyn Dodgers, 2/22 at 1. **Brooklyn Historical Society,** 128 Pierrepont St. (624-0890); $5. Reserve.

Floating and Flying—**The Intrepid Museum** offers mind-expanding activities for youngsters all week—as well as reduced ticket prices. Find out about sunken ships in the New York City area; make paper airplanes; shape balls of clay and see how much cargo they can carry. Workshops are 2/19 to 2/24, noon to 3. Each participant receives a prize. W. 46th St. at 12th Ave. (245-0072). During "Kids'Week '96," general admission is $7.50, seniors, veterans, and students $6, children ages 6 to 11 $4, the first child under 5 free, additional youngsters $1.

Monsters Who Would Be Lion Tamers—Elmo, Big Bird, Cookie Monster, and other tall young things with strong song-and-dance skills imagine career paths they might follow, in *When I Grow Up*—a Sesame Street Live production. Performances are through 2/25 at Madison Square Garden's **Paramount Theater,** Seventh Ave. bet. 31st and 33rd Sts. (307-7171); $11.50 to $17.

Oral Epics—Drummers accompany storyteller Lubangi Muniania as he tells *The King and the Secret of Iron*, about the historic role of kingship in Luba tradition. For children 5 years and older. 2/17 at 2. **The Museum of African Art,** 593 Broadway (966-1313); general admission is $4, children and seniors $2.●

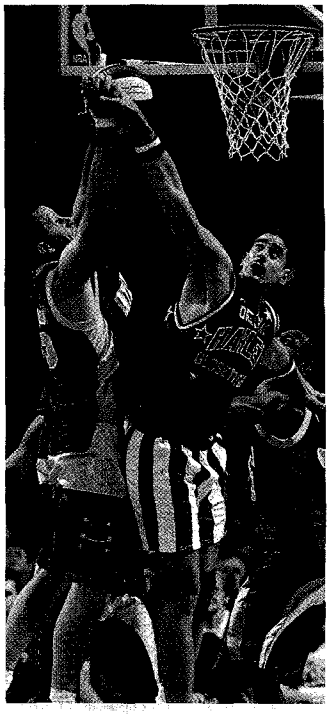
Theatrical—**The Puppet Company**'s marionettes perform *Franklin the Wizard,* a fairy tale. Weekends at 1 and 3, and daily 2/19 through 2/23 at 1. 31 Union Square West (741-1646); $7.50. Reserve. *Different Fields,* a family opera, is about a football star's relationship with a young fan. **New Victory Theater.** 2/16 at 7, 2/17 at 2 and 7, and 2/18 at 1 and 6. 209 W. 42nd St. (769-7068); $20. John Steptoe's award-winning story *Muffaro's Beautiful Daughters,* performed 2/17 at 1:30, 199 Chambers St. (346-8500); $12 adults, $7 children. *The Great Brain,* a musical about a 12-year old schemer, is set in turn-of-the-century small-town USA. 2/24 and 2/25 at 12:30. **Theatreworks/USA,** Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); $17. *Beatrice and Benedict,* Berlioz's comic opera, is based on Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.* 2/17 at 11:30. Amato Opera, 319 Bowery, cr. of 2nd St. (228-8200); $12. In *On Top of Spaghetti,* **The Paper Bag Players** perform wearing paper and cardboard in a giggle of a show. Weekends at 2; through 3/3. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington (772-4448); $15. ***Schoolhouse Rock Live!,*** an adaptation of the Emmy Award–winning television series, is at the Lamb's Theatre Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3; 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $20 to $25. A musical *Cinderella,* performed with rod and hand puppets, is presented by the **Papageno Puppet Theater** Sats. at noon, through 4/27. Brownstone School, 128 W. 80th St. (874-3297). Reservations required; $6, free to children under 2. "The Jazz Journey" takes kids ages 3 to 9 on a tour through swing, be-bop, and jazz with fiddler Jonathan Feig and Group. 2/17 at 1. **Kids Theatre at the Knitting Factory,** 74 Leonard St. (877-6115); $7.

Dancing in the Streets—Lion dancing brings in the Chinese New Year, with the customary wild drumming and firecrackers. 2/17 at 1. The block outside the **China Institute** is closed to traffic. 125 E. 65th St., bet. Lexington and Park (744-8181).●●

Institution

Court Jesters

In their heyday, the Harlem Globetrotters, currently celebrating their seventieth anniversary, were to children the world over the be-all and end-all of basketball. This was the team that pioneered the slam dunks, no-look passes, and fast breaks that have become staples of the pro game; the Trotters' trademark flash largely eluded the NBA until the arrival of court magicians like Julius Erving. And unlike, say, Pat Riley's Knicks, the Globetrotters were fun, and funny—at least to prepubescents who worshiped their wisecracking playground high jinks. But in recent years, the Trotters—accused by some of being a modern minstrel show—were fading into anachronism. Faced with a basketball-savvy generation reared on Air Jordan, chairman-owner Mannie Jackson, a former Trotter who acquired the team in 1993, has gradually restocked the talent pool with younger, more athletic players. But just as important to Jackson is choosing players who, in contrast with such modern superstars as Charles Barkley, are—and want to be—role models. Forward Orlando Antigua (below) epitomizes the new breed: The former Bronx high-school All-American, the first nonblack Globetrotter in more than 50 years, received much attention for having survived a 1988 shooting and overcome homelessness to receive an athletic scholarship to the University of Pittsburgh. The changes have paid off: Profits and attendance are up. Nostalgic types need not worry, though. The team still performs its "standards"—the deflated basketball, the bucket of confetti, the magic circle—to the tune of "Sweet Georgia Brown." Stick around afterward; the players are more than happy to sign autographs and talk to the kids. At Madison Square Garden February 17. (See listings.) **John Dioso**



Inns and Lodges

CONNECTICUT

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our 232-yr-old, elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs. Beautiful rms, some w/ fplc/Jacuzzi. Bkfst incl. Ski dwnhill/x-cntry! **203-542-5100**

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL Of The SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion. Ocean Views, Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes. **Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369**

NEW YORK

HUNTER'S ONLY LUXURY HOTEL
Deluxe Fireplace Suites. Jacuzzi/Pool. Gourmet Restaurant. Closest to Hunter Mt. Featured NY Times. **Scribner Hollow Lodge, Hunter, NY. 800-395-4683**

FRIENDS LAKE INN - Romantic Winter Escapes.
Country Inn; imaginative cuisine, exceptional wine collection. Jacuzzis, 32K of X-cntry, close to Gore Mt. 4 hr NYC. Midwk Getaways, $75pp/nite. **518-494-4751**

A FIREPLACE, JACUZZI FOR 2 & YOU...
FREE NIGHT LOVER'S SPECIAL - 914-266-8093
Private, tranquil & romantic. Play in the bubbles of a Jacuzzi for 2, relax by the fire & enjoy a gourmet bkfst. Special: stay 2 nites & 3rd nite free. **Lakehouse on Golden Pond, Rhinebeck, 90 minutes from NYC.**

WINTER ESCAPES
WINDHAM & HUNTER MTS
Private mountain villas and luxury townhouses. 1, 2, 3, 4-BR Chalets. Mt views. Pvt Deck. Romantic setting. Hot Tubs. Fireplace. Cable/VCR. Stereo/CD. Full Kit. Skiing. Downhill, Snowboard or X-Country. Hike. Horses...or just relax! Great restaurants & pubs.
NYC 2 1/2 hours
ESCAPES 2000..**800-590-2737**

THE ISLANDS

ST MAARTEN -- ROYAL PALM BEACH CLUB
Beach condos with kitchens, pool, nearby casino. Free car & health club! Winter from $899-$999 - (pp dbl or quad, 8 days w/air). Call Ted: **800-480-8555.**

THE KEYS

KEY WEST **OCEAN KEY HOUSE**
Indulge your every whim. Luxurious suites, in-suite Jacuzzis. Pool. Marina. 5-star PADI. Great food. On the water at Zero Duval Street. Free Brochure - **800-328-9815**

Ski Country

COLORADO

Vail Village Inn & Village Inn Plaza Condos
76 inches in 7 days! January powder sale 1/2-2/9/96. Rates from $62.50/pp (dbl occ). Incl full bkfst. In the heart of the village, Vail's 1st full-service Euro Hotel features The Villager Restaurant & Bar. **800-445-4014**

To Place Your Advertisement In
New York Magazine's **SKI COUNTRY**
Section, Call Chris Lutkin at **212-779-7500**

Travel

Summer Rentals

HAMPTONS & Worldwide Property Rentals. Hand-picked/seasonal/monthly/ wkly. **Internet:** www.overseasvilla.com or: Overseas Connection: **516-725-9308/5825 fax**

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND
Linda Bassett's Vacation Rentals
1-800-338-1855 Call 9-9, 7 days.
800 listings - all sizes, prices, locations.

OLYMPIC rental in Atlanta for 7/96.
Lux 2BR apt, 2bths, furn, tennis, pool, jacuzzi, rqtball, fitness cntr, outdr grill, close shopping, easy acces main hwys, 10 mins downtown. $1000/day. **770-933-9822**

"Baby It's Cold Outside..."
So start thinking about
SUMMER FUN!!!!
Summer Shares & Summer Rentals are HOT, HOT, HOT!!!
Call Chris Lutkin 212-545-3673

Summer Shares

Southampton—Magnificent 5-BR house, close to beach and town. Bkfst served weekends. Reasonable rates: full/half/ quarter shares. Call Michele: **718-251-4123**

SCHOOL

CES LANGUAGE STUDIES ABROAD
Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Mexico
CALL CES: **212-629-7300**

TRAVEL SERVICES

Catskill Mts Day Trip: 800-607-2753—Eagle Watch, Snowshoe, X-Cntry Skiing.

BED & BREAKFAST New York

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. **212-206-9237**

Priv Apts—W/kit. New listings welcome. Amex/Visa/MC. Oxbridge: **212-348-8100**

Do You Have An Extra Bedroom?
Earn extra money! Become a bed & bkfst host to international students.
Call Lorraine Haber: **212-629-7300**
CENTER FOR ENGLISH STUDIES

NY B&B—Reservation center, $60-$90. Paris/San Fran. **800-747-0868; 212-977-3512**

As You Like It B&B Assoc—Accessible/ Affordable/Attractive Apts. **212-695-3404**

BED & BREAKFAST Florida

KEY WEST - Curry Mansion Inn
Fabulous Victorian showplace - voted 1 of 10 best B&B's in the USA. Elegant poolside guest wing. Every amenity. Comp Euro bkfst. Daily cocktail party. Beach club. Downtown walk to history/beauty/ romance. Spec Honeymoon rates. Broch/ video: **800-253-3466 or curryinn@aol.com**

VILLA/CONDO/APTS Florida

Florida Keys—Private homes! $500-$1,750/week. Sullivan Realty: **800-874-1894**

VILLA/CONDO/APTS The Islands

St. Maarten—Secluded pink&white villas on the sea. Pool/maid/grdns. **800-942-6725**

Jamaican Villas—Montego Bay/ Ironshore. $1500-$2500/wk. East of Eden Villas. Jerome: **609-663-5685**

SEASONAL RENTAL

TIRED OF HAMPTONS' TRAFFIC?
45 Min From Mahattan
On The Ocean In Atlantic Beach.
Cabanas, Shower Cabins...
OLYMPIC-SIZE SWIMMING POOL.
ALL SPORTS FACILITIES.
Day Camp: toddlers through 10 years.
Sands BEACH & TENNIS CLUB
Beech Boulevard
Atlantic Beach, NY 11509
Visa/MasterCard accepted.
Write for Color Brochure -
Or **Call: 516-371-4003**

Advertising Information

Phone: 212-779-7500

Fax: 212-779-2449

Address: 2 Park Avenue, 11th Fl
New York, New York 10016

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9am to 5pm.

Ad Close: Tuesday for the issue on sale the following Monday.

General Information: There are approximately 36 characters per line. Count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character. Certified check, money order or credit card info must accompany ad copy. Call for rates. All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

Town and Country Properties

LOFT FOR SALE

Soho Exclusive Landmark & Location
Extra-wide, column-free, 2130' floor.
3 expos, 10 windows, 2 bths, huge studio.
Antique Elevator. Estab co-op.....$495K.
ELISE WARD **212-925-9452**

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

Furnished—Fr $600/wk, $1600/mo. Amex/Visa/MC. Oxbridge: **212-348-8100**

To place your ad in
New York Magazine's
TRAVEL SECTION
Call Chris Lutkin at: **212-779-7500**

Comfort of an apartment.
Amenities of a fine hotel.

Nine locations in some of
NYC's best neighborhoods.
Spacious suites with
fully equipped kitchens.
Special weekly or monthly rates.

Call Debra Griffith Goode
at 212-465-3630

MANHATTAN EAST
SUITE HOTELS
Get the better of New York.℠

HOUSE FOR RENT
New York State

Luxury Estate—90 mi NYC, 5-BRs, 5 FPL, sauna, jacuzzi, billiard rm. Wknd/wk/mo. Ax/MC/V. **Oxbridge: 212-348-8100**

To place your ad in New York Magazine's
TOWN AND COUNTRY SECTION
Call Chris Lutkin at **212-779-7500**

HOUSE FOR SALE
Florida

S MIAMI BCH, FL—Sunny Magnificent Mediterranean 4br/3ba. Lush Trop. Landscape on Golf Course. 3160sf Perfect Loc. Walk to Everything. $429K. **305-532-6186**

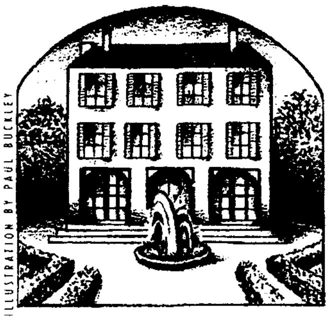


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BUCKLEY

VILLAS

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS
Your Personal Shopper for Board-Certified Plastic Surgeons to meet your needs and budget. I will help make this experience pleasurable and exciting.
For information, please call
Denise Thomas: 212-734-0233.

A NEW BODY THRU LIPOSCULPTURE
Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, using latest large-volume Tumescent Technique. Felix Shiffman, MD. Free Consult. **246-2960**

DENTAL

NY BREATH CENTER
Provides The Most Effective Anti-Halitosis Treatment Avail. As Featured On 20/20. For App't/Info **212-683-6505**

ELECTROLYSIS

•LASER ELECTROLYSIS•
Painless. No Needles. Permanent.
Upper West 724-5000 / Chelsea 645-9212

Electrolysis By Joanne Beth, CPE—By App't. East 37th St. **212-683-7023**

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Skin Care & Body Treatment—By App't. Most Ins. Accepted. **212-586-2043**

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Have A Healthy New Year
Herbal Cleansings, Baths & Massages.
Relax & Revitalize Yourself. **212-246-4276**

LICENSED ACUPUNCTURE

Chinese Acupuncture & Massage—For Men/Women. Ins. Lex/62nd. **212-223-2265**

HYPNOSIS

Hypnosis - Counseling For Weight, Smoking, Anxiety & Personal Problems. Dr. Winter - 50 E. 42nd St. **212-867-4145**

The Donenfeld Method! Stress/Smoking/Weight/Fears/Insight/Habits. Nancy Donenfeld, Cert. Since 1972. Vi/MC/Insur. 200 E 61 St. **212-758-7575**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

BODY RENEWAL
Rare, Unique, Beautiful on E. 57th St.
New Faces - Baths, Massages, Cleansings.
Pvt/Prof'l Nurse. **212-695-0780**

GOLDEN LEAF
Sybaritic Spa For The Ultimate Escape. Baths, Massages, Cleansings, Total Pampering, New Faces. E & W Side. **868-7760**

16 Yrs Exp. Lic. Legit.—Nights too. Gentle, firm. 7 days. Jeanie: **212-750-8947**

Grand Opening—Swedish/Shiatsu/Steam/Shower. Elmhurst. **718-476-8997**

Cleansing Massage Specialist—Noon-10pm. Emma Rush. By Appt. **212-841-0946**

IKO 212-360-1717
Shiatsu/Swedish/Medical. Office/Resid.

KOA HEALTH CLUB
1st Class Body Scrub/Sauna/Shiatsu
For Men/Women. Ft. Lee. **201-461-0949**

Prof'l Swedish Massage—At Your Place. Mali: **212-686-4720** / Bpr: **917-384-1108**

Ki-Touch Center—Swedish, Refl, Facials, Steamroom. **212-682-1166 / 718-236-0060**

NY-Licensed—Massage Therapists - Sports, Swedish & Medical. **212-717-6959**

Anti-Aging Facial—Body scrub, massage - Swedish & shiatsu. M/F. **212-661-0777**

Stressed? Escape To The Comfort Zone
Experience The Ultimate In Relaxation.
Enjoy A Soothing, Candlelit Bodyrub,
Shampoo & Scrub. Men/Women. **865-8270**

NOEVIR JAPANESE SPA
Therapeutic Massage For Men/Women.
Swedish/Shiatsu/Sauna. **212-594-1602**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room.
M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail.
11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
HIV Results in 15 Min. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

Seeking Adult M & W Still Loving & Living w/Genital Herpes, Willing To Discuss Their Experiences In STD Education Campaign. Fee Paid To Participants. Fax Name & Phone ASAP To **212-251-7270**
Attn: Herpes Education. Strictly Confidential.

COUNSELING

FEEL NORMAL AGAIN!
Psychiatrist/psychopharmocologist-medication solutions and psychotherapy for depression, anxiety, failed treatment cases, physical pain/board certified.
Harvard grad. John S. Weihs, MD, PC
3 E. 68 St. (off 5th Ave) 529-7003

SMOKING PROGRAMS

Stop In 7 Days—MD-Recommended. All Natural. $$-Back Guarantee. **800-841-4931**

WEIGHT CONTROL

BIOCHEMICAL MEDICAL CARE
Medication To Control Food Cravings.
Ins. Accepted. **800-MD-8-THIN**

Medifast™ Weight Loss—& Medications By Board-Certified Internist. **212-535-7785**

Stop Dieting!—A Behavioral Approach. 1-on-1. Caryl Ehrlich Program. **986-7155**

10-15 Stubborn Lbs?—New Medications. 5-Week Programs. **212-570-5058**

THE EASY WEIGH™
NYC, Rockland, Westchester.
MD-supervised. Phentermine/Pondimin©.
800-887-LEAN (5326) / 914-638-6663

The Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing Weight Has Never Been Easier. Physician-Supervised. **212-737-4644**

Weight Loss/Well-Being—Natural Food As Medicine. Krumholz, MD. **718-793-8466**

Physician-Supervised Weight-Loss
Program - Using Medication.
West Village Office. **212-529-4540**

1-800-870-SLIM
Private M.D. - Phen/Fen Avail.
Affordable Fees - Manh/Queens Location

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications, As Per NY Times. **212-288-5468**

Sports Guide

BOXING

Private Boxing Lessons—Home/Office. Johnny Ferrara, Pro Trainer. **516-432-4712**

GOLF

ATTENTION GOLFERS
NY Golf Society League For Men & Women. For more info, call: **212-996-NYGS**

PERSONAL TRAINER

For Women Who Want The Best
Certified Trainer - As Seen On Fox News.
Call The Bodysmith Co. **212-249-1824**

Less Is More! High-Intensity Body Building. NASM/ACE cert. 16 yrs exp. Natural Competitive Body Builder. Midtown, Pvt Gym. $35/Session. Lou: **718-497-2965**

A 1-To-1 Fitness Cert Trainer. We Bring The Gym To Your Home. Exercise & Nutrition. Get The Body U Want. **663-1887**

Survival Of The Fittest—Fitness For All Ages. Certified Trainer. **212-946-1460**

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise & Diet Instruction At Home. **212-604-9850**

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Talk Live To Female Body Builders—& Wrestlers. **900-454-HARD Only $1.95/min.**

WRESTLING

Women's World Wrestling Club
2121 W Oakland Park, Ft. Laud, Fl 33311
New & Custom Videos, Private Matches
Web Site: http://www.illkgn.net/users/tonyb/default.htm **305-731-72111**

New York Kids

ENTERTAINMENT

Magical Musical Marion!—Magic Clown! & More! As seen on ABC-TV! **212-302-1419**

Starmite Puppets—P Rangers, Lion K, Aladdin, B&Beast, Pocah., Dinos! **473-3409**

Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!—And Clown! Ages 1-103! **212-475-7785**

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club—Best party space for kids! 10-200. **212-831-7665**

ENTERTAINMENT/TEEN & PRE-TEEN

BAR/BAT MITZVAH
$3,500 PARTY PACKAGE
DEZERLAND/FUN CITY
(Check our large ad under Party Space.)

SOMETHING'S COOKING IN NEW YORK KIDS...
To help Mom & Dad find ways to enrich their children's life experience, New York Magazine has expanded its categories in New York Kids.
Call Kathleen McCarthy: 212-545-3683

Entertaining

CARICATURES

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your *business or private party.* **212-873-1695**

Herman—"Party Artist Par Excellence" & unique portraits via mail. **914-357-3318**

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. **718-782-2250**

ENTERTAINMENT

"ThisIsYourLife" - Stand-Up - Roasts—A comedian for your party! **800-474-JOSH**

Master Magician—"Top Rate"--NY Times Amazing Fun for All Events! **718-885-3038**

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441

SEND BALLOONS - $25!
Bouquets, arches, cntrpieces. **212 935-9577**

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. **1-800-936-SING**

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! **212-929-8609**

• STRIPTEEZ•A•GRAM •
The **ONLY** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!
212-391-2480 • 516-485-6600 • 718-352-9423

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By registered psychic. **212-410-1299**

The Karaoke Connection—DJs, Hosts, Rentals. Pvt/Corp Events. **212-679-2574**

Palm Reader—Elegant and Evocative. Entertains All Ages. **212-741-3195**

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos
212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F

RCA: Jazz, Rock, DJs, Classical, Etc.—All Events - Magic, Novelty. **212 678-2323**

WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL?!!
Unique Entertainment-Reasonable Price
DJs/Music•Performers•Dancers•Favors
•Themes/Decor•Acts•600 Lookalikes...
The Whole Event! Est.1982 **800-GET-GALA**

Balloons, Costumes, Belly, Strip, DJs, Party Entertainers—Anywhere, any time!
LIFE O' THE PARTY **800-966-7456**

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS **914-225-9084**
You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

$25 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. **718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366**

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic, Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, *Clinton,* Marilyn, Elvis, Roasts, Casino **212-744-9000**

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic, Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos, Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages. **Naomi's World Of Ent.: 800-304-4911**

BALLOON BOUQUETS®
Decorating. Special Events: **212-265-5252**
Nationwide Delivery. Info: **800-424-2323**

Magician • Mentalist—Jon Steinfeld. Grand Illusions. **212-228-2967**

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best. Corporate & Private Events. **212-288-9133**

MURDER MYSTERY, INC
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
516-673-4979

ENTERTAINMENT/ INTERACTIVE

Virtual Reality, Gladiator Joust - Velcro Wall, Sumo Suits, Bungee Run, Bouncy Boxing, Castle Bounce, Karaoke, Dunk Tanks. **Party Antics - 1-800-BEST-PARTY!**

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES
Est. 1978 - Fine Classical, Jazz, Motown, Swing, BigBand, Contemporary. Helpful, Creative, Always Available. **212-489-1641**

Pianist/Singer - Jazzy Gershwin, B'way—& More! Jonathan L. Segal - **212-222-3169**

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—Great Music & Entertainment **914-478-0073**

Play It Again, Sam!—Classy & Fun Party Pianist/Singer: **1-800-PLAY-IT-AGAIN**

"Viennese" Dinner Music Ensembles!—By Leading Hotel Violinist. **718-478-2982**

Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. **212 865-4787**

A Touch of Class DJs—Dancers, Videos, Karaoke, All Occasions. **718-966-0255**

Affordable Party Music—DJs from $350. 15 Years Experience. **212-662-4921**

Jazz/Classical & So. Amer.—Duos, trios & up... Greg: **212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289**

Sing-Along Party Pianist—From Plaza. Your piano. Souvenir songbook. **212-677-6278**

• BLACK SOUL BAND •
Motown, Swing & All Styles! **765-8714**

GIFTS

1 Doz Delicious Chocolate Roses—Boxed, $45+del. Gift Baskets Intl **212-604-9022**

BALLOONS, BASKETS & THINGS
Giant Cookies • Assorted Chocolates
Nat'nwide **212-226-7900; 718-805-1291**

White Trash You'll Love!
Try our decadent new snack sensation!
Call now for a FREE sample! ($1.95 s&h)
201-947-1974 or **800-GIFT-390**
ALL TIED UP GIFTS-One call ties it up!

GIFT BASKETS

Gift Baskets Int'l—Unique & Exciting Baskets. All occasions. $75up. **212-604-9022**

It's A Wrap!212-262-6150; 800-778-WRAP—Custom-designed baskets for all occasions

GOURMET CATERING

U.N. PLAZA
NEW YORK™
A PARK HYATT HOTEL

Tucked away in a quiet residential setting on the east side of Manhattan is an elegant European-style hotel. Experience the warmth and sophistication of its ballroom, the perfect environment for an intimate social gathering for up to 200 guests. Call (212) 702-5004

44th St. at First Ave., NY, NY 10017

Arthur Avenue Caterers—Authentic Gourmet Specialties. Corp/Pvt Parties, From 5-1000 Guests. Menus Customized. Free Event Planning. Unique Locations. **Grand Events, Inc: 212-265-8755**

...and the Entertaining is EASY!!!
*Weddings•Celebrations•*BBQs*•Events*
FoodThoughts NY/NJ • 800-270-FOOD

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. **212-751-1459**

GOURMET FOODS

"Great Food"—New York Magazine's fabulous food section, will be appearing in the **"Best In New York"** special issue, **on sale 4/8.** The **deadline** for advertising is **3/22.** For info on future dates and rates... **Call Michelle Krell at: 212-545-3672**

Lobsters & Clambakes-To-Go!
Live and fresh from Clambake Celebrations® of Cape Cod. Shipped via FedEx in a steamer pot, ready to steam to perfection in just half an hour. To place an order or to receive a free brochure, call:
Clambake Celebrations® 1-800-423-4038

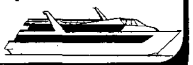
Continued on next page.

Boats and Yachts

Book a group harbor cruise on JUBILEE with gourmet menu & bar from $32.50pp. Your guests will love you! **212-307-0985**

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

LUXURIOUS DINNER CRUISES
charters/holiday parties
The Skyline, The Statue Of Liberty, A Great Meal & Dancing · Who Could Want More?



NOW SAILING FROM THE NORTH COVE YACHT HARBOR AT THE WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER

VIP YACHT CRUISES, Inc. 718-934-1014

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two -
to your largest corporate events.
NYC 212-594-1561 **NJ 201-482-1991**

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 Days: 718-379-1798 or **212-717-0300**

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over a Decade of Value & Service.
212-995-5470 **203-256-8730**

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties
MYC, Inc., Wall St., NYC. 212-856-9446

Entertaining

Continued from previous page.

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion. **212-682-6281**

PARTY PLANNING

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & private parties, weddings... Top Client List. **RED LETTER EVENTS** **212-772-1177**

Enjoy Your Beautiful Party!—Corp/Priv. Flowers, catering svce. **516-829-8580** ARD

Hostess Int'l—The party source: linen & centerpiece rntls, unique gifts. **718-437-6050**

Special Events Etc.... 212-697-7899—The Party Specialists. We do it all!

PARTY SERVICE

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave, nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

Corporate Events at DEZERLAND
From Bumper Cars to Black-Tie Affairs
FREE PLANNING SERVICE
See our large ad under "Party Space"!

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless cocktails in our funky duplex. $35 pp. The Hudson Grill: **691-9060** - Andy or Cheryl.

PARTY SPACE

Spectacular Art Gallery—25-300p. Com-m'l kit. Pvt/corp/weddings. **212-353-0088**

Upper East Side Billiard Club
Unique party space. 10-250. **212-831-7665**

MICKEY MANTLE'S
The nation's #1 sports-themed restaurant offers an exciting atmosphere for parties up to 250. Audio/video system, large-screen TV, museum quality memorabilia, sports celebrity appearances & sidewalk cafe facing Central Park. Many options to fit your budget.
212-688-7777

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. **212-570-1055**

Australia - The Bar—2 lvl's, 2 DJ's, catering. 20-600. Priv/corp. Paul: **876-0203**

S.O.B.'s **243-4940**
Have Your Party in Tropical Paradise... 20-400. Exclusive & non-. Bands, DJs, Dancers. On & off-premise events. Wild!

Elegant Space—Park Slope. Prof'l Kit. **718-499-1251.** Caterers welcome.

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, S. Sixteen in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. **202east** Doug: **212-861-4330**

---

200 FIFTH **675-2080**
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p

---

LANDMARK ON THE PARK
"One of the Most Elegant yet Affordable Locations in New York." **212-595-8410**

LUXURY PENTHOUSE
Terrace, Views - 50-500. **212-765-8714**

Book Your Party in the NEW
STARLITE CASINO BALLROOM...
the hottest Las Vegas Nite Club in NYC
$50pp. Bar & Buffet. **212-564-4679**

DEZERLAND FUN CITY
6 CONCEPTS Have the time of your life cruising our '50s Hot Rod Disco, Drive-In, Gameroom/Sports Complex, Sing-Along Room and **'50s Classic Automobile Collection.** Corp/Priv/Fund/Bar/Bat. 50-1,500 guests - w/or w/out catering. **212-564-4590**

Le FIGARO Cafe—A Village Landmark Garden Room, Fireplace, Music, Full Bar. Affordable $$. 15-100. Call: **212-388-0002**

SHOP ON VIDEOTAPE!
Mansions, Hotels, Yachts, Caterers, Lofts, Bands... Free Party Planning! **212-765-8714**

NEW YORK Magazine's ENTERTAINING
Place your ad and reach 1.5 million readers!
Call Denise Sisto at **212-545-3682.**

---

iridium
Restaurant & Jazz Club
44 West 63rd St. Opp Lincoln Center
Celebrate in our multi-level fantasy setting. Specializing in corporate events, off-premise catering. Available for New Years Eve From 20-500.
(212) 582 2121

Private Parties—Cocktail, Bachelor/ette, Corporate. 20-400p. Michael: **212-650-0561**

Party Specialists—#1 location, 20-120pp All pvt/corp events - w/ or w/out catering. Prince Street Club, Soho. **212-353-0707**

SUCCESSFUL AFFAIRS
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

MORAN'S FABULOUS FOODS
Unforgettable Parties - Charming Fireplaces, with Atrium. Personalized Planning for 40-300. **Colleen: 212-989-5689**

THE MADISON **679-2932**
3-Story Mansion Specializing in Corp. Events, Fund-Raisers, Weddings. 25-500p.

WEDDINGS

Castles, Mansions, Estates—Spectacular locations in NYC & LI. **212-675-2080**

Interiors and Exteriors

ANTIQUES

Gotham Galleries—Provides 10,000 sq. ft. of antiques and used furniture at great prices. **80 Fourth Avenue. 212-677-3303**

I.S. 44 Flea Market—Columbus/77th. Sun, 10-6. Antiques. Free Adm. **721-0900**

BATHROOMS

Bathtubs, Sinks, Wall Tile—Resurfaced like new. Work guaranteed. **800-894-0092**

Wizard Custom Bathrooms & Kitchens
Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets. Lic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. **212-677-5555**

DECORATIVE PAINTING

Tidy Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals, Sponging, Stone Glazing. **212-874-4678**

FLOORS

RMD Hardwood Floors—Installed, refinished, stained, etc. **718-779-7599.**

Hardwood Floors—Install, Refinishing, Bleaching & Pickling. **212-360-2208**

FURNITURE

Why Pay Retail? Buy Wholesale...
at Decorator Showrooms with discounts up to 50%. Limited memberships available. Unlimited opportunity for savings.
Call DSNY for more info: 212-491-4400

GENERAL CONTRACTOR

Apt. Renovations—Kit, baths, carpentry, ceramic, marble, granite, painting, etc. Lic. Ins. **LCI Construction: 212-734-6785**

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT

MDP PAINTING
Painting is our specialty and we do it right at a great price!
Indoor/Out, sheetrock, plastering.
FREE ESTIMATES!
Let us apply 15 years of experience to your painting needs!
NY/NJ references available.
201-865-4037

Renovations—Kit, Bath, Apts. Lic., Ins., honest/reliable. S.T.H. Const: **212-677-5705**

Creative Woodworking & Construction
Built-ins, Kitchens, Renovations.
Also: Handyman Service. **212-780-3204**

Complete Services—Design, Renovation & Custom Cabinetry. Comm'l/Resid/ Medical. Lic. Ins. Free Est. **718-482-0676**

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
Expert redecoration w/o new investment.
Featured in NY Times, NY Mag, ABC, CBS.
Lowest Rate. Only $250/rm. Tri-state.
Free Brochure. 212-288-8888

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms.
Tri-State Area & Florida
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will beautifully transform your space. Budget-oriented. **Sasha Designs: 212-243-1738**

IDEAS COUNT MORE THAN MONEY
Exp. designer works magic, to budget.
Let me amaze you. **Call 212-288-1863.**

Innovative Practical Solutions— Interior design consultation & resource suggestions. Excellent rates. Shopping services available. **Cindy Bergersen: 212-242-0140**

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. $75 hourly. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: **212-826-1069**

C.S. Interiors—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Homes, offices, renovations, floral designs, parties. **212-734-2689**

Need A Spacelift?—Top NY Designers use YOUR furnishings to create an out of this world space. Manhattan only. Free consultation. **SPACELIFT** 212-249-4942

KITCHENS

Triple T Construction—Your Kitchen & Bath Specialist. Granitework. **212-360-2208**

LIGHTING

Track By Jack 212-340-9111
Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

Lighting By Gregory 212-226-1276
Lightolier®. Track. Recessed. Low Voltage. Inventory. **Showroom: 158 Bowery**

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Custom Painting—Sponging, Wallpaper, Marbleizing & Gold Leaf. Ins. **212-360-2208**

Fine Painting & Papering—Marbling, Sponging, Glazing. Ins. Rob: **212-889-6874**

Absolute Best Painting & Papering—Ins. Excellent Refs. Affordable. **212-744-9413**

WINDOW TREATMENT

Blinds • Carpet • Drapery • $ave
Up To 82%. FACTORY OUTLET.
Home Stop 1-800-726-3557

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600....................................718-748-8600

DIAL 1-800-CARPETS
Berber • Sisal • Wools/Nylon • Discounted
HAGGAR INDS., INC. Est. 1932. Vi/MC
Also Available: 90 Days - No Pay

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies & all soft treatments. **KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722**

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and draperies. **Lowest Prices: 212-807-8674**

HOME DESIGN
Design Directory
Special 3 column format for display ads.
Issue Date: 3/25
On Sale: 3/18 **Deadline: 3/1**
CALL
Michelle
Krell at:
212-545-3672

The New York Office

COMPUTERS-MACINTOSH

MACINTOSH GRAPHICS SYSTEMS
for Ad Agencies, Designers, Printers
Expert advice in plain English.
We sell, lease, install, network, support.
Auth. Apple, HP, Tektronix, Quark, Adobe.
Call COGNITO • 212-366-9600

COMPUTER TRAINING

EXPERT COMPUTER SOLUTIONS FOR: MAC, PC, WIN '95, Software, Hardware, Installs, Training, Problems. Home Office & Networks. **212-865-1704 / B: 917-614-6134**

COMPUTER PERSONAL TRAINER
Learn to go on-line, e-mail, word processing, what to buy and how to use it! Win '95 & Mac. $65/hr. Call Shannon: **212-867-0001**

Call Ingrid and Ask About **The New York Office** Mid-Winter Advertising Deal!
212-779-7500

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

NEED MORE THAN 24 HOURS?
You Name It...We Do It!
Call 1-800-725-0343

OVERWHELMED BY CLUTTER?
I'll Work With You On Files, Closets, Drawers...Record Keeping, Bill Paying, In Your Home, In Your Office. **212-988-8450**

GET ON TRACK! THE PERSONAL TOUCH! Home/Office Organizing & Setup, Inventory, Collectibles, Cataloguing, Computer Printout. All Five Boroughs. **800-643-7225**

OFFICE FURNITURE

ABCO Computer & Office Furnishings—For Free Catalog, Call: **718-428-3693**

Don't Delay...
Place Your Ad Where It Counts!
THE NEW YORK OFFICE
Each Week, Reach 1.5 Million Decision Makers With Buying Power!
For advertising info, call Ingrid at:
212-779-7500

Services and Sales

APPLIANCES

KITCHEN SPECIALISTS
EURO-AMERICAN APPLIANCES
Call Dial-A-Brand With Make & Model.
Why Pay More?! Est. 1967. 800-237-3220

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: **800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620**

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

ANSWERING SERVICES

$8 Live/Voice Mail/Pagers/Mail—800/900 #'s. All US Cities. **212-868-1121**

ASTROLOGY

Renaissance Psychic/Astrologer, CSW
Career / Relationship / Financial Charts.
Private Readings / Your Office / Parties.
212-662-0801 / 900-860-2333 ($2.75/min.)

European Psychic: 90% Accurate—TV/radio. **215-934-5908** $3/min. 18 plus.

Carolyn Psychic— Sees, Tells Reveals All. Amex Accepted. **212-683-1264**

CHAUFFEUR SERVICES

YOUR CAR/OUR DRIVER:
Concerned About Traffic/Parking/Theft?
Relax in your car while our chauffeurs
drive you at affordable rates.
Chauffeur Elegance: 212-737-1633

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning** Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp Accts. Insured. Call **212-628-6130** & Relax.

Affordable Maid Cleaning Services, Inc.
Move In/Move Out. Post Construction.
House Cleaning. Great Service. Low,
Low Rates. Fully Insured. **212-265-2441**

Little Elves—Detailed Quality for Home/Office. Renovation Specialist. **212-674-2629**

JEWELRY

WE DISCOUNT FINE WATCHES
Rolex/Omega/Cartier/Piaget/Tiffany
Palisade Jewelers, Ft Lee, NJ 201-461-4666

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

1995 Limos—6-14 Passengers. From $35/Hr. CC's. All Occasions. **800-546-3254**

Crestwood Limo 400 Lincolns & Stretches Avail. Sedans To LGA $29, JFK $39, NWK $44. **212-629-8700 / 800-34-Crest**

Stretch—$50/hr. Special: $149/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. **800-253-4546**

Need A Stretch Limo In 25 Minutes?—Guaranteed. Carnegie Limo: **800-227-5060**

MOVERS - LICENSED

JACOBY MOVING & STORAGE INC.
On-site estimates & 1 month storage Free!!
DOT #T12482. 152 W72nd. **212-787-8484**

PETS

FREE PET CARE
In Exchange For Own Room In Yorkville.
Mature, Quiet, Easygoing 50s Female.
Bonded. Impeccable Refs -
10 Yrs Pet-Care Firm CEO. **212-717-0053**

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: **947-6190**; East: **838-2996**

PROFFESSIONAL SERVICES

Full range of privacy services...
from confidential bank account &
offshore Visa card to 2nd passport & private
bank...& much more. **Fax: 908-249-5093**

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Afraid To Speak?—Overcome All Fears, Phobias... Real Help. PhD. **212-935-0979**

WANTED

TOP DOLLAR PAID
For your used **CHANEL, PRADA, HERMES, COMME DES GARCONS, GUCCI.** Call Alessandro at the Transfer Foundation: **212-355-4230** 1-7pm

MASSAGE

Paradise On The Table—A Breathless Massage. Ebony Or Ivory. **212-684-6494**

The Gift You Owe Yourself—Credit Cards Accepted. **212-661-0147**

Alexandra's Body Workshop—New Staff, rates. 7th Av/36th. Mon-Sun. **212-629-3106**

Out Of Bodyworks 212-545-0615
Leave Your Body...Here! E. 30s.

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Private. Convenient to Wall St. **212-243-1118**

EXECUTIVE STRESS RELIEF
Wholistic Body Treatment For The New Age. Relax In Luxury. Resid. **212-779-4588**

Austrian Lady—CPS. Deluxe Role-Play And Stress Therapy. Call **212-246-4759.**

Holistic Plus—Midtown Location. Open From 11am. **212-974-0838**

COZY CORNER
Warm & Sensual! **212-223-8722**

KAREN & SUZY
New, Beautiful, Exotic. **212-688-0522**

EXCELLENT RELAXATION
New, Exciting, Elegant
50s/5th. By Appointment: **212-977-7275**

Renew........Refresh.......Revitalize—Please Call Tatiana/Kaya: **212-922-2149**

CLASSY FRENCH MASSEUSE
Studio & Residential. **212-472-1138**

Mia's Soothing Massage—Quality. Pvt. Midtown. 7 Days. **212-593-0046**

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. **212-838-8388**

UPPER EAST SIDE
Hidden Treasure. Mid 70s. **212-327-0244**
Surround Yourself In Beauty & Comfort.

A Very Special Touch....Sensational!!—W. Village/Wall St. access. **212-645-4995**

PURE BLISS Leisure-Time Bodywork.
Exclusive And Rewarding, For The
Special You. Credit Cards. **212-661-1999**

Courtney's Back—**212-779-9226.** E. 30s. Quality, Private, Elegant. Open 7 Days.

A Very Private Candlelight Massage—5th Ave & 46th. By App't. **212-997-1660**

RHAPSODY
Midtown East. Pvt. 7 Days. **212-661-1888**

EXCEPTIONAL MASSAGE
By French Lady. Clean/Pvt. **212-888-3497**

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
Strictly By App't. E 60s.
Studio/Resid. **212-753-3030**

Two New Faces—7 Days. Open Late. Midtown. Brooke & Julie. **212-481-3854**

LINCOLN CENTER AREA
New, Elegant, Rejuvenating. **212-787-0146**

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxation. Open 7 Days. **212-838-1948**

S...S...S...—Sensational, Sensual, Safe And Private. 55th off 5th. **212-315-3525**

It's The Time Of The Season—For Christie's Hands. **212-752-0921**

BEAUTIFUL TOUCH
Loving & Sensual **212-751-1354**

Fun & Relaxing Massage—Private & Discreet. By App't. Nancy: **212-319-4695**

European Masseuse—With International Exp. Gramercy Park. Resid. **212-674-6590**

YOKO Shiatsu/Swedish—New City. 10am-10pm. **914-634-9200**

Warm Awakening—Cert Ca. Therapeutic Massage/Reflex. 9 Yrs Exp. **212-517-5453**

FIVE STAR CLUB
Exquisite Touch **212-564-0004 / 564-1101**

Come Closer To Everything—Including Perfection. Loving Hands. **212-689-1776**

Touch By Tomas For Men—Soothing, Serene, Safe & Private. **212-689-9030**

Alex For Men—Complete bodywork. New locale. Better than ever. **212-253-1508**

Susan & Lynn—Sensitive massage - by mature lady. 11:30-7:30pm. **718-426-4979**

Miramar—Highly Skilled Internt'l Staff. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. **212-826-8814**

CHINESE GUY - ADAM
Private, Exotic. 7 Days. **212-751-2925**

ORIENTAL BODYRUB
L.I.E. Exit 64N **516-924-0092**

Aloha 201-816-9562—Japanese Shiatsu, Swedish Therapy. Rtes 4/9W, Englewood.

TOKYO MOON
E. 53rd St. Japanese Style. **212-421-0222**

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

MASSAGE

WARM SNOW???!
Julie/Jessica. Park Ave. 212-481-3854

Dana & Claudia—Rich In Beauty. Sensual Bodyrub. All CC's. 212-946-5354

Donna's New Salon—A Massage You Will Return To. 212-319-5865

914-698-5858
Shiatsu/Swedish, Sauna, Shower

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLON Therapy. W 94th: 212-222-4868. E 10th: 387-8976 E 51st: 751-2319 Natasha/Joe

Come to... All New!
HOLLY'S HAVEN
Beauty & Ease
We Always Please
(and you'll never read this section again)
Gramercy Location 212-447-1104

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial, Reflexology. M/F. 212-661-0777

MATT'S BACK
MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: 212-586-6172

Brooklyn's Exceptional Relaxation—Elegant & Private. Call 718-745-0963.

Jeff's Fireside Massage—You Won't Get Burned. For Men/Women. 212-779-3943

FUJI SALON
E 54th. Resid. 212-207-8959

Grand Opening—Pamper Yourself Privately. E 80s. Lauren. CCs. 212-717-0161

Let Me Pamper You—Stress Relief For The Selective Man. Private. 212-499-9190

Beautiful Ambiance—Experience Sensual Bodyrub. Call: 212-371-9488

Sensual And Stimulating Massage—By Debbie. East Side Location. 212-593-1765

JAPANESE 212-799-7087
Japanese Shiatsu (& Residential Service)

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—Sophisticated. Private. 212-421-5963

Full Body Massage—By Appointment Only. 212-986-9377

The Art Of Sensual Massage—By Lori. By App't Only. East 50s. 212-486-7132

WORLD TRADE OASIS
Add Warmth to Your Day. Bask in the Joy of Touch. 1 Block World Trade Center. Open 7 Days. Res. avail. 212-267-4053

Asia Therapy—Body Shampoo And Steam Sauna. Englewood. 201-568-6505

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

Costa Del Sol—A world of relaxation. Luxurious/complete massage. 212-593-1605

A Unique Massage—For The Whole Body. Call For 1-On-1 App't. 718-463-5888

The Exotic Tan—Reflexology. Private. Shower. Call: 914-636-6302

Indulge Yourself—Stop The Ravages Of Time. Facials/Wraps. 212-213-4114

KIKU JAPANESE E. 50
Shiatsu Studio/Res. 212-223-2650

LENA SALON
Outstanding Shiatsu. 1776 Deer Pk Ave., Grand Blvd. 516-595-2396

Kelly And Jennifer—Open Early/Late 7 Days. Park Ave. 212-481-3854

FOREVER YOUNG 212-319-6778
Japanese Shiatsu. Studio/Resid.

MAKI 212-751-5550
Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

Asian 201-945-4077 Spa
We've Got The Touch. 5 Min From GWB.

LEXINGTON & 47th
Affordable & Relaxing. 212-758-1236

Grand New Opening
Gabrielle & Tess. Versatile/Unforgettable Massage. All CCs. 212-249-2436

ROYAL CARE
By App't. Discreet & Private. 212-262-2636

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

Double Tantric Touch—For Men Only. Tret/Silvio. 10-9pm. Chelsea: 212-741-9091

Beautiful Massage By Diane—West Village. By Appointment: 212-206-1570

MARLA & LIZA 212-752-8554
Studio/Residential. European Relaxation.

RENDEZVOUS
5th Avenue & 46th Street
New!
212-713-5330

KITANO 212-867-6265
Professional Masseuses From Japan

YANNA 212-308-4658
Eloquent Massage. Upper E. Side & 5th.

Stephanie & Carina—Exclusive, Private, Upscale, Discreet. Hotel/Res. 212-319-0765

NJ Fuji—Best Massage & Relaxation. 201-368-0058

HONG KONG
Exquisite Service. Midtown. 212-685-7409

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
Waldorf Area. 7 Days. Resid. 212-754-1470

203-846-3383
Hot Sun Spa - Norwalk

New Chinese Acupressure/Massage—Midtown. E Side Location. 212-683-3409

Body Pampering By Amanda—Private. All CCs. Grand Opening. 212-861-5969

Erik's Taoist Massage For Men—Relaxing & Blissful. 9am-9pm. 212-213-1207

ELIZABETH - Excellent Massage
By Elegant, Sensual Lady. Grand Central Area. Studio/Resid. 212-867-7857

Grasp The Grok—Multidimensional Bodywork for 21st Century. 212-213-1084

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish. Rt. 17 North, Ramsey. 201-327-0286

LICENSED THERAPY

Bright, Competent, Gentle Surrogate—Confidential & Effective. 212-316-4768

#1 SEX THERAPY
A Reputation for **EXCELLENCE.**
MD-Supv **SURROGATE PROGRAM.**
Board-Certified Clinical Sexologists
All Dysfunctions - Privacy Assured
212-721-7650

Impotence? Premature Reaction?
Sexual Shyness?
Our treatment combines; Surrogate Therapy with Hypnotherapy or Solution Focused Psychotherapy
Certified Psychotherapists & Hypnotherapists
Professional Surrogates M.D. Supervised
member: American Academy of Clinical Sexologists
Insurance Where Accepted
Free Consultation 212-679-6717

SEXUAL SUCCESS
NYC's **ONLY CERTIFIED*** Sex Therapist-Supervised **SURROGATE** Program. **Nationally Renowned Therapist/Author. As Seen On 20/20 & CNBC. PROVEN SUCCESS** Resolve Impotence/PE/Orgasm Problems/Sexual Shyness. MD Supv'd. End fear/failure. 212-971-6060
*Amer. Assn. of Sex Educators, Counselors & Therapists.

ROLE PLAY

Caribbean Elegance—Spoil Yourself. Private. By App't Only. Anne: 212-532-6084

Nurse Therapy—Dress-Up. Behavior Training. Luxurious, Upscale & Private. Credit Cards Accepted. 212-684-6775

Kim—Live/Real/Intense/Exotic/Caring. Unforgettable/Let's Talk. 212-245-4641-24hr

Fifth Avenue & E. 48th St.—All Major CC's & Cheques Accepted. 212-750-4111

Alexis—Your Own Private Utopia. Upscale Clientele Only! 212-777-4598

Jasmine Returns—Pvt & Discreet Role-Play. Explore Your Fetishes. 212-532-7135

Mistress Brandy—Cross-Dressing And Fetish Specialist. 212-229-2359

Sweet Relaxation—Discreet, Private And Classy. By Appointment Only. 516-584-2465

BODY THERAPY
Complete Role-Play. 212-794-4740

Behavior Modification—Nurse Therapy & Role-Play By Experts, For The Novice & Connoisseur. AX/Vi/MC. 212-889-3350

CREATIVE ROLE-PLAY
Personalized & Intimate. 212-481-9293

April—Carribean Relaxation. Ultimate Delight. Call 212-533-6761

Upper East Side—Sublime Relaxation For Gentlemen By Venus. 212-427-3801

For A Peaceful, Relaxing Escape—Call Lauralee/Ashley. Resid. 212-969-0991

Complete Sensual Relaxation—By Exotic, Elegant Ashley. 212-599-4389

Katrina—Exclusively For The Upscale Man. East Side Locale. 212-772-6573

Ultimate Encounters—Exclusive Role Play. Studio/Resid. CC's. 212-246-1314

Touch Of Class—Scandinavian Elegance - Sensual/Beautiful/Private. 212-459-4537

Candy - Sutton Place For Upscale Gentlemen. Elegant, Beautiful & Private. 212-980-8118

INNER CLEANSING
Clinical Nurse Role-Play. 212-717-5415

ULTIMATE RELAXATION
Only The Best Will Do! 212-533-6761

Femme Mystique
A TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE
Upscale & luxurious service
24 Hours/7 Days, Credit Cards Accepted
1-800-808-6679

Aloof, Imperious, Creative Role-Play—Mistress Melora. East 60s. 212-439-6033

Imperial—Catering To The Elite. All Major CC's. Unforgettable! 212-533-6761

A Moroccan Mirage
At Your Residence. Call 212-717-4657.

Exquisite, Sultry, Elegant.
Fetish Role Play & Cross Dress Mistress Nicole & Her Auntie. 212-754-5177

Relaxation - Sensual Body Rub...—By App't. Pvt/Studio. 212-541-9430

The Governess—Sultry, Private Tutor. Imaginative, Upscale, Unique. 212-769-7957

HEAT OF BRAZIL
Exquisite and totally private.
11AM to 11PM App't. 212-265-4703

Scott - Relaxation Therapy—And Role Playing. Private Sessions. 212-242-7054

MADEMOISELLE
Scandinavian & European Models
Upscale relaxation for gentlemen who expect the very best.
1-800-464-6667

Je T'Aime—We Love To Pamper You. Lovely & Private Ambiance. 212-505-5326

Private Role-Play By Mature Woman—Private Location. Studio/Res. 212-832-2610

Copacabana—Relax Your Body And Your Mind. 718-779-9582

Arena/Blaze—Decadent Suspense - Medical Correction Studios. 212-889-1591

Veronica—Southern Charm. Upper West Side. Gentle Relaxation. 212-662-4548

Tara—Exotic Ebony Body Builder. All CC's. 212-946-5175

Psychotherapist—Explore All Subjects. Role Playing - 24 Hrs. 516-422-2404

Beautiful Role-Play—NYC/LI. 24 Hrs/7 Days. Resid Service Only. 516-897-3195

Brigitte—Sophisticated, Private, Luxurious Relaxation. 8am-10pm. 212-319-0765

Mistress Elizabeth's—Behavior Modification & Role-Play. 212-391-0600

Pamper Yourself - You Deserve The Best
Ecstasy Comes To You, Discreetly. CC's/Cks Accepted. Elite. 212-639-9207

FOR EXECUTIVES
By Mature European Blond 212-661-7286

French Elegance—Sensual Touch. Private & Beautiful. W 57th. 212-399-0691

The Muscle & Model Factory—Body Builders, Wrestlers. 212-479-7945

Best Relaxation—Float On A Cloud With Claudia & Diana. By App't. 212-207-3672

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

ROLE PLAY

Professionals' Choice
For Executive Gentlemen.
Tri-state area. Help wanted. 914-643-2262

AVA & INGRID
Polynesian & Swedish 212-725-3072

Mature Role-Play By Ingrid
European. East Side. Upscale. Very
Sophisticated. 9am-9pm. 212-319-0765

Relaxation Plus—Sensual Bodyrub. For app't: Call Heather. **212-679-5350**

Kimberly—A Touch Of Class. Pamper yourself & relax with me. Res. **212-465-3425**

Elegant Encounters—World Class. Only the Best. AX/Vi/MC. 24 hrs. **212-794-2323**

150 Escapist COMPULSIONS Explored
PhD. Prof'l Staff: Jr 20s thru Mature 50s.
Pvt App'ts: 11am-10pm. **212-475-3377**

Mistress Athena—Pvt Role-Play, Wrestling. Shows. Explore Fetishes. **212-330-8602**

GINA'S ROLE-PLAY
Mature Lady. Rubenesque Look.
Discreet. By App't. E. 50th. **212-371-3106**

EXECUTIVE STRESS RELIEF
Plus First-Class Role-Play.
Private, Safe & Discreet. Midtown/
Resid. **212-279-8522 / 714-1537**

California Salon—5 Minutes From GWB. All-American. **201-943-8359**

Suzanne's Executive Stress Relief—38th & 3rd. Expensive & worth it. **212-681-2798**

ULTIMATE VENTURES
Upscale Relaxation. **212-888-1666**

HONEY - SUTTON PLACE
For Discreet Men. Classy, Pvt **212-838-2653**

HEAVEN'S GATE
212-689-7359 Asian Dreams!

Diana—Personable & Mature Role-Play. Days Only. All CC's. **212-479-7939**

Adam & Friends For Men—Exclusive, Private & Safe. **212-988-2991**

Carol—A Sensitive Touch. Mature Lady. W. 50s. Credit Cards Okay. **212-757-6148**

Scintillating Phone-Play:
(Low Introductory Rates)... **212-962-1619**
And Bedtime Stories: **900-438-7699**

Showgirls—For Gentlemen w/Upscale Tastes. Vi/MC/AX. 24 Hrs. **212-288-1400**

Valerie—Winter Sensations... Your NYC Home. **212-501-9002**

Jennifer Hunter—Incomparable Role-Play Via Phone. **215-627-JENN (5366)**

Angelika—Asian-American role-play sessions. Private. By app't. **212-686-6404**

JILLIAN BRADLEY & FRIENDS
Plush & Private Multi-Level Townhouse
Offering The Ultimate In Relaxation.
Strictly By App't. Res. Avail. **212-779-3332**

Kelly—Rubenesque, Exotic, Sensual Role-Play. **212-988-4865**

IVY LEAGUE
Upscale relaxation therapy, 11am-3am.
Elegant/private. **212-753-3138**

MISTRESS MADELINE
There Is No Substitute. **212-684-6870**

ROYAL SANDS
We Deliver Dreams: **212-924-1133**

Erica—Sensual, Exotic Relaxation. Upper East Side. **212-879-4788**

Total Relaxation—European Role-Play Specialist. Residential Only. **212-570-6007**

Ashley & Friends - E. 40s—Discreet Encounters. 24 Hours. CC's. **212-736-1341**

Utopia Awaits—Sensual, relaxing, ultimate experience. Trish/Nicole: **212-787-8479**

French Shemale Film Star—Fetish Role Play. **212-223-5164**

Ebony European Shemale—Your/My Resid. Private. **212-592-9968** Sabrina

Sensual, Elegant Therapy—For Upscale *Clientele. Call:* **212-734-4117**

Southern Belle—Leslie. Mature. 10am-11pm. **212-245-6136**

YURAKU 516-777-7566
200 Rt 110 (S), Suite #4, LIE 49 (S)

Westchester - Touch, Talk, Dance—Scenes. Your Resid. **800-957-3048**

THE INCOMPARABLE REBECCA
Kind, Warm, Charming Relaxation.
Your Resid. Full Info: **212-714-7709**

#1 Transsexual Megastar!—Lovely "Sherry Fox", For Beginners. **212-582-5009**

Expert—Seen On Howard Stern. Upscale & Discreet. Suzy. **212-826-2707**

Mature Gentlemen—Private Relaxation By Sensitive, Mature Lady. **212-957-9673**

Elegant, Mature Relaxation—Private. Call For Appointment: **212-697-5932**

GOLDEN JADE
Role-Play. 1030 6th Av., 38th/39th Sts.
2nd Floor. **212-768-0740 / 212-768-0685**

ASIAN PARADISE
Best Asian Club. 24 Hours.
212-689-3734 / 212-689-3562
38 W. 28th St., 4th Fl. (B'way/6th Ave.)

ORIENTAL CONNECTION
Beautiful Oriental Role-Play.
18-65A Steinway St., 2nd Floor,
Astoria **718-278-8288 / 278-8286**

Sensual Role-Play—By Mature Ebony Beauty. Private/Discreet. **212-330-8368**

Indulgence For Peace/Relaxation—Private And Comfortable. **212-371-9488**

BODY-BUILDER ROLE-PLAY
By Eva. CC's Accepted. **212-831-7709**

A Perfect Touch—Relaxation, Fetishes & Desires. My/Your Residence. **212-679-2124**

Gentleman For Gentlemen—Mature Role-Play. By App't. Chaz. **917-991-5654**

Queens Relaxation—Therapy At Its Best. 253-18 Northern Blvd. Call **718-279-1971.**

To Place Your Advertisement in
New York Magazine's
SERVICES AND SALES SECTION
Call Mark Bristow at **212-779-7500**
or Fax **212-779-2449**

Assortments

FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233 317 Madison (entr on 42nd) NYC 10017, Rm 1600. Est 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

It takes courage, creativity, spontaneity, and the ability to transcend resistance and stereotypes to go to a "Matchmaker." If you would hire a personal trainer or a psychotherapist, think about hiring an experienced PhD to help you find a mate. The **Introductions Club**, in its' 7th year, works with high-level, multi-dimensional, secular Jewish prof'ls (women 25-49, men 30-60 - constant effort is made to remain demographically balanced). Ours is a dignified, personalized, confidential service. Don't allow serendipity to run your love-life. 212 877-0723 for consultation. Do call.

METRONOME
HOLIDAY PARTY
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18
915 B'way (21st) • 8pm • $20pp
Jewish Prof'ls, ages 22-49
Hosted by QUEST: 212-213-0508

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. **800-233-CMLS**

INTERNET SINGLES! *(212) 334-0331*
Total internet access, plus your photo
and personal ad in our WWW member
database - $25/month! Call for info kit.

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy: **212-877-5167**

Single Lovers of the Arts—Helping singles get together nationwide. 300 Main St., Ste 258, Huntington, NY 11743. **516-673-1466**

Single Booklovers - A nat'l group getting unattached people together since 1970. Box 117, Gradyville, PA. **610-358-5049**

2nd BIGGEST PARTY of the YEAR
for young Jewish Professionals
(20's & 30's exclusively)
UTOPIA's PRESIDENT'S DAY BASH
Le Bar Bat, 311 W 57TH St
SUNDAY, FEB 18TH, 8pm-2am
All 3 floors, live music, DJ,
hors d'oeuvres 8-9:30, drink special.
$20 with Preferred Invitation; $25 w/o.
To receive a Preferred Invitation, or for more info, please call 212.459.4321

Party Promoters/Networkers Wanted—*Upper E. Side club. Fun! Make$$. 860-9140*

BEST SERVICE IN TOWN—Largest Selection. Upscale **Asian/Latin/Russian** ladies for prof'l gents. **LOA 212-986-8590/91**

A+ RATING! Meet beautiful **Russian & Jewish** ladies living in NY. Free ctlg + tours to Moscow **Int'l Singles 212-206-6831**

LEAP YEAR CELEBRATION!
Sunday, February 18, 5:30-?
for Urbane Prof'ls. DJ, Hors D's, Dance Cards. **Joe Mayos**, 41 Mad Ave. $20.

Matrimonial Lawyer: Will Help You
With Divorce & Seperation Agreements.
Call Richard Klass, Esq. **718-643-6063**

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

Marion Smith Profl Singles—Sun, 2/18, 7pm. $20. Top of 666s, 5th Ave. **944-2112**

Singles Support Groups
Call Psychologist: **212-875-0074**

HELMSLEY PARK LANE
SUPER GALA!
FRIDAY, FEB 23, 6pm-12am
36 Central Pk So., Grand Ballroom
2nd Floor & Candlelit Garden Terrace
UPSCALE PROFESSIONALS, 28-49
800+ EXPECTED!
Munchies • Dessert • DJ
(212) 249-3636

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times... For Information: **212-972-3594**

Read Any Good Books Lately?
An often-used opening line when meeting
other singles. A great place to use it is at
the Jewish Braille Institute sound studios,
where lots of talented singles record books
for the blind. Wonderful people and a
terrific cause. **For More Info, Call**
Cantor Mindy J. Fliegelman: 212-889-2525

Date Someone New This Weekend
Call to hear 100's of voice personal ads for free!
212-987-7000
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE
Customer Service 212-987-7001
FREE CALL

Single Elegance Valentine's Dance. Sat 2/17. Marriott Hotel, Uniondale, LI. 9-1AM. $15. Ages 27-57. **516-221-8122.**

SENSATIONS SINGLES PARTY
FRI, FEB 23 - LE BAR BAT, 6pm,
311 W. 57th St. $20. **212-645-1654**
First 100 people to call this week - $15.!

Zhivago Connections Inc.—Attractive American/Russian selection. **718-743-2624**

DOC'S PARTIES
Upscale Prof'ls, 26-47
TATOU
151 E 50th St., at 3rd Ave
SUN, FEB 18, 8pm-2am
Info: 718•279•8596
Over 1,000 people expected!

SELECT from PHOTOS
A personalized introduction service for
busy NY & NJ professionals and execs.
Solution for Singles: 201-944-6171

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Tired Of Smoke And Mirrors—Single, well-educated Jewish police officer, 6'4", fit and fun, seeks sane, fit Jewish lady, over 5'7" and under 32. 5047 ✉ ☎

Share Romance And Magic!—With a down-to-earth, MD/surgeon specialist, dynamic, with warm heart, good looks, tall, slim, 41, funny. Hopes for a best friend/lover under 36, 5'6" plus, to share life/family. Phone/photo a must. 5089 ✉

Great Catch!—Jewish guy, 28, 5'7", seeks soulmate. You/me: (com)passionate, honest, professional. Loves home and adventure. Good talker/listener, sense of humor. Relationship-minded. Any height okay. Nonsmoker. Romantics only. Note/photo preferred. 5099 ✉

Really Cute Grandma—Pretty, slender, warm and funny - ready to make the rest the best - with age appropriate (?), socially-conscious Grandpa. 5109 ✉

Ruggedly Handsome—35, athletic, warm, sensitive and down-to-earth, a true gentleman in every respect - seeks beautiful, physically fit woman, 20-33, for a lasting relationship. Photo required. 5034 ✉

Traditional Values—Gentle executive, professional, warm, caring, affectionate, single Jewish male - 52, humorous, very secure, shy and reserved, cultured PhD. Seeks intelligent woman - attractive, nonsmoker, warm, kind, caring, nonaggressive. Seeking best friend: (516) lady (LI). Note/photo a must. 1673 ✉

Dynamic, Handsome, Outdoorsman—39, 6', slim, smart, sensitive, and Jewish. Diverse outdoor and indoor interests range from running a creative manufacturing business, skiing, blading, cycling and adventure travel to weekends in Vermont, reading, the blues, and fly fishing. Seeking a very pretty and slender kindred spirit, 27-35, who's adventurous, outdoorsy, supportive and sensual, for a lifetime of love and laughter. Note/photo. 5068 ✉

Successful Inventor/Businessman—Attractive, athletic, world-traveled, multilingual, fun-loving, youthful 50s, seeks meaningful relationship with elite lady who is well-spoken, elegant, refined/cultured, sportive, vivacious, good-humored, with flexible schedule, in 40s, who wants to love again. Photo. 5108 ✉

Creative Yet Secure—Single male, 36, Manhattan professional (MD/teacher), fairly eclectic (daydreams of writing Seinfeld), spunky yet affectionate. Your humor and intelligence are most important, but you may be 24-34, 5'7" or under. (Exact weight may vary). Letter/photo. 5059 ✉

Without A Doubt—The most eligible bachelorette in NYC. I'm attractive, successful, down-to-earth, 5'10", 28, toned, Jewish, and looking for someone to last a lifetime. I love travel, adventures, hugs, movies, museums, singing in the shower, my family, lazy afternoons, volunteering, fine dining, spring skiing. My soul mate is 28-35, tall, fit, nonsmoker, honest, professionally accomplished (can pick up the check), emotionally stable, and has many interests. He appreciates the value of a loving monogamous relationship, is affectionate, generous, always learning, enjoys intelligent and silly conversations, and has a sense of humor about absurdities of life. I know you are out there, so write me a note and include a recent photo. 5016 ✉

I Know You're Out There—Successful, caring, creative, financially secure Jewish male, 34, with rugged good looks and a great smile, seeks a slim, beautiful woman (24-33) who turns heads, is easygoing, affectionate, romantic and appreciates wit and humor. I am selective. You won't be disappointed. Recent photo a must. 5035 ✉

Very Pretty, Sophisticated Attorney—Athletic, compassionate, vivacious, 5'7", 41, Jewish (nonreligious). Loves tennis, skiing, running, movies, museums, dining out, country weekends and traveling. Seeks great guy, refined, well-educated, financially secure, with traditional values and Brooks Brothers looks. 5090 ✉ ☎

Shall We Dance?—Handsome, romantic, marriage-minded man, 5'7 1/2", trim professional, 33 - enjoys music, movies, art... Also successful documentary producer. Seeks 25-34 woman, slim, pretty Christian professional with similar interests. Come join my world. Photo. 2022 ✉ ☎

Be My Valentine—Truly beautiful (inside/out) slender, fit, professional Jewish female, with a great sense of humor and style, seeks handsome, smart, successful, Jewish professional man, 34-44, who loves sports, the arts & maybe me! 5076 ✉ ☎

Passion, Romance, Laughs—Attractive, petite, smart and fit woman, with a slightly bohemian aura, seeks a serious and fun relationship. I am 33, independent, capable and career minded, with a lot of love to give the right person. I enjoy running, hiking, skiing, reading, romantic dinners, and long conversations into the night. If you're open minded, affectionate, intelligent and fit, with a good sense of humor, I'd like to hear from you. 5118 ✉ ☎

Charismatic Woman—Pretty, slender, athletic, successful professional - loves travel, adventure and country weekends. Looking for soul mate - must be 40-55, attractive, kind, interested in a healthy life style, nonsmoker, (212) area code preferable, athletic and financially independent. Photo/note please. 5036 ✉ ☎

Romance, Love And Affection—Awaits the right woman from this 42 year old Catholic man who believes everything that the church teaches. 5062 ✉

Jet-Set Yachtsman—Handsome middle-aged male seeks woman, 20-35, to join him in following the sun year-round. Exotic travel and luxurious surroundings. Send note, photo and phone. 5048 ✉

A Very Rare, Very Unique—And very successful, Park Avenue, beautiful ex-model, Wall Street investor, with big, beautiful blue eyes, auburn hair, with a great personality, zest for life. Down-to-earth, bright, loyal, flexible, warm, open, charismatic, not jaded, emotionally secure, dependable, optimistic. Global traveler loves the arts, reading, sports, etc. Seeks male counterpart, 50-60. 5067 ✉ ☎

Professional Jewish Male—36, slightly disabled, financially independent, loves movies and fun, seeks Jewish female. 5085 ✉

It's Not Easy—To find a slim, naturally attractive, sensitive, sensual and intelligent woman, 30s-40s, who enjoys all of nature's extremes. Successful attorney, good-looking and virtually complete, 6'4", 200 lbs, 54, seeks extraordinary yet simple style for evenings on the Promenade and weekends in Vermont. Note/photo, appreciated. 5104 ✉

Upper West Side—Professional, 45, pretty, open, funny, and real, seeks spiritual, physically/financially fit guy. 5120 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Hey, Knick Fans!—Are you a good-looking, fit, Jewish professional male, 32-42, who's secure and witty? If so, I'm 33, very pretty, smart, fit, funny Jewish female. Let's make it to the playoffs together! Note/photo. 5017 ✉

LI Latin Beauty—Slim, 31, divorced mom, seeks honest, marriage-minded, successful Italian gent who enjoys the finer things in life, 35-45. Note/photo. 5013 ✉

Gay White Male—Fit, handsome, successful professional, 42, 5'10", 165 lbs, with caring heart and active mind, seeks bright, attractive, emotionally available companion. Note/photo. 5021 ✉

Can An Old Guy—Who's poor, homely and dull expect a miracle? Like a woman who's just the opposite? Why not? 5063 ✉

Leggy, 20-Something Scandinavian—Seeks financially secure, ambitious yet caring Christian male, 27-40, to warm my heart. My interests include politics, NYC and a passion for my roots. Photo/note a must. 5091 ✉

Men All Love Me—But I prefer a man who knows how to balance business with pleasure. Tall, dark and handsome, 30-year-old, independent male seeks sexy, masculine, successful guy who knows what he wants. 5046 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Sane—Very attractive brunette seeks successful man, 40-55, 5'8" plus who's probably uncomfortable answering ads. Like me, you're unpretentious, warm, kind, intelligent, witty, passionate, good-looking, fit, nonsmoking with a definite sense of humor and emotionally available for someone special. Photo please. 5024 ✉

New and Improved!

Attention! New Number

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD

CALL 1-900-860-0640

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th., New York, NY 10036. (212)852-7700

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With great family genes, captivating smile, energetic, fun, successful, athletic and in great shape, seeks sincere Jewish nonsmoking male, 30s-40s, tall, educated, trim and optimistic. Note/photo necessary. 5115 ✉

Gay: Sopisticated/Sexy/Spiritual—(Even poetic) attractive gay white male, 48, 5'9", 140, slim (workout), healthy, highly successful professional - well-read and traveled - sense of humor and fine values. Seeks similar gentleman. Photo please. 5102 ✉

Well-Educated, Well-Bred—Elegant, young Jewish widow, 5'3", a nonsmoker and a redhead. Happy with own life, and now willing to meet an intelligent, funny and reliable man for a friendly relationship. I love travel, baseball, opera, jazz, theater and voluptuous comfort. Able to stay in and nest or socialize. At present, living in Los Angeles. If you are articulate, honest, 45-60, and interested in any of the above, please write with photo. 5027 ✉

This Valentine's Day—Let's start our own celebration. Roses, hugs are my forte. Successful black man, 6'1", 38, ex-model, seeks bright, beautiful, professional female, 25-37, for lasting affinity. Any race. Note/photo. Please. 5095 ✉ ☎

Adventurous?—This 6'1" professional male, 35, who enjoys nighttime activities and the great outdoors, seeks an attractive female, 27-32. Note/photo. 5009 ✉

Beautiful, Brainy Brunette—Lean, leggy, athletic attorney who is warm, sensitive and fun, seeks handsome, successful, intelligent, tall, athletic Jewish man, 35-45, for romance and more. Note/photo, please. 5119 ✉

Home Owner, 47—Jewish, bearded, nonsmoker, 5'8", teacher, single dad. You to age 44, kids okay, looking for honest relationship leading to marriage. Picture please. POB 373, Poundridge NY 10576

Pretty Blond—Slim, fit, 5'8", East Coast Wasp, seeks cosmopolitan, companionable guy. Manhattan/CT. 50s. 5018 ✉

Lovable, Intelligent Man Wanted—By warm, sensitive, tall, blond woman-child psychologist, 50s. My interests include walks at the beach and in the city, music, the arts, travel and enjoying each moment. I wish to share friendship, companionship, affection and, if love beckons, much happiness together. 5061 ✉

Gorgeous, Classy, Successful Woman—Seeks tall, generous, successful Jewish man, 40-55, who isn't cheap and doesn't cheat, for marriage. Kosher a plus. 5006 ✉

Gorgeous Blond—34, 5'7", bright mind, sexy body, warm heart. Seeks handsome, successful gent, 30s-50s, for happily-ever-after. Note/photo - will exchange. 5041 ✉

Terrific Gay White Male—Cute, athletic, sensitive, mature, healthy, 33 year old professional male presently on a personal journey of emotional and spiritual growth, seeks decent, down-to-earth, professional gentleman with integrity, sense of humor and healthy sense of self. Enjoys film, cycling, rollerblading, etc. Looking to establish stable relationship based on honesty, commitment and affection. Nonsmokers only. Photo/note/phone. 5116 ✉

Strikingly Attractive Female—Auburn hair, 5'6", fit, healthy, 40s, unique, witty, aware, secure, etc. Seeks a 6' plus, nonbalding male (45-55), really attractive, very successful, bright, quick, emotionally and physically fit, who never reads these ads. Note/photo essential. 5012 ✉

Handsome, Adventurous, Caring—Professional white male, 38, enjoys romantic walks on distant beaches, peaceful hikes in unspoiled lands, travel, classical music, fine art and jazz. Seeks passionate Asian or European lady to share love and life. Note/photo/phone please. 5033 ✉

Looking For A Special Man—Who is kind, moral, literate, funny, and more interested in friendship (at least for a while) than romance. I'm a pretty, elegant, 46 year old woman - blonde, green-eyed, thin - a writer by trade, New Yorker by birth, Ivy by education. My wonderful son is in college, so I'm enjoying my breathing space. But I wouldn't mind an occasional breath with a movie-loving, dinner-eating, schmoozing male friend. Please send photo and letter. P.S. I like journalists. 5122 ✉

Windy City Transfer—37, very attractive, creative professional, with Italian looks and style, physically fit and emotionally secure, loving, independent, with a great sense of humor. Seeking a confident, successful, handsome, professional Catholic man, with sensitivity, wit and charm, who has strong family values and views life with a sense of adventure and humor, for love, laughter and commitment. Note/photo/phone. 5026 ✉ ☎

Sweet Tooth—Wanted by a woman who cooks well, 5'7", slim, blue-eyed blond, 44 - loves art, books, wine, antiques, sci-fi and foreign films, Irish music. Yearning to develop a relationship with a kind and decent man. 5008 ✉

Semi-Spectacular—Tall, tender, great-looking (it's true!) white male, 45, included in publication on America's interesting singles, seeks sincere (Scandinavian?) knockout. Photo please. 5042 ✉

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured on Maury Povich, Montel Williams, ABC, Fox News, Geraldo, Dr. Ruth, Cosmopolitan (Jun '91), and NY Times (Jul '93).

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Pert, Pretty, Petite—Woman in mid 40s, seeks man with a generous spirit, positive attitude and lively mind. I'm a communications professional who loves modern art, ballet, theater, friends and travel. Note please, photo optional. 5056 ✉ ☎

You, Me And The Beautiful Sea!—Sell the car, give away the animals, say goodbye to the kids. You are lean, literate, luscious, laid-back, and are about to begin a life of adventure and love with a tall, good-looking, fun-loving, commitment-minded 50-year-old who is taking off on his yacht for warmer climes. Please send photo and an insightful note, and I will send you mine. 5032 ✉

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

AFTER VALENTINE'S CELEBRATION

Thursday Feb. 15, 5:30pm-12am

It's not too late to seal it with a kiss!

Co-hosted by DISARONNO AMARETTO ORIGINALE

AT THE FABULOUS COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines). Complimentary Di Saronno Amaretto cocktails from 6:30-8:30, 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, Gifts, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Feb 9th to:
New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3668

RAFFLE PRIZE COMPLIMENTS OF - Sonesta Beach Resort Key Biscayne

Meet Rob Rosenheck, Photographer and Author of THE LOVE BOOK

Rare Bird—Dix Hills widower, Jewish, 5'11", healthy, handsome, slim, 60ish, unpretentious, humorous - likes classical music, movies, CNN, travel. Seeks long-term relationship with cultured female non-smoker, 54-64. Note/recent photo. 5029 ✉

Charming, Romantic MD—29, outgoing, honest and sincere, petite, black single female - seeking an attractive, sensitive and kind, single professional male, 29-34, who enjoys traveling, dining out, and has a sense of humor. Please send recent photo/note/phone. 5023 ✉

Perhaps—You noticed me: the tall, slender, blond runner in Central Park. Perhaps you're the good-looking guy (45-55) I saw at the theater or the Met? We're both very smart, honest, adventurous, passionate and ready for long term laughter and love. Perhaps we'll never meet...unless you write. 5087 ✉

Clark Kent—Looking for his Lois Lane. 6'2", single, Jewish, University Chicago MBA, seeks single, Jewish, nonsmoker, 25-35. My interests: investment, racquetball, cycling, sculpture, gardening; Yours: family, caring, athletic, career. Note, photo, phone. 5055 ✉ ☎

Stop!—Winning combination! Extremely attractive woman, 31, 5'5", slim, professional. This, plus giant fan of all sports...seeks attractive man, up to 42, with similar interests. Good sense of humor a must. Photo/note. 5125 ✉

No, Really...—I'm a happy, healthy, fit, tall, 29 year old guy with a great job and I'm looking for...quite a lot honestly; an articulate, confident, athletic woman, 25-35, who isn't afraid of much. Please, send photo. 5064 ✉ ☎

Hispanic Female—44, seeks established gentleman, 45-55, to share classical concerts, museums, travel, romantic dinners and a warm sense of humor. Nonsmoker. Photo and note. 5081 ✉

Handsome Harvard Wasp—Investment company owner. Loves skiing, flying, bridge. Seeks financially independent sweet slim statuesque 38-50 stunner for life, leisurely love, and laughter. Note/phone/recent full photo, please. 5031 ✉

Ab Fab, Leggy Blond Wasp—Educated, cultured, acid wit, seeks her lobster. Note and photo, please. 5038 ✉

andrea
nancy
ardath
stephanie

We'll satisfy your appetite for love.

Not to mention your appetite for lunch.

Like to meet someone new while dining in some of the most extraordinary restaurants in town? Through our unique matchmaking service, we'll introduce you to some of the finest professionals around. Over lunch. Give us a call. We've got your table reserved.

IT'S just LUNCH!
life, love & dessert.

Opening soon in California, Columbus, Atlanta, Baltimore & Houston.

New York 212.644.0022 Philadelphia 215.772.9999
Chicago 312.644.9999 Dallas 214.614.2480 Washington D.C. 202.466.6699

Unique Widower—Tall, affluent, fun and exciting to be with. You would be 35-45, 5'6" plus, educated, nonsmoker, chic - a super woman with the ability to live a special lifestyle, including but not limited to: boats, travel, gourmet cooking, life on a country estate. Photo please. 5005 ☒

Seeking Beautiful Italian Female—Bright, handsome, trim CEO seeks a very special Italian female for a loving relationship. Note/photo. 5050 ☒

DATE SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THAT THE "BARBER OF SEVILLE" IS NOT A UNISEX HAIR SALON.

GRADUATES & FACULTY OF THE IVIES, SEVEN SISTERS, MIT, STANFORD, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, UC BERKELEY, NORTHWESTERN, DUKE, JOHNS HOPKINS AND ACCREDITED MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

DATE ALUMNI AND ACADEMICS

THE RIGHT STUFF
An Introduction Network

800-988-5288

Vivacious, European-Born, Attractive—Cultured professional woman; works in NYC, lives in Nassau County; young 50s, petite brunette seeks nonsmoking, physically and emotionally fit, gentle man, 50-62, to share the joys of life: nature, the arts, dancing, quiet evenings and laughter. 5057 ☒

Sensitive And Sincere—Single white male, 33, 6'4", brown/blue, Ivy/MBA, athletic, secure, romantic, warm and affectionate, seeks glamorous, amorous, fit, fun, fabulous single female, 20s-30s, nonsmoker, skilled practitioner of the fine art of feminine allure, for friendship, romance, fun, and who knows what. Photo/phone/note, please. 5096 ☒

Pretty Jewish Female MD—5'7", seeks tall, Jewish professional for... 5074 ☒

Merger Potential—Pretty, blond venture capitalist, slim, 40, fast mind, great legs. Enjoys travel from Bali to Jerusalem, theater, art. Seeks very bright, warm, communicative, confident Jewish man, 40-52. Nonsmokers. Photo. 5083 ☒ ☎

Long Island Male—32 years old, financially secure, college graduate, seeks down-to-earth, white Jewish female, 20-30 years old. Likes movies, skiing and fun times. Recent photo, note and phone please. 5044 ☒

Tall, Tender And Terrific—Manhattan female - attractive, late 50s, has class, charm and wit - needs white male, 55-65. Please be the best of your class. 5082 ☒

To The Good Life!—I'm a handsome senior executive, well-educated, mid 40s, divorced with two grown kids. My interests are many. I love the Knicks, Rangers, ballet, opera and New York City's great restaurants. I also love travel and all outdoor sports. If you are an attractive, kind woman, 30-40, with great passion, who loves to enjoy life, please write. A photo is appreciated. 5073 ☒

Warm Heart, Warmest Of Smiles, MD—Surgeon specialist, 36, 5'11", Jewish, athletic, caring, down-to-earth, dynamic - tennis, movie enthusiast. Seeks upbeat, caring, athletic, thin, attractive woman, 20s-early 30s, to share life. Note/phone/photo. 5106 ☒

Mind-Meld With Me In NJ!—Attractive, zaftig young widow, 40, looking for a tall, handsome, athletic man, to share very passionate moments. Marriage is not a top priority at this point - just fun and laughs. I enjoy almost everything - from skiing to watching TV. Finances, religion not important - but, please, no smokers and no Cardassians. Note/photo. 5022 ☒

Accomplished Manhattan Mensch—Down-to-earth, compassionate, caring, enjoys travel, good food, fine wine, the treats of the city, scuba diving, country drives and walks, with great sense of humor, looking for that special woman, 37-50ish, slim, fit, feminine, with warm smile and sense of self. Photo, please. 5051 ☒

Attractive (Really) Blond—Dynamic, considerate interior designer, late 40s, looking for a man (nonsmoker) who wants to enjoy life, have fun. Photo. 5025 ☒ ☎

Pretty, Italian, Biologist—42, 5'4", warm personality, generous, sincere, with varied interests, no children, seeks witty, honest, affectionate male, 41-55, for serious relationship. Please send, note, photo and phone. 5069 ☒ ☎

On Track And Broken In—Jewish male, 38, 6', fit, fun, handsome attorney, full of potential, seeks happiness. Photo. 3095 ☒

A Lot Of Woman—Stunning, Italian-Spaniard. Classic good looks. Great brains, body and lots of soul. Looking for her counterpart - a very good-looking man with big ambitions, like hers, to build that perfect world. 36-50, 5'10" up. Must have first-class manners and style. No photo, no reply. 5100 ☒

Be My "McGuyver"...—I'm a pretty, petite, successful professional - high energy, adventurous, Italian-American, with family values and traditions. Looking for 30-40 male who can become my best friend, equal partner - who wants to have fun in a serious relationship. Note/phone, photo optional. 5007 ☒ ☎

Sophisticated, Attractive, European—Independent lady, young early 50s, slender, 5'9", vegetarian, from NY, currently Seattle. Loves classical music, art, humanities, alternative medicine, travel and New England. In search of refined, accomplished, secure, unencumbered, commitment-minded, nonreligious Renaissance man and mensch with integrity and sense of humor. Note/photo, please. 5040 ☒

CT MD, Young 50—Enjoys country nights, city delights, walks on the beach, talks through the night. Seeks petite, slim, pretty white female, 38-45, who enjoys life and its delights. Photo and note, please. 5124 ☒

Man Of Means—Looking for love. Notably handsome, funny, Jewish, 44-year-old, divorced - looking for woman under 40. Open to all faiths. Note and photo a must. 5080 ☒

This Classy, Eye Appealing—Manhattan man for many reasons and all seasons, wishes to sincerely share his second 50 years with a refined woman appreciative of C. Porter's words, F. Astaire's style and my head resting shoulders. 5052 ☒

Gay Italian-American—38, 5'9", 153 lbs, dark features, handsome, professional, healthy, clean-cut, masculine, sensitive and sincere - seeks similar type. Serious replies only. Note/photo, please. 5451 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Warm, Passionate, Cultured Woman—45, musician, seeks man of vitality, warmth, passion, intelligence. I'm shapely, sensual, and pretty. 5105 ☒ ☎

Attached Men Live Longer—If you're tall, Jewish, 50-60s, extend life with this attractive secure blond. 5094 ☒ ☎

Wanted: Big, Strong Teddy Bear—For this single, cute Jewish professional - voluptuous female, 31, who enjoys traveling on a whim, late-night talks with candlelight and wine, skiing and spontaneous adventures. Besides being someone who likes to cuddle, you are caring, sensitive, and know how to treat a lady. I am seeking a friend to be my best friend, and then only time will tell. If you love to laugh, love to hug and squeeze, I'd love to hear from you! Please send note and photo. 5015 ☒

Cuddle With Me—Beautiful, caring and affectionate, single Jewish female, NJ resident, 5'4", slim, 32, professional, secure, and enjoys various activities. Seeks attractive, kind, sincere, professional, single Jewish male, 30-40, to share a lifetime of love. Please be 5'7"-6'2" and a nonsmoker. Note and photo appreciated (will exchange photos). 5010 ☒

Terrific Catch...—Looks, brains, body and spirit! Sexy, spirited, spontaneous woman, 34, seeks Jewish man, 28-38, who shares similar qualities: sincere, strong, svelte, sensitive, stable, silly, and oh so cute! Let's ski, dance, dine, and laugh! Blond, blue-eyed valentine... Catch me if you can. Note/photo, please. 2019 ☒ ☎

Successful Male Professional Wanted—By very attractive Chinese lady, 40, 5'5", 115 lbs - caring, sincere, down-to-earth. Seeks a man who is warm, honest, smart, positive, for a long-term relationship. Knows to enjoy life is a plus. Photo/note a must. 5098 ☒ ☎

Seeking Manhattan Lady—Attractive, single, white male executive, 40, seeks smart, sane, sensual female for city adventures. If you enjoy travel, Off-Broadway, good movies, fine dining, deep sea fishing and romance, please call or write. 5053 ☒ ☎

Beautiful Woman Desired—If you're tired of your job and want to pursue your dream; wealthy, generous, sensitive, romantic man seeking long-term relationship to your rescue. I'm 36, 5'10" and slender. Looking for a 27-36, 5'3"-5'9", gorgeous woman. Note/photo. 5110 ☒

Gorgeous, Sensuous, Healthy—Intelligent, professional, creative woman of Hispanic descent, born 10/14/53. Ready for marriage with the right financially/professionally successful, affectionate, nonsmoking male (blond/blue eyes a plus). 5103 ☒ ☎

♥ A Valentine's Tale ♥

Eight years ago, retired from academia with my children grown, I was free to begin a new life in Manhattan. After 23 years of being single, I was ready to find Ms. Right - and where else to look but New York magazine. After a few tries at responding to ads, I took the plunge in February, 1988, and placed my own lengthy ad. It yielded more than 200 responses, more than 50 lunches and assorted meetings, and one special dinner in March at Federico's - with musician, agent, mother of two, and first-time ad respondent, Sarah Davies. Many more dinners were followed by her proposal, in Guatemala, and a December, 1990, New York wedding in which all four children participated. Now, as we happily celebrate our fifth anniversary, we still subscribe to New York magazine, but we no longer read the personals.

Alan E. Gross
New York, NY

(Editors note: Single, married, looking, not looking... We've heard that EVERYBODY READS THE PERSONALS!)

Eight years ago, as a present to myself on my fortieth birthday, I answered Alan Gross's New York magazine ad. And what a gift I got! After surviving the first ten guarded months, I ended up with a best friend and loving companion. He gave away his books, made room for my harpsichord and asked me to move in to his one room apartment in October 1989. We got two cats. A few months later I asked him to marry me, and he nervously agreed to surrender his bachelor standing of twenty-three years. I married him in December, 1990. We got two more cats. Now, after five years, we're still surprised how happy we are, but we've bought more books and we're looking for a larger apartment.

Sarah M. Davis
New York, NY

Get Me Rewrite!—Newspaper editor and obscure author, 38, true-blue and impracticably romantic, looking for a collaborator. Let's write a Page One story full of fire and wit, set in museums and out-of-the-way bookstores, along SoHo streets and country lanes. Photo encouraged; shorthand not required. 5065 ✉

Fun-Loving And Youthful—Single, Jewish (nonreligious) white male, 55, 5'10", 158 lbs, nonsmoker/social drinker, very financially secure, owns own company, family- and fun-oriented, looking for a warm, single, professional, Jewish white female, late 30s-early 40s, in great shape. Must enjoy travel, dining, theater, tennis or golf, working out, night life and the finer things in life. Kids okay. Note and photo a must. 5060 ✉

Very Pretty And Sweet—Jewish, 5'8", slim, fit, educated and classy. Desires friendship, love, family with romantic, gracious Jewish man, 38 plus. Pleasures include the arts, fun and fine dining, beaches and countryside. 5086 ✉

Modern Day Xena—Beautiful and hard on the outside, sensitive, values and morals on the inside. Female LI professional, loves dogs, horses, rock climbing *and adventure. I also enjoy sci-fi, medieval* movies and artifacts. Seeking my knight and soul mate: health conscious male professional, 30-35. Letter/photo. 5117 ✉

Petite, Blue-Eyed Blond—Catholic retired teacher, 60 plus, looking for intelligent, caring, professional male, 65 plus, to share mutual interests. 5066 ✉

Princess Diana—Looking for her Prince. Pretty, energetic blond, 30, slender, 5'6", MBA and model. Enjoys traveling, cooking, tennis, skiing and daily workouts. Seeks bright MD, JD, MBA for fairy-tale ending. Please be 28-45, over 5'8" and CT/NY resident. Handwritten note/photo. 5020 ✉

If You Are A Man...—60 plus but young at heart, with satiric sense of humor yet a hopeless romantic, you can be this lady's Valentine. 5101 ✉ ☎

My Romance Doesn't Need A Thing—But you. Professor/writer, PhD, 60, 5'8", 150 lbs, trim, vital, creative, reflective. Involved in theater and music. Enjoys films, sports. Seeks attractive, slender, outgoing, 40 plus lady with similar interests, for fun, friendship and romance. Nonsmoker. Photo/phone/note please. 5058 ✉

Valentine's Package—Waiting to be unwrapped. I'm 32, Jewish, extremely pretty, thin, sexy, and smart. Seeks very handsome, successful, relationship-minded Jewish male (30-40). Must love animals. Note/photo/phone. 5043 ✉

Have Fireplace, Will Travel—43-year-old, single white male, psychologist by trade, regular guy by nature, looking for life partner. Me: 6', 190 lbs, smart and *funny, kind and sensitive. You:* 35-45, bright, outgoing, down-to-earth, with very pretty smile. Note/photo/phone. 5123 ✉

Handsome Executive—48, Connecticut resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman... seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo please. 5111 ✉

Rx For Cold Winter—Add two parts sunny disposition, one part adventure, travel, culture and candlelight dinners. Mix intimately with you (a 35-50-year-old female, children optional) to start a warm relationship. Note/photo. 5030 ✉

FOR A LASTING RELATIONSHIP, DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHANCE...

Rely on *Providence*, by calling Sarah L. Ossey, MSW. Not only will she introduce you to the most select individuals, but as a practicing therapist, she will base her matches on a unique understanding of the right person for you, your soul mate. You'll discover that there's someone who has more in common with you than just similar interests. By meeting educated, successful people through our unique screening process, you'll realize that Providence Matchmaking is a far superior alternative to today's hit and miss dating scene.

Call: 800-677-8215
or 212-605-0282
With the right match,
the flame never goes out.™

PROVIDENCE
MATCHMAKING, INC.
575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Debonair Oriental Skier—Rugged, 5'9", 40s, into European travel, nightclubs beaches, fine dining - seeks fit/spunky lady, 30s, for adventure/romance to infinity and beyond. Photo. 5003 ✉

Not Your Soul Mate—I am my own person. Please be yours. We have everything to learn from each other. Sinead look-alike (41) seeks passionate guy with good creative outlets. Anything is possible. 5049 ✉ ☎

Lady With Class—Single white Christian female, 42, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 125 lbs. Seeking a gentleman who appreciates being with a lady. 5028 ✉ ☎

Jewish Female—44, 5'3", with blond hair and light eyes. I am an idealist but realistic, an incurable romantic, centered, loving, caring, loyal, having fortitude and stamina. I would like to meet a man who is successful and loves his work. Well-rounded, honest and balanced would do the trick, as well as a great sense of humor. He should be no taller than 5'10", with a medium build. Please send a recent picture and tell me about yourself. Include your phone number and the best time to reach you. 5070 ✉ ☎

One In 3.7 Million—Pretty, educated, professional, warm, caring, fun, seeks compatible male, 60-75. 5114 ✉ ☎

Ready To Share—Love, life and family. Tall, dark, athletic, good-looking, humorous, compassionate, 40-year-old Wall Street executive - Jewish, sports fanatic and world traveler - seeks head-turning soul mate who values integrity as much as success. Be ready to fall in love. Note/photo. 5078 ✉ ☎

Orient Express—Seeking single high level professional, handsome, well-built, outgoing Jewish male, 38-50, with great sense of humor to accompany, 5'7", 125 lb, long auburn hair, long-legged, single female executive with a great personality on an 11 day business trip to Rome, Venice and Paris. It has been said that traveling together is the true test of a lasting relationship. Note/photo, please. 5121 ✉

Smart, Funny And Simaptico—Pretty and separated, white female, musician, brown hair and hazel eyes. Loves to talk, laugh and spend time with a man who reads, thinks for himself and has a bizarre sense of humor. 5088 ✉ ☎

Are You Fun, Cute—Stylish, under 39, Jewish male and like sports, dancing, staying up late and looking for a bright, blue-eyed, beautiful, bubbly girl, 29? Photo requested. 5075 ✉ ☎

Black Male—32, professional, seeks a nice, childless lady, nonsmoker, to share the future with. Photo? 5107 ✉

Lively, Youthful French Woman—Petite, cute, professional, great cook, with good sense of humor - amber eyes, amber hair, good dancer, smart, determined, seasoned traveler. Looking for adventure and fun with vital man, 45-60 or so. Send note and phone. 5045 ✉

Gay Husband Wanted—By closeted, gay, 38, white, pretty, professional, shorter than Cindy. You are closeted, white, smart, upscale, taller than Richard. The "stars" do it... why can't we? 5084 ✉ ☎

Petite Middle Eastern Woman—42, PhD, playwright, musician. Seeks gentleman, 35-50, courtly, lively, romantic. I prefer a trim man with hair, mind like a mosaic. Note/photo/phone. 5079 ✉ ☎

Black Male—55, writer, handsome, mild-mannered, with intellectual property rights to leave to some lucky woman. Seeks white female, trim, attractive, any age. Will respond to note/photo. 5112 ✉

Masculine, Successful Handsome Exec—60ish, virile, Jewish, divorced - seeks a sensual, pretty, younger female, great body, for exciting, rewarding relationship! Brooklyn/Queens residents. Photo/phone/note for reply. 5004 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—34 years old, 5'11", well-built, blond, blue eyed, Wall Street professional, in search of similar man, 25-40 years old. Must be good-looking, successful, well-built and a straight-appearing lifestyle. I enjoy traveling, working out, the beach and movies. Please send note/photo/phone. 2021 ✉

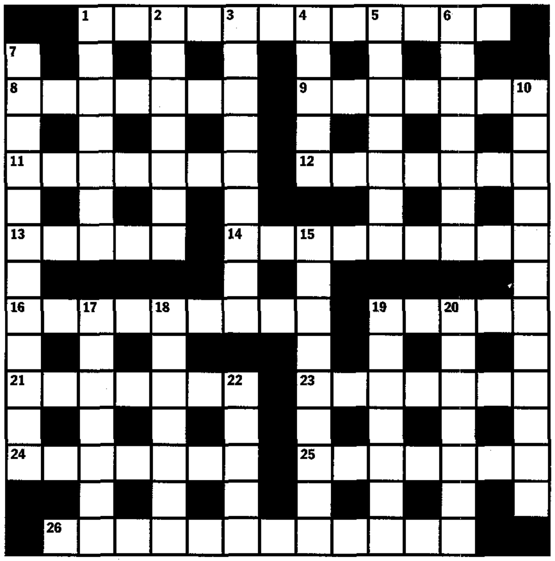
Handsome Professional Male—28, smart and funny, 5'11", Jewish - likes jogging, tennis and "Friends". Seeks attractive, easygoing, slim and sweet female. Note/photo. 5037 ✉

Stop The Presses!—Very fit, attractive, petite brunette - loves finance/running... Seeks secure, nice-looking guy - professional Christian man, late 30s-40s, for committed relationship. Note/photo. 5014 ✉

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Note's sound (basic note) for pieces by stars of the 10. (8,4)
8 How to rouse birds: Shakespeare's way, not ours? (7)
9 Light weight matter for sea beast. (7)
11 Translate light weight to beat severely. (7)
12 Royal Scots college wholly in grip of some science. (7)
13 Weapon to go through predatorily. (5)
14 Gone bad? Add salt and pepper, not in July or August? (9)
16 English, Welsh fashion, before Lords in Commons? (9)
19 Lots of people had a day here with the Marx brothers. (5)
21 Sennett's work makes a century (see table). (3,4)
23 Giant upset by a spider. (7)
24 Wood filmed at 4 port with an altered direction. (7)
25 Beatles' words that go well with Michelle, another fancy girl's name. (7)
26 Persecute Archbishop, academic, and star of 10. (5,7)



DOWN

1 Lark about at start of 14 with star of 10. (7)
2 First among solvers to end sadly in African capital. (7)
3 Leo and litter, perhaps, in "The Young Lions." (5,4)
4 Region of Israel, for example, in prominent feature. (5)
5,20 Prince Hal (Hal in charge), potentially a star of 10. (7,7)
6 Prince Hal's friend keeps twopence for Mary. (7)
7 Spooner's last stander defeated by star of the 10. (6,6)
10 Bygone entertainment is wrong about fast fallen debris under cliff. (6,6)
15 Point, for example, maybe silly; I'm for W.C. myself. (9)
17 Star in a whirl: he'd have been wasted on the 10. (7)
18 Dealer's partner, West, a lady that eats fish. (7)
19 Girl and man—American, one could gather from Citizen Kane. (7)
20 See 5.
22 The lady's going to hold an egg. (5)

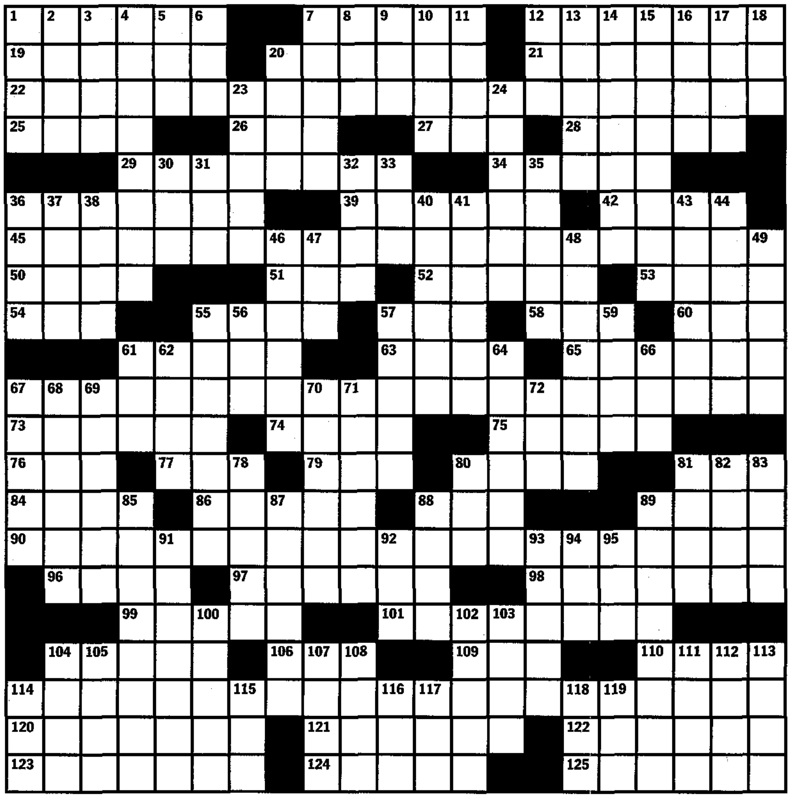
'Love Among the Nations': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Occur
7 Two-footed one
12 Evolutionist's family
19 "Lawrence of Arabia" star
20 Well-protected
21 Wrinkles
22 He said: "I don't want to ——"
25 Facilitate a felony
26 Before Virgo
27 Sermon subject
28 "—— a Grecian Urn"
29 Fatherly
34 Allow to enter
36 Standing closet
39 City west of Volgograd
42 Sniggler's catch
45 He continued: "that although I've ——"
50 Queue
51 Deceptively demure
52 Onlookers
53 Having no doubts
54 Caboose's place
55 Macadamias, e.g.
57 Twosome
58 Smothers brother
60 Retreat of thieves
61 Con games
63 Palindromic name
65 Unmanifested
67 She said: "——."
73 Loan shark
74 Fabric joint
75 Say
76 Application query
77 Commandment word
79 Tax agcy.
80 Polar bear's raft
81 Kit —— (candy brand)
84 African-fly syllables
86 Talks big
88 "Are you a man —— mouse?"
89 Rival of Ole Miss
90 She continued" "Yet all of a ——."
96 Equestrian sport
97 Signer of a rental contract
98 Most greasy
99 Like a flu cause
101 Springs back
104 Partner of desist
106 Golfer Woosnam
109 Clear the plate
110 Quiz choice
114 They both said: "On our honeymoon we ——."
120 Apollo's twin sister
121 Lingerie, familarly
122 Fetchit of old films
123 Zoroastrians of India
124 Famous first name in photography
125 Cadiz coin

DOWN

1 Kibbutz dance
2 What three men were in
3 Watch the birdie
4 Put off till later
5 Actor Wallach
6 Teacher's org.
7 "Don't —— it!"
8 Here: Fr.
9 Alehouse
10 Grecian love deity
11 Appetizing mart
12 Caesar's 605
13 Running rife
14 Prepares
15 Alarm clocks
16 "Money —— object"
17 Modern gaslight
18 Opposite of NNE
20 Plaintiff
23 Censor's sound
24 "Once —— with Amy"
30 Own, to Burns
31 Third numero
32 West Point team
33 Memorable Myrna
35 Navratilova's colleague
36 Equal to the task
37 Jockey's control
38 Patch up
40 Detective
41 Nissan competitor
43 Estée of cosmetics
44 Unflappable
46 Functions as a substitute
47 —— Alamos
48 Confine alone
49 —— hand (helped)
55 Capital of Kenya
56 John L. Lewis's gp.
57 Condemns
59 Manufacture
61 River boat: abbr.
62 Normandy city
64 Pertaining to eggs
66 Maxwell Anderson hill
67 Hall of Fame statuary
68 Exhausts the supply of
69 Black-tie garb
70 Whinnies
71 Anklebone
72 WW II arena
78 ". . . that bloom in the spring, ——"
80 Title for Angelico
81 Sammy or Danny
82 Andy's radio buddy
83 Lacking slack
85 Retrieves from a wreck
87 Aviatrix Earhart
88 Grimm villian
89 Hairbrush villains
91 Noxious
92 Scand. land
93 Salad days
94 Fiver
95 Antiquated
100 Tighten shoelaces
102 Kind of palm
103 Dobbin's dinner
104 One of the Bairds
105 ——'acte
107 Sea color
108 Georgia senator
111 Shakespeare's "The —— of Lucrece"
112 Part of B.T.U.
113 Author Ferber
114 Bottle top
115 C.I.A.'s forerunner
116 Personal tags, for short
117 Start of the "Old Macdonald" refrain
118 Rattlesnake's kin
119 Suffix for Gotham or suburban



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 61.

MARY ANN MADDEN #845

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

amalgamgate—the complete guide to political conspiracy theories.
at lagerheads—to participate in a beer-drinking dispute.
anonauthors—Mandy, Lisa Grunwald.
amniosynthesis—a brief report on the progress of pregnancy.

Above, neology. Competitors are invited to *invent* and define a word or phrase beginning with the letter *a*.

Results of Competition 842, in which you were asked for headlines from smart-aleck reviews.

Report: The opinions stated here do not represent those of our readers. Or at least we hope not. You're a cruel lot, but you're all we've got. And now, a pause in the day's occupations that is known as the duplication list: CRUMBy. Placebo Domingo. Seinfelled. MISS SAIGON—That's our advice. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS. LOHENGRIN and Bear It. Dudley Moore—Or Less. Tin Pan Alley—Oops. Yawni in Concert. ERror. ForGET SHORTY. And Snoop Doggy Doo. Thank you for your sense of fitness. Not a trace of it anywhere. And remember the mean.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

THE FROG FORMERLY KNOWN AS A PRINCE
Grace Katz, Dorset, Vt.

WAITING TO EXHALE—Whitney, We Have a Problem.
John R. Lewis, North Tarrytown, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

INDECENT PROPOSAL—Demi-mundane.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

Second Prize, two tickets to PHILADELPHIA.
Richard Fried, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN QUILT—While Watching a Movie.
Ryan Edwards, Denton, Tex.

And Honorable Mention to:

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Loved Him, Hated Him.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

THE HORSE WHISPERER—Just Say Neigh.
Ellen Conford, Great Neck, N.Y.
Jim Ringel, Boulder, Col.
Laura Kelleher, Arlington, Va.

Two Thumbs Down—DEEP THROAT.
Greg Lesko, Latham, N.Y.

CAN-CAN'T
Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.

DEARTH IN VENICE
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

THE UNBEARABLE LENGTHNESS OF MOVIE
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

THE LOUVRE PYRAMID—Pei Dirt.
Tom Coleman, N.Y.C.

CHUCK SCARBOROUGH AND SUE SIMMONS—Do That.
James M. Rose, White Plains, N.Y.

PETER USTINOV already.
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

Little CASINO
Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.

BRIGADOOM
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

THE TEMPEST—In a Teapot.
Lucy Neshamkin, N.Y.C.

PETER PANned
Susan Llewellyn, N.Y.C.

DUMB AND DUMBER—Dumbest.
James and Sharon Collins, Bethlehem, Penn.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A BORE
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

12 MONKEYS—24 Thumbs Down.
Marjorie Little, San Francisco, Calif.

The Trouble With THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY
Dorothy Heiman, Irvington, N.Y.

JADEd
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

ELVIS Has Been Asked to Leave the Building
Claude Rick, N.Y.C.

WHAM! Ouch.
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

A Man, A Plan, A Banal: WATERWORLD.
Schuyler Kent, no address

With THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE Who Needs Enemies?
Ruth D. Levy, Staten Island, N.Y.

SUNSET BOULEVARD—Plus Ça Change, Plus C'est la Glenn Close.
Sarah Gay, Denver, Col.

SHE LOVES ME—Not.
David Eisner, N.Y.C.

It's A-LIVE WITH REGIS AND KATHIE LEE.
Weda Mosellie, Phillipsburg, N.J.

THE FLINTSTONES—Yabba Dabba Don't.
Mark A. Newman, Silver Spring, Md.

MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS—And I Am Out of Here.
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

FROM DUSK TILL YAWN
David Yarnell, Los Angeles, Calif.
Allen Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.
Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

LOVE! VALIUM! COMPASSION!
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

COOL RUNNINGS—Tough Sleddings.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

DELTA OF VENUS—Nin-compoop.
Holly Thomis, Cambridge, Mass.

Moon Over MOON OVER MIAMI
Jessica Sero, Rockville Centre, N.Y.

FAREWELL MY CONSCIOUSNESS
Mark Lagasse, N.Y.C.

IF WINTER COMES—A Cropper.
Marc Doyle, Wilmington, Del.

ROPE—Skip It.
Bernice Corman, Rego Park, N.Y.

YANNI—One-Note.
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

THE MARK OF ZORRO—C–.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

THE MARK OF ZZZZZZZORRO
Susan Krowitz, Port Washington, N.Y.

JURY DOODY
Evan T. Cohen, N.Y.C.

FRANKIE AVALON—Falling Without Annette.
LaRue Watts, N.Y.C.

THE FORMER ARTIST KNOWN AS PRINCE
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

L'ENNUI DE VARENNES
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

MA RAINEY HITS BOTTOM
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

JUDGE DREDDful
P. Rothman, N.Y.C.
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.
Oscar Cohen, N.Y.C.

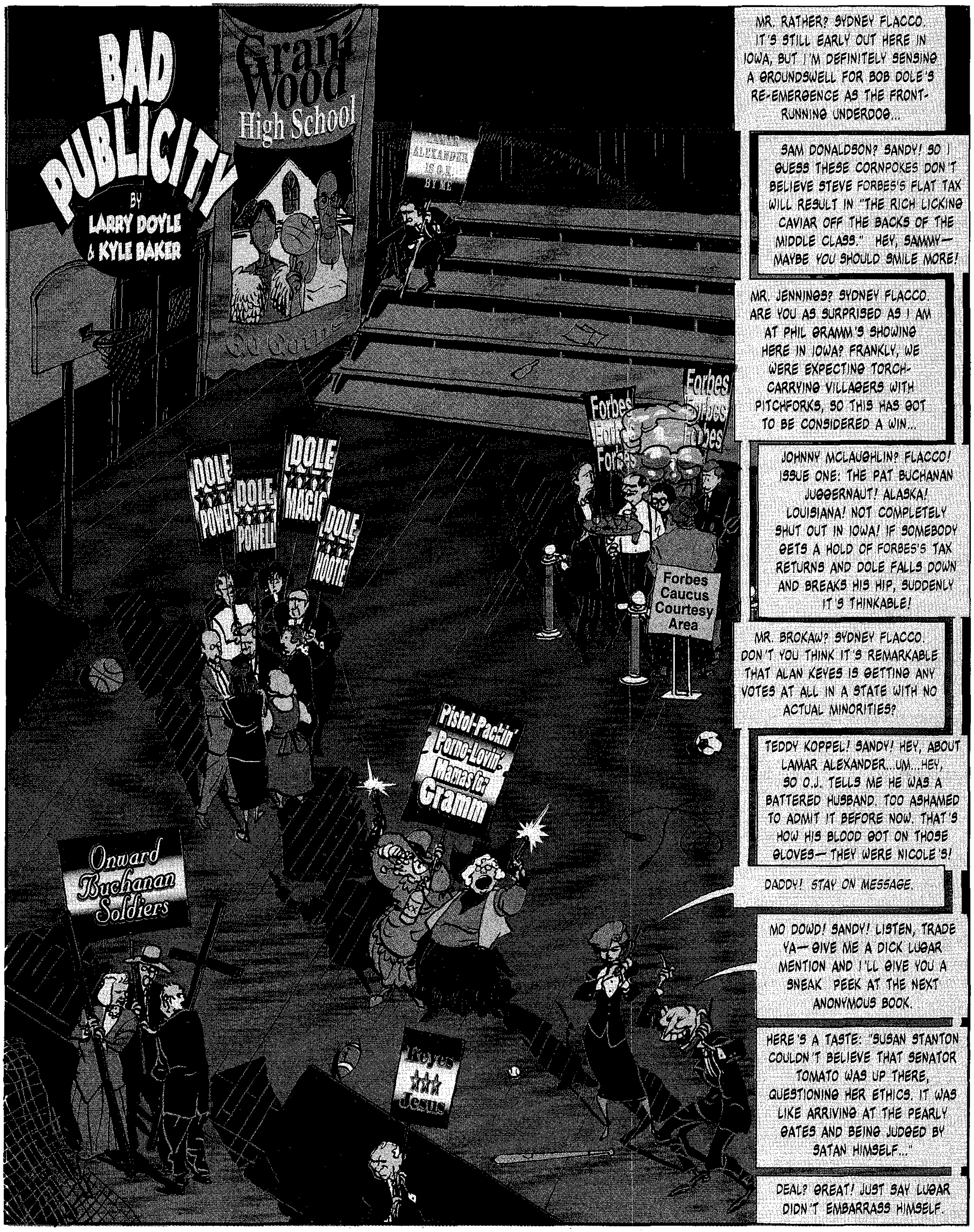
12 MONKEYS—With Twelve Typewriters.
E. Siegelman, Hoboken, N.J.

DEAD AGAIN—And Not a Moment Too Soon.
H. D. Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.
similarly: Tippi Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 845, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by February 23. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the March 25 issue.

Spin Me Softly

When the Flaccos work the Iowa caucuses, everyone ends up a winner.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY
LARRY DOYLE
& KYLE BAKER
Grant Wood High School
ALEXANDER IS O.K. BY ME
MR. RATHER? SYDNEY FLACCO. IT'S STILL EARLY OUT HERE IN IOWA, BUT I'M DEFINITELY SENSING A GROUNDSWELL FOR BOB DOLE'S RE-EMERGENCE AS THE FRONT-RUNNING UNDERDOG...
SAM DONALDSON? SANDY! SO I GUESS THESE CORNPOKES DON'T BELIEVE STEVE FORBES'S FLAT TAX WILL RESULT IN "THE RICH LICKING CAVIAR OFF THE BACKS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS." HEY, SAMMY— MAYBE YOU SHOULD SMILE MORE!
MR. JENNINGS? SYDNEY FLACCO. ARE YOU AS SURPRISED AS I AM AT PHIL GRAMM'S SHOWING HERE IN IOWA? FRANKLY, WE WERE EXPECTING TORCH-CARRYING VILLAGERS WITH PITCHFORKS, SO THIS HAS GOT TO BE CONSIDERED A WIN...
Forbes
Forbes
Forbes
Forbes
Forbes
Forbes
DOLE POWELL
DOLE POWELL
DOLE MAGIC
DOLE HOOTIE
JOHNNY MCLAUGHLIN? FLACCO! ISSUE ONE: THE PAT BUCHANAN JUGGERNAUT! ALASKA! LOUISIANA! NOT COMPLETELY SHUT OUT IN IOWA! IF SOMEBODY GETS A HOLD OF FORBES'S TAX RETURNS AND DOLE FALLS DOWN AND BREAKS HIS HIP, SUDDENLY IT'S THINKABLE!
Forbes Caucus Courtesy Area
MR. BROKAW? SYDNEY FLACCO. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S REMARKABLE THAT ALAN KEYES IS GETTING ANY VOTES AT ALL IN A STATE WITH NO ACTUAL MINORITIES?
Pistol-Packin' Porno-Lovin' Mamas for Gramm
TEDDY KOPPEL! SANDY! HEY, ABOUT LAMAR ALEXANDER...UM...HEY, SO O.J. TELLS ME HE WAS A BATTERED HUSBAND. TOO ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT BEFORE NOW. THAT'S HOW HIS BLOOD GOT ON THOSE GLOVES— THEY WERE NICOLE'S!
DADDY! STAY ON MESSAGE.
Onward Buchanan Soldiers
MO DOWD! SANDY! LISTEN, TRADE YA— GIVE ME A DICK LUGAR MENTION AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SNEAK PEEK AT THE NEXT ANONYMOUS BOOK.
HERE'S A TASTE: "SUSAN STANTON COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT SENATOR TOMATO WAS UP THERE, QUESTIONING HER ETHICS. IT WAS LIKE ARRIVING AT THE PEARLY GATES AND BEING JUDGED BY SATAN HIMSELF..."
Keyes Jesus
DEAL? GREAT! JUST SAY LUGAR DIDN'T EMBARRASS HIMSELF.

COME TO AN ISLAND WHERE
THE PEOPLE ACTUALLY
LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR VISIT.

Imagine vacationing in a place where "tourist" isn't a bad word. Where English is the spoken language. By the warmest people in the Caribbean. People who want you to love their islands the way they do. For their beautiful beaches and crystal clear bays. Superb snorkeling, diving, windsurfing and sailing. Delicious Caribbean cuisine. World class shopping. And exciting island histories. What's more, we're much closer than you think. All of which means that you'll look forward to your second visit as much as we look forward to your first.

For more information, call your travel agent or 1-800-372-U.S.V.I.; or contact http://www.usvi.net/ for Internet access.

THE U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
ST. CROIX • ST. JOHN • ST. THOMAS
They're your islands.

Contact the U.S. Virgin Islands Department of Tourism for more info.: Atlanta, Chicago, DC, LA, Miami, NY, San Juan and Toronto. ©1996 U.S. Virgin Islands Tourist Bureau.

© 1994 National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia, Box 8545, N.Y., N.Y. 10150

Single male bean, rich, good taste. Seeking intimacy in steamy relationship, willing to stir things up. GRAB LIFE BY THE BEANS. Send photo.

100% Colombian Coffee

The richest coffee in the world.®